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HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

OF THE

ADRIATIC.

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# HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

OF THE

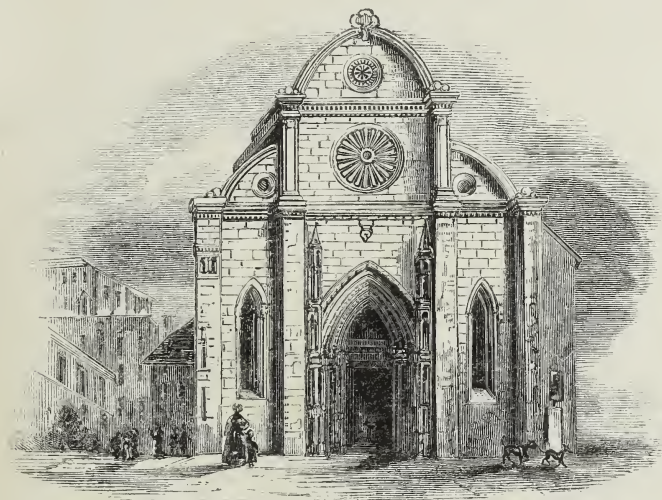
## ADRIATIC,

INCLUDING

DALMATIA, CROATIA, AND THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES  
OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

By A. A. PATON,

AUTHOR OF "SERVIA, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE EUROPEAN FAMILY,"  
AND "THE MODERN SYRIANS."



Cathedral of Sebenico.

*IN TWO VOLUMES: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.*

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
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MDCCCXLIX.



## PREFACE.

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THE staple of this work is a familiar description of the countries to the north and east of the Adriatic; but as in the first volume I touch only incidentally on politics, I think it right at the outset to give the reader a key to the spirit in which the whole has been written. The work was undertaken at the suggestion of the late truly estimable Sir Robert Gordon, her Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, in his private and un-official capacity as a promoter of all those departments of literature which familiarise the reader with a knowledge of the trade and resources of foreign parts; and this in a manner so obliging and advantageous, as no student of political and commercial geography, anxious to add to the range of his previous experiences, would willingly neglect or decline. It was his wish that I should give a general view of the material resources of the Austrian empire; I therefore began with a visit to the Austrian ports of the Adriatic in the years 1846-7; but the present abnormal state of trade, and the revolutions that

have since occurred, rendering it doubtful how far I should make my work a commercial one, and the progress of events in Croatia (involving considerations of the most momentous importance,) having created a demand for information on that country, the desire to fill up this vacuum has caused the second volume of the work to assume a more decidedly political character than was at first contemplated, and has afforded me a convenient and fitting opportunity for laying before the public the results of studies on the interests of Great Britain in the Austrian and Ottoman empires commenced long anterior to my tour on the Adriatic; more especially as the grave and important events of the last year have in a most remarkable manner confirmed the soundness of views, the entertainment of which exposed me for a series of years to much obloquy and misapprehension.

When I first began these studies in 1838, Great Britain had just concluded a commercial treaty with Austria, and was on the very worst terms with Russia relative to the affairs of the East; and, after a visit to Hungary in the following year, I came to the conclusion that the only counterpoise to Russia was a united and powerful Austria; that a house divided against itself must fall; and that Austria and Hungary at loggerheads left Russia uncontrolled mistress of the destinies of the lower Danube. I considered the cultivation of the Mag-



yar language and literature by the Magyar nation to be a legal and laudable movement, but the attempt of the Ultra-Magyar faction to substitute universally that nationality for the ancient and numerically stronger Slaavic nationalities, by their extirpation in the nineteenth century, to be a gross and revolting abuse of power, which must sooner or later recoil on themselves. Magyarism I considered a solid and valid element of Hungarian prosperity; Ultra-Magyarism a windbag, which must necessarily collapse. For entertaining these opinions I have been alternately called a knave and a visionary; but I see nothing in recent events to prove the unsoundness of a theory which I have maintained through good report and bad report for the last ten years.

In these ten years that have elapsed, a great change has taken place in our relations with Russia, and instead of the impending war of 1838, or the exacerbations of the Servian question, there is every prospect of a long continuance of pacific and friendly relations with that power; and I should be delighted to see them still further secured and strengthened by the act of a European Congress, exactly defining the relations in which Russia stands to the Danubian principalities, in a spirit of fairness and equity, not only towards the Porte and the populations of the principalities, but to all the valid and legitimate pretensions of Russia herself.

So much for the easterly aspect of the politics of

the region I visited. Of their westerly aspect, in relation to the Italian wars and revolutions, I intend to say very little in the course of this work, notwithstanding their important mediate bearing on the cohesion of the eastern parts of the Austrian empire and kingdom of Hungary; but with the greatest admiration of Italian genius, with the greatest desire for the prosperity of Italy, and with a vivid remembrance of the many and delicious draughts I have quaffed at the fountains of Italian art and literature, I feel bound to record my hope, that the principle of legitimacy will be vindicated, for the sake of the interests of humanity at large. If the moral of my commercial geography be the necessity of free-trade, and the disadvantages of the prohibitive system, the result of a varied experience in political and diplomatic affairs is the conviction of the necessity of obedience to laws and treaties, and the equivalent duty incumbent on those who make treaties for Europe, or laws for its states, to place the principle of legitimacy as far as practicable in unison with national sympathies, so as to lay the foundation of a universal political constitution of Europe. I confess that I am as sceptical about human perfectibility as the most unchimerical philosopher that ever lived, and do not believe that the advancement of education will make war less delightful to the most vigorous, cultivated, and comprehensive intellects, than it has been from the days of Cæsar to

those of Frederick or Napoleon; but a single nation sowing its wild oats as France did from 1792 to 1815, and vexing the world with the vice and vigour of renewed youth, would have been much more difficult if Europe had had a better diplomarchical constitution. And even since 1815 two great facts cannot fail to strike every one; first, that we are in the thirty-fourth year of a peace uninterrupted by the wars of the great military powers with each other; secondly, that the wars that have taken place in that period have been civil wars, or wars arising from the principle of legitimacy being discordant with national sympathies, such as the *revolt* of Lombardy; the *invasion* of that kingdom by Charles Albert being the only instance of an attempt at the conquest of the territories of a friendly sovereign by an ambitious monarch since the general peace of 1815.

I regard Lombardy to be the only serious difficulty of Austria; for every inch of territory west of the Mincio is diffusion and debility for an Austro-Danubian empire; but I have never been able to comprehend how the circumstance of the liberalism of the King of Sardinia being a few weeks older than that of the Emperor of Austria (in consequence of absolute power having slipped through his fingers a few weeks sooner), could afford him a pretext for trampling under foot the treaties of Vienna and Paris, to which his house alone owes the repossession of Savoy and Piedmont,—mainly and prin-

cipally in consequence of the Emperor Francis having thrown his weight into the balance against his own son-in-law Napoleon,—treaties which, if repealed or abolished, leave no chartered right between the ambition of an Emperor or President Louis Napoleon, and the inheritance of Savoy and Piedmont.

Charles Albert, endowed by nature with many attractive and engaging qualities, began by adorning his reign with a liberal encouragement of arts, science, and literature;—I hope that, before he ends it, he will strengthen it by the establishment of constitutional liberty, through the introduction of its first and most essential element, an invariable and inviolable respect for all laws, until repealed by competent authority; a principle to which, more than to any thing else, Great Britain, from the Lands End to John O’Groat’s house, owes the preservation of her freedom; and as treaties framed by European Congresses have the same validity among States as acts of parliamentary legislature have in the case of individuals, it is in his power to pay a tribute to the constitutional system by setting such an example in his exalted sphere, and adopting such an attitude, as will leave no doubt of his sincere love of liberty, by his sincere respect for law.

Great changes have taken place since I left Austria, in her internal affairs; and in my judgments on the defunct system, I have attempted to weigh truth and false-



hood grain by grain, and scruple by scruple; but I have no doubt that I must be considered as a partial writer by the indiscriminate haters of Austria, if I may judge by the light in which the administration of Prince Metternich is received by a large proportion of the English press. This remarkable statesman has, during a long career, shewn on innumerable occasions how warm his attachment has been to England and the English, and has never allowed difference of political systems, and views diverging on many important and irritating questions, to interfere with a normal sympathy for the English alliance; I therefore think that his treatment by the press in general has been distinguished by a want of historic fairness, and a surprising ignorance of the mechanism of one of the greatest European monarchies.

To peruse some of these lucubrations on what they call "the Metternich system," one would suppose that at the accession of this statesman, Austria had been a country enjoying a free constitutional government, and that its liberties had been overthrown one after another by a series of *coups d'état*; which ended with forging on a once free people fetters of the most odious slavery. Never was any reasoning or vituperation less founded on truth. The defunct bureaucratic constitution of Austria was introduced and founded by the Emperor Joseph, the most absolute and despotic monarch that ever sat on the throne of Austria. This prince was deeply tinctured with

the French theories in vogue in the latter half of the eighteenth century: he was somewhat too much of a royalist to wish to see the last king burnt on a funeral pile, composed of the body of the last priest: but priests, nobles, provincial estates, and municipal incorporations,—whether in their uses as checks to despotic power, or in their abuse as elements of corruption,—he was resolved to render as nugatory as lay in his power; and, in order to be both popular and despotic, he created *bureaucracy* as his ready, obedient, and subservient tool. All this happened when Prince Metternich was in child's petticoats: not one single element of the defunct septuagenarian government did Prince Metternich create; neither its advantages nor its disadvantages, neither its care for the poor and ignorant, nor its mistrust and espionage of the rich and the intelligent; and had he dared to alter the system, his place was not worth forty-eight hours' purchase.

Nowhere was it more true than at Vienna that political systems are like serpents, their heads being moved by their tails. There was a power stronger than Metternich, and that was the bureaucracy. When, in 1840, this statesman pursued, conjointly with the other three powers, a policy perfectly congenial to the interests of Austria, he was as nearly as possible pitched headlong from his eminence, because he was supposed to risk a war; and subsequently, a still more remarkable exercise of this power has been attended with still more fatal effects.

The cardinal blot, the crowning abuse of the so-called "Metternich system," was the prohibitive duties introduced by the Emperor Joseph; a system that inflicted, and still inflicts, an annual loss estimated at from eight to ten millions on the Austrian exchequer. Baron Kübeck, the right-hand man and *protégé* of Prince Metternich, drew up a reform of the system; and who was the obstructor? Was it Prince Metternich? Unquestionably not. It was the narrow-minded *Hofkammer*; so that the Emperor Joseph, who created the rural bureaucracy to fight the battle of the poor man against the rich, forgot to create some machine which might enable an enlightened minister to infuse some of the higher principles of politics and legislation into the *Hofkammer*; it was, in short, a sort of Gordian knot of red tape, which has been cut, because it could not be loosed.

That the policy of Prince Metternich was not free from capital errors is too true; for no man, be he ever so great or good, can administer an empire for forty years without leaving a wide field open for criticism. Let all those errors be visited on his head, the last of which was the occupation of Cracow, an act which struck at the very foundation of the fabric of the European family; but nothing can be more unjust than to hold him up as the inventor or introducer of a despotism, when, in truth, he left the constitution of Austria much better than he found it. The provincial estates, which were a nullity at the

beginning of his career, had become a power in the state before its close. The form of government did not allow the glorious and inestimable privilege of a free press ; but let any one compare what Austria was in the latter years of the administration of Metternich, with its first years, and the advance is enormous. Not only was the censorship considerably relaxed, but all foreign books and newspapers of a really high and informing character, if written in ever so free a spirit of inquiry, were admitted ; and as for the Socialist novels, Ultra-Radical newspapers, and free-thinking theology, which were rigorously excluded, the deprivation, however inconsistent with English notions of liberty, yet could not be called a “ stupefying despotism,” without an abuse of terms ; and those who wished to see “ stupefying despotism” in its perfection must have gone to the Tchech districts of Hungary, where a nation, having an ancient and valuable literature, and endowed with the happiest dispositions for instruction, and numbering two millions five or six hundred thousand souls, or about the population of Scotland, were denied a single newspaper in their mother-tongue ; and yet, according to modern notions, the Ultra-Magyar faction, who thought themselves entitled to extirpate Tchechism from Hungary, are enlightened liberals ! But so much worse is irresponsible corporate tyranny than responsible absolutism, that the shade of Montesquieu might say of the Ultra-Magyar faction, “ Leur gouvernement est tou-



jours odieux. Les peuples conquis y sont dans un état triste ; ils ne jouissent ni des avantages de la république, ni de ceux de la monarchie.”

It is much to be regretted that Prince Metternich did not seek the compensations of Austria in Germany rather than in Italy ; but neither he, nor any other statesman at the Congress of Vienna, did, or could, foresee the antipathies of races that were to succeed, any more than the statesmen of a Congress now about to assemble could predict what mankind is to be disputing about thirty or forty years hence.

They wisely legislated for the ills they knew, and not for those they knew not of. But if we take Prince Metternich's career as a whole—the decisive effect with which the war-councils of his youth insured a prompt and long-continued general peace—his own aristocratic birth and connexions, and the remarkable absence of aristocratic jobbing in the tenor of his government—the readiness with which men of merit were promoted from the humblest ranks of society to the highest places in the administration, even the cabinet itself—and the general prosperity, in spite of a protectionist Hofkammer—must when the passions of our age have passed away, procure him a high position in the pages of the philosophic historian of the future, who judges him with reference to the institutions amid which he lived, moved, and had his being.

Although conscious of the evils and abuses in the

higher regions of bureaucracy, and the indisposition to reform on the part of a class of men, who, having gained the objects of their ambition, were anxious to let things alone, yet the provinces through which I passed abounded in intelligent and energetic men, anxious for the public welfare, who, in the most obliging manner possible, afforded me much information; and besides persons in a private station, mentioned in this work, I am much indebted to Baron Schaller, Aulic Councillor, who conducts the civil administration of Dalmatia at Zara, Baron Rasner, Chief of the circle of Ragusa, and their colleagues, for the readiness with which they answered all my queries. But I should make a poor and miserable return for their attentions, if I were to gloss over the neglects or abuses I saw on my way. The experience of peace and war having shewn that there are few of our greater alliances attended with less inconvenience than that of Austria, my desire is to render a real and essential service to the provinces I visited, by suggesting those practical reforms which may awaken the dormant elements of prosperity;—reforms for which the barren formulas of rights-of-man mongers are wretched and unavailing substitutes.

Without intending any invidious comparisons, I cannot close without expressing my sense of the loss our diplomacy has sustained by the death of Sir Robert Gordon, who, by his lengthened and varied experience, and

the perfect straightforwardness of his mode of conducting business, reflected as much honour on our diplomatic school as he was successful in maintaining cordial relations and a firmly established influence at the Court to which he was accredited.

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THE  
HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS  
OF  
THE ADRIATIC.

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CHAPTER I.

FIRST VIEW OF DALMATIA.

THE Alps and the Apennines of Italy, as well as the Parnassus of Greece, are all parts of one and the same range of mountains. The chain begins in Calabria, and for a space keeps nearer to the Adriatic than to the Neapolitan waters; but at San Marino crosses over to the Gulf of Genoa, and sweeping round Piedmont, assumes the name of the Alps; then, running eastwards, passes down the other side of the Adriatic, and so onwards through Albania and Greece, till it terminates in the Ægean at the marbled steep of Cape Sunium.

The modern and Slaavic name of these Illyrian Alps, that run down the east of the Adriatic—sometimes approaching and sometimes receding

from the sea-shore — is the *Vellebitch*. These mountains form the western limit of Croatia and Bosnia.

The narrow stripe of territory, three hundred miles in length, intervening between the *Vellebitch* and the Adriatic, is Dalmatia, the country of which we propose to treat in the first instance. We may therefore pronounce it to be Cisalpine, its climate and productions resembling those of Italy. The Switzerland of Croatia, which forms the second division of our subject, is Transalpine; and although inhabited by the same Slaavic race as Dalmatia, its climate and productions are northern, and the physical geography of the two countries has nothing in common.

It was at Carlstadt in Hungary, in the month of November 1846, that I took my place in the weekly diligence that runs from Vienna to Zara, the capital of Dalmatia. As we approached the Adriatic, even the most unobservant traveller must have perceived that we were in the vicinity of a southern region. The peasants wore the classic sandal. In the midst of the faces of Slaavic form, those with the regular features, which are the rule in Italy and the exception to the north of the Alps, grew more frequent. Fresh Zara almonds were presented at a hedge beer-house; and so strong grew this feeling before crossing the last mountain-ridge, that I even fancied that all the birds flew to the southwards.



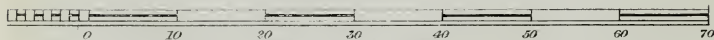




OUTLINES  
OF THE  
COAST OF THE ADRIATIC  
FROM  
ISTRIA TO ALBANIA.

BY W. & A. K. JOHNSTON,  
Under the Superintendence of  
ARCHIBALD PATON.

SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES



42 17

At length, just before dawn, on the third morning after leaving Carlstadt, I woke up in the diligence, which had stopped to change horses at the post-house on the top of the Vellebitch ; my limbs were benumbed with cold, in spite of greatcoat and lined cloak, and a keen wind saluted me as I stepped out of the carriage in deep snow. The chill, clear, starry heavens enabled me to see that I had gained the summit of a pass bordered with pines and surmounted with pinnacles of rock ; and a square block of stone on my left attracting my attention, I held the lantern to it, and read on one side, " Croatia," and on the reverse, " Dalmatia." A thrill of satisfaction passed through me as I felt myself on the threshold of a new and interesting field of study ; and the foretaste of novel scenes and strange manners renewed the illusions of youthful travel. Seeing a dull red charcoal-fire gleaming through the window of a hut on my right, in which sat a watch of frontier guards, I entered and warmed myself, the conductor preferring to make the descent by daylight.

As I re-entered the coach, the blue diamond-studded night had disappeared as a dream ; and as the dawn approached, the silver icicles glistened on the dark-green branches of the mountain-pines. As we traversed the summit of the ridge, one snowy peak after another was lighted up with the break of day ; and a turn of the road at length bringing us to that side of the Vellebitch which fronted

the Adriatic, Dalmatia, in all her peculiarity, lay stretched before me. Here was no tantalising descent of long narrow valleys, as in Italy. To the eye, the transition from the world of the North to the world of the South was immediate. Like the traveller who, after the painful gyrations of a high tower, emerges from darkness to the bird's-eye view of a new and curious city, I had the whole space, from the hill-tops to the distant islands, before me at a single glance. A long, deep gash in the land, parallel with the mountain, was the Canal of the Morlacks, a gulf of the sea, like a wide river flowing between its banks. Zara, Ben-covatz, Nona,—plain and mountain, city and sea,—were all before me. The sun rose apace; the mist cleared away from the distant island capes; the snow died a lingering death as we sunk to the temperature of the genial Adriatic; and the wind, combated as a bitter enemy an hour ago, blew a gentle truce, and was invited as a friend. Yesterday morning, on awaking, the carriage-wheels were rattling over a road crisped with hard frost; and the pointed spire of a Croatian church rose, clear and distinct, out of the grey and crimson distance. Obrovazzo, a small town, to which we now descended, had the campanile of the south of the Alps; and in the domestic architecture of the town I at once recognised the Venetian character: here the charm was not that of mere novelty, but sweet recognition of the features of an old and



well-beloved friend, recalling days of enjoyment mingled with instruction.

But the greatest curiosity was the road by which I had effected my descent. The Vellebitch, instead of sloping down to the coast, breaks off with an abruptness that borders on the precipitous, and must have tasked the energies of the most scientific road-maker. With the experience of the Simplon, the St. Gotha, and the others leading over the Alps, the Vellebitch is the most perfect of all, and, viewed from below the road, appears like a gigantic staircase cut in the face of a rock. One great blank in the landscape to which we descended was a scantiness of vegetation: the air was warm, the colours clear, brilliant, and southern; but the scattered figs and olives, the red earth mingled with rock, and the starved shrubbery, formed a counterpoise that told me not to forget my native verdure-clad north.

Obrovazzo is situated on the lips of a yawning land-crack, through which a Rhine or Danube would have space enough to flow; but the intense green of the motionless waters shews that there is more of salt sea than of fresh water to float those barques that lay along the quay.

Nothing in Christian Europe is so picturesque as the Dalmatian peasant's dress; for he wears not the trousers or pantaloons and round hat of Austria or Hungary, but a dress analogous to that of the old Turk. Tall, muscular, and vigorous, with red

fez on his head, and huge pistols in his belt, we recognise the Slaav of the Adriatic,—the brother of the Servian in blood, in language, and also, to a considerable extent, in religion; but while the varnish of civilisation in Servia is German and new, here it is much older, and has come from Venice. The graceful dialect which Goldoni has immortalised is as indigenous in the Roman races of Dalmatia as in Venice; and the High Street of Obrovazzo looks like a dry alley in one of the islands of the Lagoon, or of some of those neighbouring villages of terra firma with which the pencil of Canaletti has so charmingly familiarised us.

But, before we proceed further, let us pause to trace the antecedents of this curious social marriage that carries the mind alternately from the heights of the Balkan to the mouths of the Brenta.

A dark mist hangs over the nationality of Dalmatia previous to the Roman conquest by Augustus; but it is probable that the language was Thracian,—that is to say, the parent of that dialect which formerly covered a greater part of the countries between the Black and the Adriatic seas; a dialect which, related to the Greek, Roman, and Slaavic languages, had something of them all.

The pre-Roman period appears to have been one of free republics; and, from the mountainous nature of the territory and the unruly spirit of the



people, it was long before Dalmatia was completely subjugated to the Roman power. It was in the sixth year of the Christian era, on the occasion of the levying of recruits to the legions destined for Germany, that the whole coast rose to shake off the yoke of Imperial Rome. "The Roman dominion," said Bato, the leader of the revolt, "is insupportable to the people of Illyria. To the loss of our fortunes and liberties we must add that of the blood of our children, dearer to our hearts than either. Up, then, Illyrians! and, remembering our ancient freedom, let us prefer an honourable death to the servitude of Rome."

The contest was maintained with vigour for many years; at length Germanicus and Tiberius successfully suppressed the revolt, and a large Roman colonisation gave a new character to the east of the Adriatic.

The introduction of Christianity forms the next great event in the history of Dalmatia; and the advent of Paul, who had been preceded by Titus, is thus recorded by himself: "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God; so that from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum, I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ."<sup>1</sup> There can be no doubt that Dalmatia was one of the first countries that embraced Christianity; and in the time of Diocletian a majority were Christians. In no province of the

<sup>1</sup> Rom. xv. 19.

Roman dominions were the persecutions of that Emperor more severe than in his own ; and in 303 all the Christian Bishops of Dalmatia were executed.

To the vicissitudes of the reigns of Constantine and Julian succeeded the permanent establishment of Christianity ; and in the year 400 we find St. Jerome, an Illyrian by birth, organising the hierarchy over all the highlands and islands of Dalmatia ; and so on to his death in 420. But the political fabric of the empire was tottering to its fall. Dalmatia lying out of the way of the main armies of Attila and the invaders, was at first less exposed than Italy ; but several irruptions of the Slaavs from the Carpathians took place in the fifth and sixth centuries ; and in the beginning of the seventh century, the Avars, an Asiatic race, pouring in a mass over Dalmatia, joined the ruthless lust of destruction to the cupidity of wealth. But the Avars were in their turn subdued by the Croats, who have proved permanent settlers ; and with the final destruction of Epidaurus and Salona, the principal Roman cities, and the subjugation of the whole coast, commences the modern history of Dalmatia, and the final adoption of the Croat language and nationality, although the Latin language, in a vulgar form, lingered in Ragusa and Zara to the eleventh century.

A patriarchal Slaavic state was now constituted, governed by Bans and Zhupans. The no-

minal sovereignty of Constantinople was acknowledged ; but in matters of faith Dalmatia remained true to the authority of the West, and received from Rome, and not from Constantinople, her spiritual conductors. At length, in 970, Duke Dir-cislaav first received the ensigns of royalty from the Emperor Basil, and Croatia and Dalmatia henceforth became a kingdom.

On the death of Zwonomir, the last native king, in 1190, the Croats and Dalmatians, unable to agree among themselves on the choice of a successor, and fearing the rising ambition of Venice, turned for protection rather to the vigorous kingdom of Hungary than to Constantinople — that lean and slippered pantaloon of the great Roman empire, once so robust in arms and august in magistracy ; and thence Hungary and Croatia became *socia regna*. But the Hungarian Government was of an entirely Asiatic character ; they encamped, but did not colonise ; the tribute was collected, and the country governed ; but except a few remains of feudal castles, and a few charters generously endowing the Church, there is little in Dalmatia to record their existence.

Quite different was the impress of Venice on Dalmatia. Long and bloody were her contests with Hungary for its possession. It was on the walls of Zara, in 1346, that Marino Faliero earned his laurels by the most daring assault in the annals of the kingdom, and opened for himself the avenue

to that exercise of the highest powers of the state, and experience of the last vengeance of the law, which leaves a blank in the portrait gallery of the Ducal Palace of Venice, but has furnished an immortal picture to the pencil of a Byron. Every where the arts of Venice followed in the trace of her arms. In the public monuments, as well as in the domestic architecture, and even in the strongholds of the coast, constructed by Sammicheli, we admire the taste and genius of the artist combined with the skill of the engineer.

Dalmatia remained Venetian to the expiry of that republic in 1797, and, after various vicissitudes, is now an integral part of the Austrian Empire. But as the bird's-eye prospect from the summits of the Vellebitch is incompatible with the examination of minute objects, so the review of so wide an expanse of history has excluded individual detail; but as we advance on our journey our historical sketches must expand in proportion to our nearer acquaintance with the scenes we describe.

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## CHAPTER II.

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### SEBENICO.

ZARA, the capital of Dalmatia, in which the diligence deposited me, is full of varied interest ; but in a climate resembling that of Italy, prudence suggests to the traveller locomotion during the fine weather of autumn and spring, and residence in the towns during the inclemency of winter or the heats of summer. I therefore reserved Zara for the completion of my tour, when the fountain-heads of statistical information become most valuable, after a practical acquaintance with the land and the people.

The first place of any importance, proceeding southwards, is Sebenico ; and after making the necessary arrangements, and getting the requisite information, I hired a carriage conjointly with another person proceeding thither. An excellent Macadamised road carries the traveller to Scardona ; but oh, how dreary the landscape ! For many a long mile the footstep of some later Attila seemed to have left its withering impress on these plains. Some districts were stony ; others, like

the Campagna of Rome, were a desert less by nature than the ruin or neglect of man. The villages are few and far between. Here and there the shell of a vast feudal castle, or the broken arches of the great Roman aqueduct, fifty miles in length, that conveyed the waters of the distant Kerka to the ancient Zara (Jadera), shed a melancholy splendour on the desolate scene. Across these plains the Avars spread like locusts, to banquet on the too mature fruits of Roman culture. In times nearer our own, when the mountains and the interior were held by the Turks, and the coasts by Venice, these plains became the debateable land, which, once depopulated, have never since known the hum of industry. Giambattista Giustiniano, visiting this very tract in 1552, tells us that the territory formerly furnished oil in quantity sufficient not only for Zara, but all Dalmatia; but the olive-trees being cut down in the Turkish war, and the earth dried up, even the necessary oil was imported from Apulia, and the inhabited villages reduced in number from 280 to 85, some of which had no more than five or six houses.

As we approach Scardona, the road descends, and the landscape begins to smile. A brook brawls at our side; detached huts are annexed to enclosed patches of ground; olives, at first scarce and scanty, thicken apace, and are succeeded by a noble grove of lofty umbrageous mulberries. A green meadow, and red ploughed land, at length



become mingled with gardens, and then the village itself opens to our view; and, strange paradox! although about to embark on an inlet of the sea, we feel like mariners arriving in port after a monotonous voyage.

Scardona, the place in question, is situated on the tortuous salt-water gulf which, locked in by precipitous highlands, meets the fresh water of the river Kerka, and is accessible to small craft. It retains its Roman name, and in the time of the Empire was a populous and flourishing municipality, exceeded in importance only by Salona, Naron, Epidaurus, and other cities of the first class on the coast; but as ships of long course superseded galleys of light draught, the deep port of Sebenico, near the sea, has become, in its own small way, the emporium of this part of Dalmatia.

A stout boat, with four rowers, conveyed me to Sebenico, the lofty Cathedral, towering above the other houses, being visible long before we landed at the quay, whence my baggage was carried up steep and narrow streets to the Albergo dei Pellegrini, or Inn of the Pilgrims, said to be the best in Sebenico. Having been at Jerusalem, I felt myself qualified to enter; but a certificate of having visited the holy places was not demanded—even the pilgrim's staff is dispensed with. The mere scrip, containing a few florins, is the only appendage which the hospitable landlord expects his pilgrims not to leave behind them. The street in

which the inn is situated is about fifteen feet wide, paved with small causeway stones, somewhat smooth and slippery. The houses, like those of the rest of the town, were tall, so as to be comprised within the old Venetian wall, the present population of the place being 5000. My bedroom, on the first floor, was high and airy, and the floor was paved with large square red bricks. A broad bed, unlike those coffins which pass by that name in Germany, was covered by a clean white flowered counterpane, but the chest of drawers and chairs seemed to have been imported from the Seven Dials of London. The eating-room was a long low dark apartment on the ground floor, with a covered table in the middle. The dinner-hour was one o'clock; and after sunset, the waiter no sooner lighted the lamps, than he wished me good evening. The hour of supper (eight or nine o'clock) brought several townspeople, who used the inn as a restaurant; and the bill of fare had its own native hue, abounding in fish. Tunny, sturgeon, palameda, and many others considered as delicacies in the north, are here abundant.

My carriage companion was of the company; a man of tall stature, boldly chiselled features, sunburnt complexion, free noble independent bearing, and a strong Venetian accent—a true Dalmatian—a sturdy Servian bagpipe attuned to an Italian aria. Report designated him as a worthy man; he had experienced vicissitudes in trade,

shipping, and farming, and I found him intelligent and communicative.

“Dalmatia, my good sir,” said he, “and England are antipodes. In England, thirteen men make one pin; here, one man must do thirteen different things. My trade is a bad encyclopedia—a little of every thing, and nothing good. Dalmatia, sir, has the best air and water in the world, but is rather deficient in corn and vegetables. As for politics, we enjoy complete security for our property; but there is one thing wanting to our happiness, and that is the possession of something worth securing. We will never prosper till we get those countries behind there;” holding his thumb in the direction of Bosnia. “Dalmatia, sir, is a mere stripe of sea-coast, a face without a head.”

“But,” said I, “surely you must admit that Austria could never get Bosnia without disturbing all Europe—without breaking in upon the Ottoman Empire, and giving others a bad example.”

“Ah! there you come with your balance of power, and think nothing of our Christian brethren in that country. Austria has only to give the word, and every Dalmatian is ready to shoulder his musket, and strike down the barriers that separate us.”

I mention this, because it is so current a sentiment among the mass of the people in Dalmatia, that I have heard almost the same words from

twenty others. Another of the company had made several journeys into Bosnia some years ago, when travelling was less secure than now, and one of his anecdotes reminded me of a well-known adventure in *Gil Blas*.

One of the polite robbers, to avoid unnecessary strife, laid his cloak in the middle of the road on the approach of a traveller, and, according to the custom of the country, awaited a donation, well armed as a stimulus to liberality; but our Dalmatian was not to be caught so easily. Pulling up his horse, he laid his hand on a pistol in his holster, and thus addressed him: "Unhappy mendicant, I pity your condition; you are able to work and be rich, and yet prefer idleness and the prospect of being impaled. Charity is a duty incumbent on Turk and Christian, and I am most happy to give you what you deserve." So, instead of taking a ducat out of his purse, he took a leaden bullet from his pouch, and dropping it on the cloak, remarked, that if applied by the rogue to himself, it would save him being hanged. The robber was so astonished, that his eyes opened, and his jaw dropped; and the Dalmatian, executing a caracol, lest he should pay him back in the coin he had given, cantered on out of sight.

Next day was devoted to seeing the town; and following the street to the piazza, I found myself at the gate of the Cathedral, whose dome had formed so prominent an object during my passage in the

boat. Commenced in 1443, and completed in 1536, the discrepancy of the style of the basement and superstructure—of the close of the middle age and the beginning of the cinque cento—afford room for criticism ; but altogether it is one of the most extraordinary structures I ever saw in any country. The peculiar style of Lombardy predominates. The lower part is overlaid with ornament ; and two detestable statues of Adam and Eve, standing on each side of the great entrance, look like caricatures of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medicis by George Cruikshank.

But the interior is truly grand, not so much in mere dimension as in effect. The boldest of arches, springing from the lightest and airiest of Gotho-Saracenic columns, attract by their harmony and surprise by their hardihood ; and the cupola rising high in the air, and enthroned on the keystones of the lofty arch of the transept, has an awful simplicity, congenial to the purposes of a sacred structure. The roof of the nave is a masterpiece of technical ingenuity, being a semi-cylinder composed of flat flagstones, some of them twelve feet in length, the edges fitting into each other with knees and angles, the whole forming an unadorned vault, but so unusual in effect that the spectator, on a superficial view, fears that if one gave way the whole might fall in ; but the architect charged with the repairs of the Cathedral, having shewn me the sections of the edifice, assured me that,

aerial as the roof might seem, it had a chance of lasting as long as any part of the Cathedral. On referring to the ground plan, I found that, like many of the mosques of Cairo, it was not a parallelogram; so that the architects must have been, like the early painters of Italy, more skilled than schooled, and knew more of the practice of a workshop than the theories of an academy. Spalatino was the name of the principal architect, and the building cost, from first to last, 80,000 gold ducats.

Opposite the Cathedral are *loggie*, or porticos, which the traveller sees in all the cities of Dalmatia, and in the time of the Venetians served as places for transacting public business; but the openings having been walled up and pierced with windows, a graceful edifice has been spoiled to make a Casino; but I soon forgot an offence to the eye in a copious stock of *Journaux des Débats* and *Augsburg Gazettes*, which proved a resource while awaiting the steamer that was to take me to the islands.

The port of Sebenico is so excellent that a frigate of considerable tonnage can lie almost close to the quay, the entrance to the gulf being by a narrow slit, the command of which appeared so important to the Venetians, that Sammicheli, their great military architect, constructed at the narrowest part the Fort of San Nicolo, which is considered his masterpiece in fortification. Close to



the Cathedral is the office of the Prætor or Chief Magistrate of the place, whither I proceeded to get an order to see the fort. A curious case was going on on my arrival; the Prætor was giving strict orders to a subordinate to embark for some place on the coast, and examine the bottom of a Greek barque which had been stranded. When he was gone, we had some talk about the trade of the place, and the Prætor informed us that the Trieste underwriters have lost so much money by Greek barratry, that every case of wreck is now subject to a most rigorous examination. "Only last year," added the Prætor, "a Greek captain, to make sure of the secrecy of his crew, caused each to take a turn at the auger which was to sink the ship; but the underwriters having found out that, before leaving Constantinople, the greater part of the cargo had been sold at half price in the bazaars of that capital, an inquisition took place, the crew were apprehended, and the affair ended in their condemnation."

I now embarked in a boat, and was rowed for about half an hour in smooth water to the mouth of the gulf of which the Fort of San Nicolo is a sort of padlock. As we approached, I recognised the architecture of the gate to resemble that of Sant' Andrea at the entrance of the Lagoon, and is surmounted by a huge lion, with the inscription: "*Pax tibi Marce Evangelista meus.*" Within the gate is the rilievo of a Doric colonnade,

and in the intercolumniations the arms of Venice, Dalmatia, and Sebenico — Dalmatia having three crowned lions' heads (on an azure field), and Sebenico three bunches of grapes, surmounted by three doves. The date of the construction of the fort was marked 1546, or twenty-five years after the invasion of Dalmatia by Soliman the Magnificent. Mere description can give no idea of the strength of the bomb-proof galleries and casemates with embrasures *à fleur d'eau*. The vaults are of brick, and so high that a fresh current of air can be maintained in the hottest cannonade; and the officer in command informed me that there are to this day no galleries in the Austrian Empire of the same magnificence and solidity.

When almost every inch of the main land of Dalmatia was in the power of the Turks, Sebenico, with its secure port and impregnable fortress, had a military importance of which the single company of artillery which now forms its garrison can give no idea. In the earlier part of the 16th century, the terror and renown of the Turkish power was at its grand climacteric. To use a European image, Selim had added the tiara of the Caliphate to the laurels of the victor. In the reign of Soliman, the tide of victory rolled onward; Dalmatia was invaded; Hungary annihilated; and melancholy would have been the appearance of the Grand Turk in the Italy of Titian and Michael Angelo,

then in all the effulgence of the cinque cento. But the maritime genius of Venice, and the military power of Germany, proved the effectual bulwarks of Europe. From 1521 to the middle of the 17th century, Venice could boast of no secure possession in Dalmatia out of the islands and the walls of Zara, and some other towns of the coast. In August 1647, a century after the construction of Fort San Nicolo, the Pasha of Bosnia, pouring an army of 30,000 men into the lowlands, attempted the capture of Sebenico and its forts; but it was so well defended by the 6000 Venetians and German mercenaries of the garrison, that after twenty-six days' cannonade the Pasha was obliged to retire, supplies having been easily thrown in by sea, owing to the power of the Queen of the Adriatic in her own domain; and with this repulse began the gradual deliverance of Dalmatia from Turkish rule.

If the skill and science of a Sammiccheli strengthened and adorned Dalmatia, Venice derived no slight advantage from the hardy mariners with which these coasts supplied her, and with which her galleys were manned in Lepanto, and in her other triumphs. The "Riva dei Schiavoni," or "Bankside of the Slaavs," marks to this day the quay that was frequented by the barques of Dalmatia and Quarnero. When Henry the Third of France was on his way from Poland to Paris, on the death of Charles the Ninth, the chronicles of

the day tell us that, in the pageants given in his honour at Venice, he was rowed by "*Schiavoni*." Nor was it the mere thews and sinews of strong men that the coast produced. Andrea Schiavoni, a native of Sebenico, stands very near the highest rank in the Venetian school, and to this day Sebenico is proud of having given him birth. He was bred a house-painter, but caught the inspiration of the golden age of Venice; and if he had not the tumultuous movement and astounding dramatic force of Tintoretto, or the vast genius of Paul Veronese, which, like that of Napoleon, was strongest and clearest in operations of the utmost magnitude and complication, yet he had much of the classic propriety of Titian, and in the soothing gradations of ruddy flesh and crimson robes, his touch shews that mixture of sharpness and smoothness which our own Sir Joshua, speaking of a widely different genius, calls the perfection of handling. Barbarigo, Mocenigo, Gradenigo, and many other illustrious Venetian families, are of Slaavic extraction—the *igo* corresponding with the Slaavic *ich*; and even the name of Venice itself is Slaavic, being the City of the Veneti or Wends, the latter the Gothic name for all the Slaavic nations.

In our own times, Sebenico has given birth to Tommaseo, a philosopher and philologist of a high reputation; but his career belongs rather to Italy than to Dalmatia. He has latterly begun to turn

more of his attention to his native country. His usual residence is Venice, where he has taken a prominent part in the political revolutions of the year 1848.

The course of the river Kerka—of which the inlet of the sea at Sebenico may be called the estuary—is short but sublime. Rising in the chain of the Vellebitch, close to the three frontiers of Croatia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia, it is less a river than a series of lakes, connected with each other by a succession of the most graceful cascades, as if it were the giant staircase of a mountain-piling Titan. The last and most beautiful, though not the loftiest, of those cataracts is only two hours from Sebenico, and, with the lake above it, formed a most interesting day's excursion. The landscape through which the road passes is of the most singular description. After ascending a hill, I found myself on a wide-spreading table-land of barren rock, with every where deep cracks in the soil, and reminding me of the descriptions of the surface of the moon. The valleys and beds of the rivers were so far below the level of the table-land as to be generally invisible. In ninety-nine landscapes out of a hundred, the accidents of the soil are mountains rising out of plains, like alto or basso rilievo; here you have intaglio of a level surface on the grandest scale.

The widest and most irregular furrow was that of the lake above the fall of the Kerka, to which



I first proceeded, and, dismissing my horse as unsafe in so precipitous a descent, I scrambled down as well as I could by a narrow gulley without a blade of grass, down which a streamlet bubbled between white chalk-rocks, until the blue lake gradually opened out before us; and on a cape and cornice of a campanile shewing itself above the mountain-side on our right, the gentleman who obligingly accompanied me drew my attention to it as the convent and island of Vissovat, or "the place of hanging." Leaping down as agilely as the ground would allow, we reached the point where the brook entered the lake; but here a little wood masked our view; and passing under the trees, we came out upon a rude jetty of stones projecting into the lake. From a huge rock, split asunder, and forming a sort of gateway, the Kerka entered the lake, in the midst of which rose the little island of Vissovat, its church and convent, based with verdant turf and surrounded with full-grown trees, with the high slender campanile crowning the whole group of objects that formed the centre of the picture.

My companion then applied his two hands trumpet-wise to his mouth, and shouting aloud, the signal was answered by the peal of a bell from the convent-tower, and a boat was seen to put off from a little creek under a wide-spreading tree. On its arriving at our jetty, we embarked, were pulled across to the dark shady creek in the

island, and ascending the bank of turf, we came to a terrace in front of the church, the door of which bore the date 1690. Mounting a dark staircase, we were then shewn into the study of the Superior, surrounded with bookcases, the musty vellum covers of which made me curious to know if, in this out-of-the-way part of the world, there might be no Arthurs nor Rosicleers,—no Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls and Primalions,—those “public nothings” of Ben Jonson, but the treasures of the bibliomaniac,

“Abortives of the dark and fabulous cloister.”

They proved, however, to be almost entirely books of monastic discipline and Catholic divinity.

The Superior, a good-humoured, round-faced man, past middle age, shewed us the place. A church, with bad copies of the Venetian school, and a garden surrounded by the blue waters of the lake, were soon seen through. The Roman name of this bower-grown isle, in its lake of sterile cliffs, was Petralba, or the White Rock; but, in the lapse of centuries, the deposits of alluvial floods had given the island, in common with the margin of the lake, a thick layer of soil; and, in the troublous times that preceded the expulsion of the Turks from Dalmatia, its isolation promised an illusive security to the inmates of the convent that from time immemorial had resided there; but an incident that occurred in the seventeenth century



changed its name to the Illyrian one of Vissovat, or the Place of Hanging; and thereby, as the reader may well suppose, hangs a tale. In the hostilities that followed the war of 1644 between the Turks and Venetians, this island was in the midst of the operations; and a wide-spreading tree was pointed out as the relic of modern martyrology, which caused its change of name. In 1646 the Turks landed here; and of seven monks then resident, six were hanged, the seventh having escaped by hiding himself in the chimney. Hence Petralba became Vissovat, or the Place of Hanging; and the succeeding war of 1684 having freed Lower Dalmatia of the Turks, the greater part of the modern buildings were constructed towards the close of the seventeenth century.

There is very little ground besides what the convent covers; and as we stood under the trees, while the sun sparkled on the waters, a monk, with a pale, anxious, and melancholy expression, looked so pensively on the ground, and smiled from time to time to himself so innocently, that I could not help thinking of him:

“When to myself I act and smile,  
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,  
By a brook-side, or wood so green,  
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,—  
A thousand pleasures do me bless,  
And crown my soul with happiness.  
All my joys besides are folly;  
None so sweet as melancholy.”

BURTON.

We fell into discourse of the hanging of the priests ; and the monk, leaving off his quaint alternations of allegro and penseroso, broke forth into ardent and vehement ejaculations on the sufferings of the Catholic Church, and asked me how many Christians were in England. I answered, twenty-seven millions—two thirds Protestants, and one third Catholics. On which he gave a loud sigh, and said : “ That is the doing of Henry the Apostate—a traitor to the Church—dreadful!—a whole nation fell from grace for his fleshly lusts ! This service was rendered to the devil for a woman !—And what good news from thence ? ” said he ; “ we hear that the heretics incline to return to the right road.” Feeling no disposition to enter into a Puseyitical conversation, I gave a vague answer ; when, my companion giving him a hint that I was a Protestant, he dropped the conversation, rather taken aback ; but we parted in the best humour.

We now entered the convent-boat, which took us, by a romantic passage of about an hour’s rowing, to the end of the lake, just above where the Kerka rushes over the precipice. The vicinity of the fall, the column of spray rising in the rays of the afternoon sun, and the roar of the river dashing and resounding, made me rather nervous lest the boat should approach too near ; but long practice had enabled the boatmen to know precisely the point at which they must stop and disembark. We now walked along a ledge of the mountain ;

and just above the column of spray the lake ceased, and became a number of rivulets, flowing between green banks and trees, uniting, for the most part, just before the brow of the precipice, and then, with tremendous roar, bursting over the rocks, not in one unbroken sheet over a sheer precipice, but dashing from shelf to shelf down forty or fifty feet. Many mills are built immediately below the falls, but few were working. The unusual mass of water had caused apprehensions to be entertained during the previous night that the whole of the buildings might be swept away; the rains of some days before having been followed by some late heat, which had melted much of the snows of the Vellebitch.

Below the falls the water is sufficiently deep for large coast-boats from Zara, which were loading with flour at the mills. Here we were hailed by the men of a boat we had hired to meet us, and embarking in it, we followed the course of the river down a lane of high rocks, in which a road was attempted to be cut at the base of the cliffs, but stopped short of Scardona half way, the rocks in some places overhanging the Kerka. After about a mile the avenue opened, and we found ourselves once more in the wide inlet or estuary on which Scardona and Sebenico are situated.

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## CHAPTER III.

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### THE DALMATIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

DALMATIA being a narrow stripe of territory between Bosnia and the Adriatic, the traveller must in some places retrace his steps, if he visit the country solely by land. A steamer goes twice a month from Trieste to Ragusa and Cattaro, touching at several of the principal points and islands; but, as it returns by the same points and the same islands, he that would know the country must go to Ragusa by sea and return by land, or *vice versâ*.

The Dalmatian archipelago forms an interesting and important part of the study of the tourist; and extending all the way from Arbe, near Istria, to Ragusa, intervenes almost every where between the mainland and the open Adriatic. From the insecure navigation and the numerous land-locked anchorages, from the productive fisheries and the milder climate, and, lastly, from the reciprocal wants of the Highlander and Islander, has arisen that turn for maritime employment and maritime enterprise which makes the Dalmatian perhaps the best sailor in the Mediterranean, uniting the

practical seamanship of the Greek with the science of Italy and the north.

At six o'clock on a rainy morning I descended the narrow steep street of Sebenico to the quay where the steamer was about to start. A crowd of common people, in their wide trousers and red caps, looked on, mingled with citizens in the European costume; for the fortnightly visits of the steamer are the grand landmarks of existence on these secluded shores. As the bell rang, we quitted the basin of Sebenico; and passing under the embrasures of Fort San Nicolo, saw around us a small cluster of islands, close to which is a coral fishery, which produces fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds a year, the necklaces made of which are annually sold at the fair of Sinigaglia. Our course lay southwards, and I once more found myself in the open Adriatic. Clouds drifting from the south, and occasional rain, darkened the prospect; the current being also against us, and the steamer not a very powerful one, we advanced slowly to the Punto della Planea, a headland between Sebenico and Spalato.

The operation of the currents and winds of the Adriatic is so uniform as to admit of description in a few words. The currents usually set in from the eastern mouth of the sea, and running from Corfu along the coast of Albania and Dalmatia, sweep round from Trieste to Venice, and then run down past Ancona and Manfredonia to

the Mediterranean again. It is this tendency which has encumbered the port of Venice with the large alluvial deposits of the rivers of Friuli, and has rendered that of Ravenna high and dry inland. A curious instance of the waywardness of the Adriatic occurred some years ago. A dyer, from Chioggia, near Venice, named Girolamo Fontanella, having settled at Zara, died of an indigestion of fish, and was buried in the cemetery there, which overhangs the sea. In the year 1827, a great storm having arisen, a part of the cemetery was swept away; and, strange to say, the coffin of Girolamo was carried round to Chioggia, picked up by the Chioggians, and the earth that gave him birth gave him final burial.

In summer the prevalent wind on the coast of Dalmatia is the mistral, or north-west wind, which moderates the excessive heat of that season; and the Roman constructing his marine villa was not more anxious to catch the zephyr than the Dalmatian to obtain a good exposure to the north-west breezes of the Adriatic:

“ O’ a’ the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly lo’e the west.”

In winter the mistral gives place to a cycle, which begins with a few days of scirocco, bringing warmth, clouds, and rain, succeeded by three days of bora, or north wind, marked by clear sunshine, and accompanied by chilly, bracing air, from the peaks of the Vellebitch. When this



bora, or north wind, has blown itself out, it is succeeded by some days of calm, delightful weather, like an English September, to be again succeeded by the clouds and rain of the south. The enervating African scirocco is also occasionally felt in spring, but, of course, not to near the same extent as in Sicily and Greece.

We anchored during the night at Spalato, where I passed some pleasant months before leaving Dalmatia; and next day, at noon, we arrived at Lesina, a narrow island, forty miles long, which derived its importance from having been the principal station of the Venetian fleet during the palmy days of the Republic. Pleasing and prepossessing is the name of Lesina to the ear, and not less pleasing is her aspect to the eye. The town, with 2000 inhabitants, is at the bottom of a little bay, entirely surrounded with mountains, which rise so abruptly as only to leave a narrow space for the town and quay. As the steamer dropped anchor, I felt myself once more in the south. A few days ago, on the passes of the Vellebitch, a greatcoat was welcome; here the air was mild, the steep hills all around were covered with aloes, and the boats that swarmed up the ship-side carried men who sold white purses made of the fine cordage of the aloe-fibre. The slender palm-branches hung over the garden-walls that skirted the bay, and the carob-trees rising among the rocks carried my mind to the nobler slopes of Lebanon.

Nor were the sensations raised by art on landing in Lesina less novel and agreeable than those of external nature. A denizen of the soil of factories and railways, where utility is too often divorced from elegance, I was delighted to find in a mere arsenal and depôt of marine stores a public piazza, such as would do honour to an European capital. In a nook of the hills is this square, composed of Venetian Gothic houses ; and as dreams mingle distant times and places, the sight of Lesina called up to my fancy some captain of a galley asleep on the wide waters, whose memory, enfranchised from the control of his judgment, might mingle in one picture the rocky isles of the Levant with the home of his fathers in the Lagoon of Venice.

Prominent among all the edifices of Lesina, and facing the sea, is the Loggia, or place of municipal council, by Sammicheli ; worthy of the age of Palladio and Sansovino. These loggie are simple porticos of extended front, with columns intervening between the openings, so as to look, on a smaller scale, like a concatenation of triumphal arches. Being without doors and windows, the inmates were protected from the summer's sun, but not from the winter's cold. In this loggia of Dalmatia a peasant may see the permanent causes of the organic inferiority of the north to the south in architecture. Comfort is unattainable without subdivision, and subdivision

is the bane of noble architecture: the lightness and elegance of this master-performance was obtained at a sacrifice of comfort to the municipal assembly of Lesina during several months of the year.

The sight of a remarkable public building necessarily suggests inquiry into the objects for which it was constructed; and as the stately majesty of Roman architecture, after its declension into the grotesque irregularities of the Lower Empire, was revived by the great Venetian architects, the recomposition, on pre-existing principles, of the social edifice, after the prostration of the empire of the West, is a topic of the highest interest to the student of Dalmatia. While the highlands, after the great irruptions of the fifth and seventh centuries, became Slaavic, the coast-towns and the islands—retaining a corruption of the Latin language up to the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century—rose, like the Italian republics, from the mean vices of polished slavery to the bloody turbulence of rude liberty. The factions of a Florence, a Ferrara, a Padua, a Verona, and a Mantua, in contradistinction to the cumbrous feudal “empire of the Romans,” as it was called, were reflected in the municipalities of a Lesina, as compared with the semibarbarous sovereignty over the main land by the kings of Croatia.

Trau and Sebenico were the favourite resi-

dences of those Terpmirs and Crescimirs to whom the modern Croats look back as their national sovereigns. Their military force was formidable; and, according to the Byzantine writers, amounted to 60,000 horse, 100,000 infantry, and 4700 marine troops, embarked in 180 galleys. A nominal tribute of 200 gold Byzants per annum was annually paid to the Greek emperor; but in the eleventh century a crown, sceptre, cup, and sword, were received from the renowned Gregory VII. The Pope was acknowledged as the dispenser of kingdoms, and the sum hitherto paid to Constantinople was henceforward remitted to the Court of Rome. The royal household corresponded in barbaric magnificence to the military resources, and was headed by the Postelnik, or great chamberlain; the Volar, or master of the cow-stall, being the only dignity not found in modern European households. The greater provinces were governed by Bans—a title that survives to this day in the Ban of Croatia, the Lieutenant of the Emperor of Austria, as king of the *socia regna* of Hungary and Croatia; and the smaller districts by Zhupans, a title which remained to distinguish the heads of certain confraternities of *terra firma* down to the government of Dalmatia by Napoleon.

The forms of the tribunals were simple; the procedure being verbal, and right of appeal allowed—which was claimed by the discontented

litigant throwing his hat down on the ground — the Curia of the King and Dukes forming the last instance ; but the general framework of society was feudal and monarchical.

In the islands, not only the language but the forms of the municipal government of the Romans are recognisable, although on paper they were held in fief by various Croat nobles. While in Gaul, and in other parts of the *quondam* empire, between the fifth and the twelfth centuries the Curial institutions become fainter and fainter, and succumb to feudal neighbours, in the islands of Dalmatia they remain in full vigour ; and in perusing the records of the municipality of Lesina (collected by a Russian lawyer, whom, as he states in his preface, pulmonary disease had drawn to Venice), I am reminded of the words of Guizot : “ Thus at the fall of the Roman empire we find again the same fact that was observable at its commencement, the predominance of the feudal form and spirit. The Roman world returned to its first condition ; towns had formed it ; it was dissolved, but the towns remained.”

When the Venetians extended themselves in the Adriatic, and subjugated the *quasi* independent municipalities of the coast, they found institutions analogous to their own, both legitimate descendants of the Roman system ; and the local immunities, privileges, and peculiarities, remained for the most part intact. A Venetian senator, with the title

of Conte, assisted by a Captain, Camerlengo, and Chancellor, took the place of the elective Rector ; but the loggia still resounded with the deliberations of the patrician members of the so-called community.

Cattalinich informs us that this general council of the nobles included all the order arrived at the age of sixteen ; but a marriage with a plebeian deprived the offspring of vote and deliberation, unless the wealth of the party, or some other consideration, procured a new inscription in their ranks, which was in the power of the nobles by a plurality of votes. Up to the fall of the Republic, these patricians claimed a voice in the decision of civil and criminal cases ; but political liberty, at first a reality, became in progress of time the shadow of a shade.

In mere externals, gravity and decorum marked their public assemblies ; the Conte, or Count, appeared in state robes, and the nobles in their habits of ceremony, of which the sword was an essential part ; and in festivals, imagination can scarce conceive a nobler subject for a picture of the Venetian school, which preferred splendid still-life to the commotions of passion,\* than the loggia of Lesina ; its free open porticos basking in the noon-day sun ; pale senators, or scar-

\* I speak generally. Into how many unpretending pieces has Giorgione poured the elixir of an almost Raffaellesque expression !



furrowed brows, bronzed on a Cyprus or a Candia shore; the sumptuous robes and bright cuirasses all gleaming in the limpid shadows of its further recesses.

Casting our eyes to the south, we see a little island, which, during the last war, was the scene of many important transactions of the navy of Great Britain. When the Republic of Venice fell in 1797, Dalmatia, detesting the religious and political principles of France, opened all her gates to Austria; but after the battle of Austerlitz, being ceded to Napoleon by the stipulations of the treaty of Presburg, Lissa, the island in question, with a fine harbour, became one of the principal stations of the cruisers of England—a *depôt* of manufactures, which, in spite of the Berlin and Milan decrees, forced their way through Bosnia to the heart of Germany—an entrenched camp which galled the sight of the legions victorious on land. The population of Lissa rose between the years 1808 and 1811 from four to twelve thousand, and a miserable island of Dalmatia was rapidly adopting the dress, the language, and the convivial manners of an English port. The islanders, previously poor fishermen, were now rolling in sudden wealth; and a swarm of boats brought provisions from the innumerable sounds and creeks of the main land, and carried back the cloths of Manchester and Leeds, and the metals of Sheffield and Birming-

ham. To capture such a seat of hostile enterprise became, therefore, a favourite project of the naval authorities of Venice and Ancona, now integral parts of the French Empire. An expedition was fitted out in the latter port, and the time being chosen when no English force was in Lissa, Commodore Dubourdieu suddenly left Ancona with the Italian squadron, and on the 22d October, 1810, presented himself with five frigates and two corvettes off Lissa, all hoisting English colours, and having a battalion of infantry on board. Owing to this deception, the port was entered peaceably, and the troops landed. No resistance was offered by the privateers, or attempt made at escape by the merchant-ships. In six or seven hours, sixty-four vessels were burned, most of them being loaded; several valuable ships with cargoes were made prize of; and the same night all the troops re-embarked, and Commodore Dubourdieu was in full sail for Ancona again. And what had caused his haste? On that very afternoon a boat with three fishermen had entered the harbour, bringing him the intelligence that Captain Hoste, the British commander, was looking out for him, and might be immediately expected.

But Lissa was too important a point not to be worthy of permanent possession to France; and in the spring a new expedition was prepared to annihilate the British squadron and effectually

occupy Lissa. This French force consisted of four frigates of 44 guns, two corvettes of 32 guns, and three sloops, with 700 infantry on board. That of Captain Hoste, off Lesina, consisted of the *Amphion*, 32; the *Active*, 38; the *Cerberus*, 32; and *Volage*, of 22; or 880 Britons to 2500 French and Italians. What's in a name? Wonders. With such appalling odds against him, the gallant Hoste felt that something was necessary to produce a moral effect in so critical a moment; and the telegraphic word, "Remember Nelson!" thrilled through every heart, while prolonged cheers echoed from deck to deck of the little squadron.

Close to the eastern shore of Lissa, the *Amphion*, Captain Hoste, with the *Active*, *Volage*, and *Cerberus* in close order, awaited the enemy, who bore down from the north-east. Dubourdieu, in the *Favorite*, led the van; and marking the *Amphion*, which lay next the shore, for his own, he prepared to board her, while his other frigates and small craft might make easy work of the *Active*, the *Volage*, and the *Cerberus*. A crowd of seamen and marines thronged the forecastle of the French vessel (*Favorite*). Dubourdieu himself stood forward to direct and encourage his men; and so close was the *Favorite* to the *Amphion*, that eager expectation could be read on the countenances of the men. The grappling tackle was ready, the cutlass was drawn, and the

pike was prepared; but just when a few yards separated the two ships, off went a five-and-a-half-inch howitzer with 750 musket-balls from the quarter-deck of the *Amphion*; and as if Death in his own person had swept his scythe from gunwale to gunwale, Dubourdieu and his boarders were prostrate in an instant. Foiled in the attempt, the Captain of the French frigate, who now took the command, attempted to pass round between the *Amphion* and the shore, and thus place Hoste between two fires; but so nicely and narrowly had the *Amphion* chosen her position, that the *Favorite* got ashore in the attempt, and was thus in a great measure *hors de combat*. This important incident gave such a turn to the struggle as the French never recovered; but the odds being still against the English, the contest was prolonged for several hours. The British squadron now stood on the larboard tack; when the *Cerberus*, in wearing, got her rudder choked by a shot, which caused a delay; but the action continued. Captain Hoste, in the *Amphion*, being now galled by the fire of the *Flore*, 44, and the *Bellona*, 32, closed with the former, and in a few minutes the *Flore* struck; but having received by mistake some shots of the *Bellona*, which were intended for and went past the *Amphion* after she had struck, an officer took her ensign, and, holding it over the taffrel, threw it into the sea. Hoste now crossed to the *Bellona*, and compelled

her also to strike at noon, just three hours after the action began; but no sooner was this accomplished, than the *Flore*, belying her surrender, was seen crowding sail to escape, pursuit by the *Amphion* being by this time impossible, her foremast threatening to fall, and her sails and rigging rendered unserviceable from the cross-fires she had sustained. The rest of the Gallo-Venetian squadron, upon this, attempted to escape; but the British *Active*, pursuing the Venetian *Corona*, compelled her also to strike, in a running fight, at half-past two in the afternoon; thus terminating one of the most gallant actions on record. Three 44-gun frigates, including the escaped *Flore*, and a 32-gun corvette having struck to the British squadron.

Lissa thenceforth became to the end of the war an English possession. Colonel Robertson was civil and military governor. Twelve natives formed a legislative and judicial council. A small fort was constructed, and the towers to this day bear the names of Wellington, Bentinck, and Robertson.

## CHAPTER IV.

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### CURZOLA.

FIVE hours from Lesina is Curzola, the most beautiful of all the islands of Dalmatia; approached by a natural canal formed by the island on one side and the peninsula of Sabioncello on the other, a sort of Bosphorus on a grander and ruder scale, with steep mountains on both sides, every creek and headland covered with waving woods and verdant shrubbery. As we approach the town of Curzola, each zone is marked by its appropriate colour: the warm brown of cultivation basks at the water's edge; the wooded region rises above; and a waving line of grey bare rocks crests the whole.

Turning the last headland, we saw the town of Curzola before us in the form of a triangle or pyramid, edged by some of those huge old round towers which the modern art of war has rendered obsolete, the campanile of the ex-cathedral forming the appropriate apex. At the landing-place, and just outside the walls, is the loggia, an edifice very inferior to that of Lesina as seen from



without; but the prospect seen through its columns by those within, gave the Curzolans a council-chamber painted by Nature herself in her happiest mood. The massive towers and walls were built in 1420; but the gate was, as the inscription tells us, erected in 1643 by a scion of the house of Grimani, he being then Provveditor-general at Zara.

Grimani! thought I to myself, as I recollected the palace of that name from the Grand Canal, and I again stepped back to look at it; but the profuse ornaments of the *sei cento* with which it was covered, shewed that the age of Balthasar Longhena had followed that of Sammicheli—a decline from what preceded, but still high above what followed in other parts of Europe.

The town of Curzola is regularly built; a street runs up to the Piazza, and down on the other side, all the other streets being at right angles. On one side of the Piazza, in the elevated centre of the town, is the Palace of the Venetian Governors; and on the other is the ex-Cathedral, with mediocre pictures, and a Turkish cannon-ball embedded in the wall since an attack on the town in 1571. Curzola was formerly the seat of a Bishop; but Dalmatia, which, under the Venetians, had thirteen episcopal sees, has now only six.

Close by is the palace of a certain Signor Arnieri, the principal landed proprietor of Curzola,

to which I was taken by a gentleman of the town to whom I was recommended. The palace itself, of Venetian Gothic, is sadly dilapidated; but such an edifice as a Contarini or a Gradenigo might have dwelt in. A superb bronze knocker, representing a Hercules swinging two lions by their tails, adorned the door; and entering the courtyard, the marble draw-well, on which was cut three pears, the arms of the family, and the minutely fretted windows of the crumbling halls, reminded me that Curzola had for years supplied the timber for the wooden walls of Venice, and had been another favourite station of her fleets. Signor Arnieri, a polite gentleman, with white neckcloth and broad-brimmed hat, did the honours with the courtesy of the old school.

“These three pears you see on the wall,” said he, “are the arms of my family. Perussich was our name, when, in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, my ancestors built this palace; so that, you see, I am a Dalmatian. All the family, fathers, sons, and brothers, used to serve in the fleets of the Republic; but the hero of our race was Arniero Perussich, whose statue you see there, who fought, bled, and died at the siege of Candia, whose memory was honoured by the Republic, and whose surviving family was liberally pensioned; so his name became the name of our race. We became Arnieri, and ceased to be Perussich.”

I spoke of the knocker, as remarkable for its

size as for its beauty ; and observed, that it would be rather hazardous to put so tempting a piece of *virtù* on a London door ; so, going to the door again, he, with a smile of enjoyment, lifted the head of one of the lions, and letting it whack against the door, so as to make the court ring again, he resumed : “ I have been offered its weight in silver ; but we have no fears of thieves in Curzola : if I lock it up in my cabinet, I cease to enjoy the use of it. If you are curious on such matters,” added he, “ come here ;” and, leading me through a dark passage to his library, he shewed me an antique inkstand and sand-box, in the form of hounds scratching their ears, and various other articles said to be real antiques.

Thanking the old gentleman for his attentions, we retraced our steps, and saw in the wall of the house opposite a relic of middle-age manners—a large iron ring, which, being grasped by a criminal, gave him immunity from arrest.

The sobborgo, or suburb of Curzola without the walls, is kept alive by ship-building ; and being situated on the neck of land that connects the town with the island, it has wharfs to both bays. The boats of Curzola are still renowned on the Adriatic ; and all those of the Company of the Austrian Lloyds are built here. Timber and labour are both cheap, and vegetation is rapid ; for no sooner is a wood thinned than it grows again with great rapidity.

Here I saw some of the Amazons of the opposite peninsula of Sabioncello selling produce,—tall, strong women, with masculine features, and a high head-dress of straw, with a brown flounce.

All the husbands are absent at sea, and the women do most of the rustic work — plough, harrow, and thrash ; and their villages are composed almost solely of women, old men, and boys. The women have consequently most robust bodies, and a resolute virile temperament : so that Dr. Menis, the learned *proto-medicus* of Zara, believes that the fable of the Amazons must have arisen from a community living under similar conditions ; defence of their goods and chattels being occasionally necessary during the absence of their husbands.

This maritime turn is of no new date ; for Curzola was a Phœnician colony, and objects have been repeatedly found with the strange claw-character of this wonderful people. The rest of the history of the island is also maritime. In the tenth century it belonged to the famous pirates' nest of the neighbouring Narenta, and in 997 came under Venetian protection ; and its Venetomunicipal statute is said to be the oldest in Dalmatia. In this neighbourhood, Genoa, 1268, measured her strength successfully with Venice, and taught her great rival such a lesson of humiliation as she never received either before or since ; but the victory of Chioggia again made Venice the mistress of the Mediterranean. In the Turkish

wars the Curzolans bore their part gallantly. When the town was besieged in 1571 by Uluch Ali, viceroy of Algiers, even women and children took part in the defence ; and having compelled him to retire, the word *fedelissima*, or most faithful, was, by decree of the Senate, applied to Curzola in all documents.

Passing the suburb, I found myself in the country ; and never did I see such luxuriant and variegated shrubbery. The fragrant myrtle perfumed the air ; and the contrast in the colours of the vegetation, the beauty of the flowers, and the novelty of the fruits, made Curzola look like one great conservatory, with its blossoms uncovered to perpetual spring. The improbabilities of romance were realised ; and I seemed to tread one of those isles unseen by human eye, where some fair benignant spirit dwelt in a secluded world of bloom and verdure. Half-an-hour off, on a high conical eminence, is the ruined convent of Saint Anthony, approached by a straight flight of steps the best part of a quarter of a mile in steep ascent, bordered on each side by a lofty avenue of cypresses : planted one hundred and eighty years ago, they are now in their full growth and majesty. I stood entranced at the foot of the steps, and enjoyed, at the extreme top of the thick verdure-fenced vista, a ruined arch, picturesquely delineated against the blue sky. When I completed the ascent, and looked backwards, my admiration increased on

seeing the azure creek, the yellow bulwarks of Curzola, and the towering ridges of the opposite mountains, enframed by this noble avenue, every tree of which rose to the height of the highest ship-masts. Higher up, on a point of rock, no longer in the line of avenue, but commanding a general view, the whole region of indented creeks and rugged coasts, town and suburbs, with swelling dome and tower-knit battlements, and the unruffled waters, asleep amidst the slopes of the canal, —formed a prospect so lovely, that Curzola might be called the Emerald Isle of the Adriatic.

Next day I took a ramble into the country, and found the population of the island exhibit, in their dresses, houses, and demeanour, a great superiority to what I had seen between Zara and Sebenico. In a former work I compared the character of the Servian to that of the Scottish Highlander; but the comparison, however striking as regards the mainland, becomes a contrast when we treat of the insular population. Unlike the Hebrides of Great Britain, which, by their remoteness from the metropolis, are the last to receive the lights of civilisation, the islands of Dalmatia owe much of their culture to the nearer vicinity of Venice, and the more extensive use of the Italian language, with its humanising results on all classes of the population; but, above all, to their sea-girt security, which retained the coasts and islands as an integral part of the European family.



If we pursue the results of these diverging political fortunes to the actual condition of the two great divisions of Dalmatia, we find that, of the 400,000 inhabitants of the kingdom, 80,000, or one-fifth, live on the islands; but while the population of the terra firma is 104 per square mile, that of the islands is 123. The difference of the climate also causes a great contrast in the productions. On the terra firma, 13 per cent of the whole soil is cultivated with grain; and of the islands, only 3 per cent. But in the case of vines and olives, the advantage is on the side of the milder climate; and while only 5 per cent of the terra firma is subject to this culture, the vines and olives cover 18 per cent of the area of the islands. The total uncultivated land of the terra firma is 82 per cent; that of the islands, 79. With a generally poorer soil, the advantage in favour of the islands is incontrovertible: the cultivation of the terra firma being capable of both extension and improvement; that of the islands, of improvement, but not of extension.

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## CHAPTER V.

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### CATTARO.

RAGUSA and Spalato were the points to which I had procured introductions, and which, from their intellectual and agreeable society, and the easy access they afford to all books, historical or otherwise, on these provinces, were the most desirable head-quarters for the approaching winter. Montenegro forms no part of Dalmatia, but is an independent Republic, of the fiercest mountaineers, who have always succeeded in defying the power of the Porte from the impregnable position of their country, overlooking the Bocca di Cattaro and the Lake of Scutari. Although geographically belonging to Albania, as well as Cattaro, their language, nationality, and religion, are, with a different recent history, the same as those of Servia; and, although aware of the evil of undertaking too much, on the principle *qui trop embrasse mal étreint*, I could not resist the temptation of being so near a subject cognate to that which had elicited a volume from my pen.

But my prospects on leaving Curzola were not

very cheering : the harvest of 1846 in Montenegro had been a frightful failure ; the people were dying of starvation ; the Vladika, or Archbishop, whose authority was usually paramount in the maintenance of order, was absent in Vienna, to get funds to buy corn ; and, in spite of the exertions of his deputy, bands of a hundred and fifty armed men were nightly making incursions into the Austrian territory, and sacking the villas of retired wealthy Bocchese ship-masters. Every steamer carried detachments of riflemen, to scour the frontier ; and I was strongly advised to let Montenegro alone until more tranquil times ; but as I might never be so near it again, and personal experience of the Ottoman empire having shewn me that the danger of visiting disturbed districts turned out almost always illusory, I resolved to start.

It was on a bright sunlit afternoon, in the first days of December, that the steamer entered the Bocca, every inch of the deck being covered with riflemen. At the sight of this gulf, so celebrated for its natural beauty, the wish of many a long revolving year was fulfilled. Casotti, in his own quiet way, on arrival at Cattaro, breaks out with enthusiasm : “ How imposing a spectacle is the cascade of the Kerka ! how sublime an edifice is the temple of Sebenico ! ” and then, after a long list, he adds, “ but most delicious of all is the canal of Cattaro ! ” And well might he give it the

preference over every other scene of natural beauty in this province. The Bocca di Cattaro has all the appearance of an Italian lake embosomed in Alps, with the difference that the lake is composed of salt water instead of fresh, and is on a level and communicating with the sea, so as to form not only a secure harbour of an extent to contain all the navies of Europe, and a depth to admit of three-deckers lying close to its shores, but possessing a beauty worthy to be compared to that of Lebanon rising from the waters of Djouni, or Naples herself, with all her enchantments. From Castel Nuovo at the entrance, to Cattaro at the extremity, the whole of the gulf is lined with villages and isolated villas arising out of the water's edge. Rich vine, citron, and olive-grounds slope rapidly upwards to a considerable distance; and above the line of vegetation, tremendous bare rocks tower suddenly and precipitously up to an Alpine height, till they are crowned on the landward side by the peaks of Montenegro.

In a climate that looks across the Adriatic to the temperate coasts of Apulia, the fall of the year had laid her impress lightly on the brows of the surrounding mountains: a yellow tone on the hanging woods began to mingle with the deep-green olives; the Bocca was no longer in the heyday of verdure, but, like a well-preserved beauty, in all the pleasantness of early autumn, while the crimson of an unclouded sunset invested her barest

summits with its subdued splendour. Half way to Cattaro (for the passage is long and winding) the lake grows narrow, to little more than the space between the iron gates on the Danube; and we cleave the rended precipices again to enter another wide inland basin. As the steamer swiftly advanced up the smooth, land-girt waters, every soul was on deck to catch a new turn in the magic panorama. Ever and anon a shot, fired from a point of land or fishing-hamlet, signalised a party of sharpshooters on piquet; and some sad air of Bellini, played by the band, floated across the waters in sweet responses to the distant challenge.

It was night when we dropt anchor off Cattaro, the forms of the mountains being faintly visible, but enough to shew me that I was at the bottom of a kettle or caldron. Lights twinkled in the windows of the town, and the glare of torches at the quay was reflected in the water by long streaks of trembling yellow; a hubbub of boats was at our larboard; and the deck crowded, with boats disembarking, made a scene of rather dismal novelty. On landing, the customs' officers searched my baggage minutely, as I had come from the islands; the facility which their coasts afford to the smuggler being a pretext for an unavailing rigour at the ports of the mainland, a topic to which we will recur in the course of our survey of the mistaken policy which presides at the financial legislation of Dalmatia.

Conducted to the only hotel of the town, I found it to be miserable ; for Cattaro is the *ultima Thule* of the Austrian empire. The few travellers that ascend to Montenegro are insufficient to maintain a comfortable inn, and I was fortunate in getting a room, for the crowding of troops had made quarters very scarce. Next morning after breakfast, a man of jobs and commissions presented himself in the last stage of shabby genteel, and making me a profound bow, asked me if I was an Englishman, and I admitted that I was.

“ This town,” said he, bowing again profoundly, “ is a place of very great taste for the arts, sir ; of first-rate taste ; and if you want a large room, sir, I think I can get you one.”

“ A large room !” said I, somewhat surprised ; “ if you suppose I am either a singer or a picture-dealer, you are under a mistake.”

“ A singer or a picture-dealer,” continued he, plausibly ; “ that is horridly low ; I see there is some mistake, for I was informed that you were a fire-eater.”

The hallucination seemed so whimsical, that I could not avoid humouring it. “ What would you say,” said I, “ to an advertisement of this sort : The British Wizard and Fire-Eater, desirous of having the honour of appearing before the public of Cattaro, has abandoned his engagements at Paris and London, &c. &c. ?”



“Magnifico!” said he; “and if you need a check-taker, I am your most obedient humble servant.”

“Now tell me,” said I, “who told you I was a fire-eater?”

“I knew it at once, sir,” said he, with a knowing wink, “when that servant informed me that you could drink boiling water, and make water boil without fire.”

In a state of mystification, which the reader can more easily suppose than I can describe, the servant of the hotel being called in, I asked her what water I had boiled without a fire; and she immediately pointed out an innocent bottle of Seidlitz powders which stood on the chest of drawers, on which I repeated the wonderful experiment of adding cold water to a little powder. As it fizzed up in the glass, the servant called out, delighted beyond measure, in a hodge-podge of Illyrian and Italian, “*Gospodine Pomeloi, bolle senza fuoco!*” “Oh Lord, it boils without fire! it boils without fire!” But the commissioner, studying for a moment, brightened up with the ardour of discovery, and pronouncing it to be “*una medicina*,” looked at the poor waitress with such contempt that she went confounded out of the room.

Finding that the only necromancy I contemplated was a trip to Montenegro, the commissioner, begging my pardon, and not to be foiled

of a job, at once promoted me from plain Mister to Excellency, and then ran on with all the volubility of his tribe: "Ah, sir, you belong to the first nation of the world; a free nation, sir. You must see Albania, too; just like England, for all the world. A man does what he chooses — nothing like freedom. And if a man gives you any insolence, just whistle a bullet through his gizzard; nobody says anything — just like England. I recollect my Lord Boot Brute — yes, I think that was his name; perhaps your Excellency may know him?"

"Brickbat?" inquired I.

"Giusto, precisely, my Lord Brickbat; I am sure he was a milordo; for his watch-chain was of solid gold, and his waistcoat of Cashmere shawl. When the people wondered why he went to service in the Duomo, he said that God cared no more about orthodox and schismatic than the Pasha of Scutari cared whether a Christian took off his hat or a Turk took off his shoes to him. A most distinguished man was my Lord Brickbat; and people said, These English are originals, but their Christianity comes from the wrong side of the blanket. A wonderful nation! Now, when a Dalmatian has no money, he stays at home; when an Englishman wants to save money, he goes abroad. I know your Excellency is not one of that sort; but economy is not a bad thing; and let me advise you to be on your guard against

all those plausible impostors and cheats that are on the out-look for travellers, and prey upon their credulity. You will pay double for every thing in Montenegro, if you have not some honest man who knows the country. Now I, for instance, know Montenegro well, and to serve an Englishman would do any thing for him from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again."

"I will see," said I.

"Well, notwithstanding my good wishes, your Excellency is impatient. I am sure the loan of a florin or two would not inconvenience you? You doubt again; well, then, a zwanziger, to make my market."

When the zwanziger was given, there came a supplementary request for *due gotti*, two drops of rosolio to wet his whistle. A quarter of an hour scarcely had elapsed before he came back, smelling of the liquor, and announcing, with irradiate countenance, that he had explained to the police my intention to proceed to Montenegro, and spontaneously asked for permission, &c., which called forth on my part a specimen of that national freedom of speech which he admired rather in the abstract than in the application, and which kept his officiousness within bounds during the rest of my stay.

"What sort of a place is Cattaro?" was a question which I had one day addressed to the captain of the steamer after dinner. "There is

Cattaro," said he to me, pointing to the grounds at the bottom of his coffee-cup. "The sun sets behind the mountains at mid-day," continued he, with facetious exaggeration; "and the mountain above threatens to fall over and cover the town." I had left the hotel but a very short way, when I found the place to be almost what the captain had told me. At the extremity of the basin of Cattaro is situated the town, regularly fortified. A quay fronts the basin, and a plantation of poplars, rising with the masts of the vessels, under which the Bocchese, in their almost Turkish costume, prosecuted their business, produced a novelty of effect which one seldom sees on the beaten tracks of the tourist; and looking down the basin which I had traversed yesterday evening, a cluster of villas with their red roofs are seen shining among the thickly planted gardens that cover the promontory stretching into the water. If we pass from the front to the back of the town, the rocks rise up perpendicularly behind the last street; so that the traveller, standing in the piazza in front of the church, is obliged to strain his neck in looking up to the battlements of the fort that surmounts the place.

In the interior of the town I was agreeably disappointed in finding it to be a very different place from what I had anticipated. So close to Montenegro, where a row of Turkish skulls, on spikes, formed until lately a conspicuous ornament of the

capital of the most insubordinate population of the Ottoman empire, I had a notion of its being a miserable place ; but here was still in every street and edifice the same Italian stamp : a solid, well-built Cathedral, of hewn stone, better than ninety-nine out of a hundred churches in England ; several public piazzas ; and a fine picturesque old tower as a guard-house, with the usual Venetian lion, which will last a thousand years, unless some earthquake should shake down that uneasy-looking lump of mountain, and bray the town, lion and all, to infinitesimal atoms.

The dress of the coast-towns of Dalmatia is entirely European ; that of Cattaro, as I have already stated, has more of the Oriental than of the European, black Hessian boots being added to a Turkish costume, with a very small fez.

In summer, the high mountains, excluding the north-west breeze, render Cattaro a place of stifling heat ; and in winter, the clouds, breaking against the mountains, make it very rainy. The days preceding my departure for Montenegro were marked by a perfect storm of rain ; for not only did the water pour from above, but in various places streams of clear water gushed up from below through the crevices of the pavement—a symptom of the overhanging rocks being pervious to springs. The Bocchese, instead of carrying umbrellas, go about with black woollen-hooded cloaks, which are as thick as a blanket, and hard and heavy like

felt. I ventured out with an umbrella ; and, wrapt up in a cloak, proceeded out at the gate, in order to see a stream gushing from the mountain. A rare spectacle was it to see the spring come out from the earth at the foot of a precipice, a ready-formed river, twenty feet wide, and filtered as clear as crystal. The last geological revolution of Dalmatia has left the Vellebitch a very loose and incoherent mass of limestone, for in several other places we have the same phenomenon. The river that waters the plain of Licca, in Croatia, loses itself in an immense hollow, and mingles its waters with the Adriatic, after traversing a mountain-chain 4000 feet high. Nothing could be more dismal than the rocks all around, the peak of every mountain enveloped in mist ; and along with the damp we had a close, warm atmosphere, with the thermometer ranging between 70° and 80°, and thus for several days : but with a north wind came complete clearness and perspicuity of the atmosphere ; and the sunshine on a Gothic balcony and fretted balustrade, with an orange-tree on the opposite side of the street, its golden fruit protruding over the wall, made as charming a piece of colour as a painter of local nature could desire.

Cattaro, called Dekatera by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was successively under the protection of the Greek emperors and Servian and Hungarian monarchies, but became Venetian in 1420, preserving its municipal privileges, and being go-



verned by a Venetian, with the title of *Estraordinario*, under the *Proveditor-general* of Zara. From this time up to the fall of the Republic, it was under the banner of St. Mark. Austrian from 1797 to 1806, the decisive victory of Austerlitz, and the peace of Presburg, handed it over to the French empire. But Russia could view with no complacency the port of Montenegro, in which she exercised so large an influence, and which was so important a space in the chess-board of European Turkey, occupied by France, then the ally of the Porte. The fleets of Russia, aided by a fierce undisciplined band of Montenegrines, offered a vigorous but ineffectual resistance to the French occupation. They advanced as far as Ragusa, and burned its suburbs; but Marshal Marmont, at the head of 9000 well-disciplined troops, gave battle to the combined force of the Montenegrines and a small body of Russians; and having gained a decided victory on the 1st of October, 1806, at the Sutorina, on the Bocca di Cattaro, the submission of the rest of the province quickly followed, and Russia, at the treaty of Tilsit, recognised the French possession of this part of the Adriatic.

Cattaro and its district has been since the last Austrian occupation one of the four circles of Dalmatia, the smallest in extent and population, but the most difficult to manage of all the four, from the neighbourhood of Montenegro; and was on

that account sought after by the present occupant, a Bohemian of great talent and energy, who was previously at Spalato, as a means of meritorious advancement. The population of the town is 4000, and there is a great deal of capital in the place; for the Bocchese are excellent sailors, and although there is nothing behind Cattaro but the rocks of Montenegro, this hardy and industrious people possess upwards of one hundred and fifty vessels of long course. The products and profits of the Antilles and Brazils have built these neat villas, and laid out those gardens, that make the Bocca look like an Italian lake; and it was the well-filled plate-chests and the strong boxes that tempted the hunger and rapine of the nightly bands; for the Bocchese, like the Turk, must see his property in the solid—a ship, a house, or the clinking cash—and would not trust the paper of the Bank of England.

There was a great deal of unpleasant agitation in Cattaro during my stay, in consequence of the nightly incursions of these desperados. Twice during the three or four days of my stay at Cattaro they attempted to rob houses on the Bocca; but the alarm being suddenly given to the detachments of Rifles, they drew off, though not without an exchange of shots. These marauders were not Montenegrines, but a mixed band of Herzegovinians from Grahovo, who shared their plunder with the Aga there; for on these three frontiers

order is kept with difficulty, passage from one to the other being easy, and the authority of the Porte in Herzegovina quite nominal. The Government of Montenegro, in the absence of the Vladika, co-operated with the Austrian Government of Cattaro to repress the depredations; but when hunger has a share in stimulating outrage, Governments can do very little in a wild mountainous country like this.

Cattaro, being strongly fortified, could resist any force the Montenegrines could bring against it, if hostilities should ever unfortunately break out between these mountaineers and the Austrian Government; but the situation of the garrison being at the foot of the mountain would become very unpleasant, and confine them to the town and Castle. This did occur in 1809 during the French occupation. Some Montenegrines were drinking in the town, and two Italian soldiers, probably also in liquor, entering the wine-shop, one of them, either in sarcasm or familiarity, took hold of one of the Montenegrines by the moustache, which they regard as almost sacrilege. The Montengrinese drew his pistol, and discharged it in the face of the soldier; but the ball missing him, and other comrades coming to the assistance of the soldier, they wounded the Montenegrines with sabres. But the quarrel did not end there. On the succeeding days the heights above Cattaro were covered with Montenegrines, all armed, who infested the ap-

proaches, and broke up the roads the French had formed; so that the people of Cattaro, knowing the exciteable race they had to deal with, scarce dared to venture out of the town; but the officers continued to dine at a sort of rustic casino a short way from the gate, the front door of which opened on the road, and the back door on a small garden. The Montenegrines, determined to glut their vengeance, made up a party of nine or ten men, the half of whom presented themselves at the road, while the other half, escalading the garden-wall, entered by the back door; and, as the officers sat at dinner, fired their muskets at them, and fled. Five officers and a surgeon fell on the occasion; and this produced such an effect on the French Commandant, that he immediately sought a conference with the Archbishop, and the affair ended in a convention, greatly to the satisfaction of the citizens of Cattaro, who, during all the affair, durst not stir beyond the gates of the town.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Violla de Sommières.

## CHAPTER VI.

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### MONTENEGRO.

LEARNING that a Dalmatian Dugald Dalgetty, in the employ of the Vladika, was in Cattaro, I was advised to take advantage of his return to Cetigne, as I should not only gain in security, but have the advantage of referring for information as I went along to a person well acquainted with the localities. In ordinary times there is not a shadow of danger between Cattaro and Cetigne, and the Montenegrine is as harmless as a wolf in midsummer; but pinch him sorely with hunger, and any thing is welcome to his fangs; so that I thought it on all accounts safer to go in company.

My rendezvous was at the hour of eight, at the Montenegrine Bazaar, outside the gate of Cattaro. Here a rude roof, supported on pilasters of rubble-work, and an avenue of trees, just at the foot of one of those tremendous precipices around Cattaro, was the place where the Montenegrines gave their eels from the Lake of Scutari, their skins, and their other products, for the salt, the





A. Macdoug Del & Litt

MONTENEGRINE BAZAAR IN CATTANU

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oil, and the few coarse manufactures and colonials which they need. The shaggy brown mare of the trooper was caparisoned in the Turkish way, with a high cantled cloth saddle, and a silver chain forming part of the bridle. Instead of the long Oriental robes of yesterday, in which I was introduced to him, he wore a short crimson jacket, lined with sable, a silver-hilted sword being hung from his shoulder; while our attendants carried long Albanian rifles, their small butts covered with mother-o'-pearl, and the men with coarse frieze dresses, tattered sandals, weatherbeaten faces, and long uncombed locks falling over their necks.

We now began the ascent of the celebrated ladder of Cattaro, to which the ladder of Tyre is a joke, being the most remarkable road I ever ascended. The Vellebitch is a curious road for carriages; but to ascend a face of rock 4000 feet high, and very little out of the perpendicular, was certainly a trial to the nerves. There could not be less than fifty zigzags, one over the other, and, seen from above, the road looks like a coil of ropes. As we passed one tower of the fortress after another, the whole region of Cattaro was seen as from a balloon; the ships were visible only by their decks; and I do not overstrain description when I say that, arrived at the top, although we were very little out of the perpendicular above Cattaro, the human figures on the bright yellow gravelled quay were such faint black

specs that the naked eye could scarce perceive them ; so that the independence of Montenegro ceases to be a riddle to whomsoever ascends this road. When standing on the quay of Cattaro, how high and gloom-engendering seem those mountains on the other side of the gulf, as seen from below. I now look down upon their crests, and dilate sight and sense by casting my eyes beyond them upon the wide blue sheet of the Adriatic, the height of the line where sky meets sea shewing how loftily I am placed.

My hired nag was none of the best, and I complained of not being able to keep up with the officer ; but the dirty savage with the long locks who walked by my side told me, in a brutal sarcastic sort of way, that “ as I had paid the zwanzigers, I had only to hew them out of the horse again ; ” and suiting the action to the word, with an inharmonious wheezing laugh, he gave the nag such a jog with his rifle, that I cast a nervous glance over the parapet to the roofs of Cattaro. Happily there was not so much mettle in the butt of my horse as in the barrel of the rifle ; so I resolved to be on good terms with the poor hack, and not to hew my zwanzigers out of him again.

Arrived safely at the top of the ladder, I was no longer in Austria, but in Montenegro ; and, crossing a short plateau destitute of a blade of grass and surmounting another ridge, found my-

self looking down on a sort of punch-bowl, the bottom of which was a perfectly level circular plain of rich carefully cultivated land, an oasis in this wilderness of rocks. A rude khan is in the middle of the plain, and a keg of newly moulded and shining bullets was the only symptom visible of entertainment for man and horse ; but on alighting, the landlord produced some bread, cheese, and wine, and we passed on to Niegush. Here the dogs came out upon us in such force, and with such a ferocious demeanor, that, forgetting my resolution not to hew the zwanzigers out of my horse, I laid on the lash ; but Rosinante knowing no doubt from experience that their bark was worse than their bite, took a sounder and more judicious view of the subject, and treated my whip with the same imperturbability as he had done the jog of the Montenegrine gun.

Niegush is called the only town in Montenegro ; but in the worst parts of Turkey I never saw any thing to equal the poverty and misery of both habitations and inhabitants. It is impossible to conceive a greater contrast than between a Servian and Montenegrine village. Here all the inhabitants had clothes of frieze, resembling closely those of Bulgaria, but instead of the woolly caps, many of them wore black skull-caps, and wide trousers and tights from the knee to the ankle ; those who lounged about having a *strookah*, which is like the Turkish cloak, but of a dirty

white colour, and the pile inwards so long, coarse, and shaggy, as to be like the fleece of a sheep. The necks and breasts of the men were bare, and all wore miserable sandals. Each male wore arms, the waist-belt, like that of an Albanian, shewing a bundle of pistols and dirks, which brought to mind the old heraldic motto, "Aye ready:" so predominant, indeed, is the idea of the soldier over that of the citizen, that even when a child is baptised, pistols are put to the infant's mouth to kiss, and then laid in the cradle beside him; and one of the favourite toasts drunk on the occasion is, "May he never die in his bed." The dress of the women was of dirty white cloth; and in cut, its family likeness to the old costume of Servia is recognisable; but the details are coarser, and shew a poorer and more barbarous people.

While the officer transacted some business, I made an exploratory tour through the village, which is the seat of the clan Petrovich, from which the Vladika descends, and the family mansion of whom is a house built in the European style, only to form a greater contrast to the miserable Montenegrine cabins around it. The village is not in the centre of the plain, but built on the slope of the hill, so that not an inch of cultivable soil is covered. Like the Druse villages, it is easily defensible, one roof rising above the other, and the bare rock is the best part of the pavement.

A man with the front part of his head shaved, and wearing a small black skull-cap, came out of one of the houses and invited me to enter. Chimneys not being in fashion in Montenegro, the door proved a cheap and nasty substitute; and notwithstanding my curiosity to see a Montenegrine hut, the smoke and darkness visible, and the fleas contingent, made me pause a moment; but in I went. A puff of smoke rolling out at that moment fastened on my eyelids, and I advanced groping, winking, and coughing, to the great laughter of the urchins inside, which was no sooner heard by a cow on the other side of the watling that divided the bipeds from the quadrupeds, than she began to low. A dog, very like a little bear, now awoke from the hearthstone, and began to bark in a way that savoured very little of the honest joy of hospitality. At length I perceived a little square stone, on which I sat down; my enthusiasm for the patriarchal manners of the Montenegrines being as much damped as the handkerchief which I from time to time applied to my eyes.

At length, when a cold blast of air drove the smoke out of the door at which the cattle entered, I looked about me, and saw that the cottage was large, and divided into three distinct compartments; one for my own species, the next for cattle, and one for sheep beyond it; the separation being formed of a rude crate or basket-work, with



square apertures, so that a bucket or any thing else might be handed from the one to the other. Like the Noah's Ark or Nativity of the older Flemish painters, a sunbeam darted through a hole on smoked rafters and an old chest, and the cattle were seen in the dim depths of the recess.

Going out of the hut, I saw women with heavy burdens of salt fish from the lake of Scutari, bound for Cattaro ; and one poor, industrious creature, besides carrying a heavy burden, was spinning with her distaff as she went along—a sad sign of extreme poverty and painful industry, such as I never saw in any other country. A pang of melancholy went through me as I cast a lingering look at her ; but it was momentary ; I remembered that a scarce harvest was a feather in counterpoise to that independence which Montenegro had so nobly maintained. In Bosnia, the Christian is a slave, and the Moslem the offspring of a renegade. The Montenegrine, barbarian though he be, is a freeman ; banish or imprison him far from home, and although neither hunger nor cold pinch him, he pines and dies :

“ Land of my sires, what mortal hand  
Can ere untie this filial band,  
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?”

We now remounted, and began the ascent of the last crest of the chain ; every scrap of earth preserved in the hill-side being carefully cleared

of stones and fenced round. Higher up was a wood, having, like the inhabitants, all the signs of the niggardly penury of nature; soon every trace of vegetation ceased, the road was a faint track in the rocks, and an eagle, screaming from cliff to cliff, was the only object that invaded the monotony of our way; but on gaining the spot where the waters parted, the prospect that spread out before us seemed boundless. The lake of Scutari, the farther extremity of which was forty miles distant, was easy of observation from so commanding an elevation; the rich lands on its nearer borders, with their microscopic divisions, were like the tissues of tartan as given by a Daguerreotype; and immediately at my feet was Cetigne, its little verdant plain surrounded with a rampart of rocks; — the whole mountain a cloud-capped tower of Nature's sturdiest building.

My strength and spirits seemed to rise with the purity of the air, which was very sensible after breathing the atmosphere of Cattaro, close in consequence of its confined situation. M. Vialla de Sommières, who lived six years as French Resident in this neighbourhood, in a memoir on Montenegro, makes a statement so extraordinary concerning the effects of the climate on the longevity of the inhabitants, as to throw somewhat of discredit on his account. He mentions that at Schieclich he met with a man who had lived to see the sixth generation of his family: the old man himself

being 117 years of age ; his son, 100 ; his grandson, nearly 82 ; his great grandson had attained his 60th year ; the son of the latter was 43 ; his son, 21 ; and his grandchild, 2 years of age. Very wonderful, if true !

At sunset we arrived at Cetigne, the capital, which is not a town, but merely a fortified convent, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by scattered houses ; and under which, in the plain, is the large new Government-house, which is styled in Cattaro the Palazzo del Vladika, or Archiepiscopal Palace. The inn is newly built, and better than I expected ; for up-stairs I found a clean room, furnished in the European manner, with a good bed for the convenience of travellers coming from Cattaro ; the lower floor being a sort of khan for the people of the country.

While dinner was getting ready, I entered into conversation with the people down-stairs, consisting of a Christian merchant from Scutari, and several powder-manufacturers, emigrated from Albania, and carrying on their trade here. The merchant of Scutari was a very sedate, respectable-looking man ; and the company, including the landlord, were joking him on his supposed wealth, the merchant protesting, like Isaac of York, that it was quite untrue, and a most calumnious imputation on him. He appealed to me as to whether he looked like a man of wealth ; and I declared that his aspect was so respectable, that if I was a hay-

dook (robber), I would assassinate him instantly. The merchant gaped at me with astonishment; and, raising his eyelids, looked at me from head to foot, as if I might be a haydook disguised as an Englishman; but the others laughed aloud, and he changed the subject to Mohammed Ali's recent visit to Constantinople, on which one of the powder-manufacturers began to wonder at Mohammed Ali being so well received after his long wars with the Porte; but the Scutari man said, "This is not surprising at all; look to the splendid presents that he brought; and remember the proverb, 'A golden key for an iron door.'" "That may be in Scutari," said the powder-manufacturers, "but not in our country of the Myrdites; with you, gold breaks through iron; with us, iron commanded gold until very lately;" and they asked me as to which was the best state of things: but between rapine and corruption I had a delicate choice; and, to get out of the dilemma, declared my belief that the Scutari merchant must be a very wealthy man, on which he again got uneasy; but as I was then called to dinner the conversation dropped.

The keen mountain air and the sharp exercise enabled me to sleep soundly; and next morning the officer in whose company I had come, shewed me the lions of Cetigne, regretting that the greatest one, the Vladika himself, was not visible in his den, being then in Vienna. We went first

to the old Convent, which resembles a castle of the seventeenth century, surmounted by a round antique-looking watch-tower, with a number of poles, on which, until very lately, the trunkless heads of Turks used to stand in grim array; but the civilising tendencies of the present Vladika have suggested the cessation of so useless an act of barbarism.

We now entered the convent; and on the second floor found the Archimandrite in his room. He is the second of the Vladika in spiritual matters, but his dress had few symptoms of the ecclesiastic; and I repeatedly met priests in Montenegro whom I could not have recognised if their condition had not been made known to me, as they wore the usual dress and arms of civilians. They reminded me of Friar Tuck, who wore his canonicals at service, and sported a long bow and short doublet when out a-field. The Archimandrite, a man of pleasing modest manners, opening a chest, displayed to us the surplices and pontificalia of satin embroidered with gold, which are invariably received from Russia as a coronation-present after the accession of each Emperor.

Nothing could be plainer or humbler than the furniture of the room, the principal object of which was a small library. The dialect of Montenegro differs slightly from that of Servia, and has a small sprinkling of Italian words, in some respect analogous to that which juxtaposition has intro-

duced of German into the dialects of the Save, the Drave, and the Danube ; but the written language of Belgrade, and the profane books printed by the prince's typographer, are considered as the standards by the few who can read. The books of Divine service are all of old Slaavic, printed in and imported from Russia. On the same floor is the schoolroom, with thirty-two urchins in drab clothes and close-clipped heads, who are taught reading, writing, ciphering, geography, and history, by a native of the Illyrian part of Hungary.

The Archimandrite then conducted us to the church, which has a mummy, in a gaudy dress, with crimson velvet shoes, laid out on a bier, and forming the mortal remains of the Vladika Peter, the predecessor and uncle of the present Archbishop, the veneration for whose memory greatly contributed to the power of the present incumbent. For fifty-three years, that is to say, from 1777 to 1830, he ruled by the mild sway of pious precept and virtuous example ; and dying in the last-mentioned year, his nephew, the present Vladika, when only eighteen years of age, became spiritual head of the mountain. Seven years after death his body was found incorrupt ; and a canon of the synod of Moscow declared him to be a saint.

All the other parts of the establishment are of the most primitive kind ; a circular space for thrashing corn, of the exact circumference of the great bell of Moscow ; beehives of hollowed trunks



of trees, and every thing betokening such a state of manners as might have existed in our own country in feudal times. An old wooden door on the ground-floor met our view, being the stable of the Vladika, containing a milk-white Arab, presented to him by the Pasha of Bosnia; a new iron door beside it was that of the powder-magazine, an imprudent position, for if the convent took fire from above, an explosion, such as would level the whole edifice, would be the infallible result.

A hundred yards off is the new Government House, built by the present Vladika; and going thither, we found a billiard-room, to combine pleasure and business, in which the Senate was then sitting. The brother of the Vladika was seated at the upper end of the room on a black leather easy chair, smoking a pipe. A large portrait of Peter the Great, in oil; a smaller one of Kara George; and prints of Byron and Napoleon, hung from the walls. There was no bar, as in the Houses of Lords and Commons; but a billiard-table, on which the Vladika is said to be a first-rate performer, separated the upper from the lower end of the apartment. A Senate, of course, ought not to be without the ushers of the black and white rod; I accordingly saw, in a corner, a bundle of these *insignia*, but on observing their ends marked with chalk, I concluded that they belonged to the billiard establishment. An appeal case was going on, and a gigantic broad-shouldered man, with

his belt full of pistols, was pleading his cause with great animation. It appeared that he was a priest ; that his parishioners owed him each ten okas of grain per annum, but this year could not pay him ; and the President decided that he should remit as much as possible on the score of the bad times, but that he should keep an account, and be repaid at a more prosperous season. The senators sat all round the room, each man being armed, and the discussions often extremely vociferous. There are no written laws in Montenegro, and there is no venality as in the Turkish courts of justice ; but they lean somewhat to the side of the most warlike litigant, so that it may be said that club-law has not yet ceased.

When the case was decided, I was shewn the bedroom of the Vladika, the furniture of which consisted of an Italian bed, a black leather sofa, a toilette-table, an enormous iron strong box ; and above was its necessary concomitant, a long row of pegs for sabres and loaded pistols, one of which, with a crimson velvet scabbard, having been that of Kara George. Suspended from a ribbon near the bed was the medal which the Vladika gives to those who distinguish themselves in their conflicts with the Turks, on which are stamped the ancient arms of Montenegro, a double Eagle and Lion, with the inscription, "*Viera swoboda za hrabrost*" — Civil and religious liberty (is the reward) of valour. On our return to the billiard-room, tea

was served in the Russian manner, with rum instead of milk, along with pipes of Turkish tobacco ; after which we took our leave.

A heavy fall of snow during the night having put a stop to all prospect of farther travel in Montenegro, the succeeding days were devoted to conversation on the state and prospects of the territory, and a reperusal of some historical notices I had collected on the mountain.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The best account of Montenegro is that of Wuk Stephano-witch, who furnished Professor Ranke with the materials for his *History of the Servian Revolution*.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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### MONTENEGRINE HISTORY.

IDENTIFIED with Servia in blood, language, and religion, Montenegro was an important fief of that ill-fated empire, the feudal constitution of which I have already described in my work on that country, and the rude magnificence of which reflected neither the refinement nor the corruption of the Lower empire. To this day the heroes of Servia are those of Montenegro. Speak to them of the valour of Dushan the Powerful, and their breasts glow with national pride and martial ardour; speak to them of the woes and virtues of Lazar, the last of their kings, and their eyes suffuse with tears.

Balsa, Prince of Montenegro, was the son-in-law of Lazar, who, by the loss of the battle of Kossovo in 1385, and his own life at the same time, enabled the Turks to become the masters of Servia. His grandson Stephen was the friend and ally of Scanderbeg; but on the death of this hero the debased nobles of Albania, in order to preserve their lands, acknowledged Turkish su-

premacy, and embraced Islamism. Bosnia presented the same spectacle ; Montenegro alone, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, rose, like Ararat, amid the overwhelming floods of Islamism. Ivan Czernojevich, the great grandson of Balsa, leaving the environs of the Lake of Scutari, where his paternal castle was situated, fixed himself in those inaccessible fastnesses. Surrounding himself with his faithful followers, every man swore on the Testament to die rather than yield, and dishonour worse than a thousand deaths was the reward of the man who retreated : dressed in a female garb, he was thrust, with ignominy, from the ranks of his own sex.

But this hero's character was not without its blots ; and the charge which critics might bring against the author of *Marmion* for making his hero guilty of forgery, is shewn, on closer acquaintance with history, to be quite consistent with the chivalry of the middle ages, however uncongenial to the morals or manners of a modern gentleman. One of the most beautiful metrical legends of Montenegro describes his conduct in the marriage of his son with a fair Venetian thus :

“ The Dark John writes to the Doge of the great Venice : ‘ Lord of the waters, thou hast the sweetest of roses, and I the fairest of lilies. Let the rose and the lily be joined in the garland of Hymen.’ The renown of the Dark John has filled the great Venice, and the Doge exults at

the prospect of the alliance of his daughter with the house of Montenegro. John brings the rich gifts to the City of the Sea; he sits in the seat of honour, and says, ‘If there be any of all the invited guests a fairer youth than my son, let the affianced be sundered.’ The Doge gives him a golden apple,<sup>1</sup> and the Dark John departs rejoicing.

“But a few months revolve, and the hideous small-pox covers the fair face of Stephen; his youthful beauty flies, like the flowers of spring in a storm of hail: when the guests assemble to depart for the marriage in Venice, all are fairer than the unhappy Stephen. The mother reproaches the Dark John with his ambition of an alliance with the Latins, and the marriage-project is abandoned by him in his anger.

“The seasons went and came; Stephen thinks no more of his bride; when, lo! a ship crosses the waters, and thus writes the Doge to the Dark John: ‘When a meadow is enclosed it is scythed, or surrendered to others, that its herbage become not the prey of the summer’s heat or the winter’s snow. The affianced bride must be married or abandoned.’

“The Dark John assembles the flower of his youth, each clad in the richest garments; and he exclaims, in the pride of his nation, ‘The Latins

<sup>1</sup> In old Slaavic manners the symbol and accompaniment of betrothal.



work wonders in metals, and weave fine stuffs, but they have not the haughty brow and martial gait of the free men of the Black Mountain.' He then makes known his straits to the assembly; and the fair Obrenovo Djuro, Prince of Antivari, is chosen to counterfeit Stephen, who, resisting at first, at length consents, on condition of receiving and keeping the marriage-gifts; so they all depart amid the salvoes of the two great cannon, Kervio and Selenko, that have not the like of them in Turkey, or in the seven kingdoms of the Franks.

"The dance is heard for a week in the palace of the Doge. The Prince of Antivari receives from him the kiss and the golden apple of marriage; but fairest of all the gifts was a shirt of tissue of gold, as fine as the silk of the Indies, with a serpent embroidered on it, whose eye was a diamond of such brightness as to illumine with its light the darkness of the nuptial chamber; the three years' working of which had dried up the eyes of the embroiderers.

"Who shall paint the horror of the fair Venetian on arriving at the Black Mountain, and finding herself the victim of a fraud? 'Thy face,' said she to her spouse, 'will be as black in the day of judgment as it is now red with shame and confusion.' But the Prince of Antivari having refused to surrender the golden shirt, a bloody combat ensued, in which he yielded his last breath,

and Stephen carried his bride to his home on the Lake of Scutari."

In the legends the bridegroom is, according to some, entitled Stephen; in others, George; and in others, Maximus; but the various versions agree in the main facts, therefore we must conclude that the story is true. One is apt to smile at the heroics about superiority to the Latins, and to think that, in the record of a piece of imposture worthy of Lazarillo de Tormez or Ali Misry el Zeibuck, instead of 'haughty brow' we ought to read bronze-visaged effrontery; but as these worthy people lived to be contemporaries of the age which recognised Pope Alexander VI. as Vicegerent of God upon earth, we must conclude that Greeks and Latins had neither of them much superiority to boast.

Montenegro stood firm for a while; but the dynasty of Czernojevich ultimately succumbed. The two grandsons, pressed on the one side by Venetian, on the other by Turkish, influences, exchanged the manly independence of their grandfather for the ambiguities of expediency. One brother, embracing Islamism, served in the armies of the Sultan to the shores of the Tigris; and the other, professing Christianity, governed Montenegro; and, tired of resistance to so overwhelming a power as that of Turkey, spent his last days at Venice, in tranquil retirement, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; and from that time spi-

ritual and temporal power were united in the Archbishop.

When Soliman the Magnificent girt on the sword of empire all Europe quaked again. In 1523 Cetigne was burned, and all the strongholds stormed by the Turks, under the Pasha of Scutari. The events of the reign of Soliman are remarkable ; but if we look to the resolute character of the Montenegrine, and the almost inaccessible nature of these rocky fastnesses, there is, perhaps, no circumstance in the reign of this wonderful man that is more indicative of the pitch of military power to which his nation had arrived in the sixteenth century, than the conquest of the small, but far from insignificant, Archbishopric of Montenegro.

A period of dark doubt and despair now followed in the Mountain ; and as Islamism consolidated itself in the neighbouring kingdoms of Bosnia and Albania, numbers were converted in the Mountain itself. I have often wondered how a nobility that pretended to chivalry could so easily turn Turk ; but the marriage of the son of Black John shews that these chevaliers had not much honour to lose. In the fifteenth century both the Latin and Greek uniforms of Christianity were evidently worn out ; and the very same rotteness that made Slaavic Bosnia embrace Islamism without much murmuring, caused John Huss and Jerome of Prague (both Slaavs) to begin

the complete religious refitting and reforming of Europe — one half accepting Protestantism, the other half retaining the old Roman uniform. Now as the consolidation of the Turkish power in Europe arose from the possession of Bosnia, that great bastion of mountains which juts so close on Germany, we may say that, altogether, the Slaavs, as destroyers of Rome (under Genseric), reformers of Rome, and renegades of Rome, have played a most conspicuous part in the history of the world.

In the seventeenth century the conquest of Dalmatia by Venice, of Hungary by the Imperialists, and the train of events which preceded the treaty of Carlowitz, in 1696, gave general courage to the Christians : in that year Daniel Petrovich, of Niegush, became Archbishop ; and from that time the spiritual power was hereditary in his family, with an adequate political influence little short of temporal supremacy. Going under a guarantee of the Pasha of Scutari to consecrate a church, the Vladika was seized, in violation of his plighted word, and only redeemed from prison by a large sum, painfully collected by the faithful people of Montenegro.

He appears to have been of a character not only energetic and ambitious, but astute, and regardless of blood ; and resolving to make a clean sweep of Islamism, he selected a long dark Christmas night, the snow lying on the ground, when, by

his orders and arrangements, a general massacre of the Moslems of Montenegro took place, and immediate baptism became the only means of escape. The Turks have since repeatedly penetrated to Montenegro, but have never maintained their ground; for here, as the French remarked in Spain, a small army is beaten, a large one dies of hunger.

Before the Turkish conquest of Montenegro, the vicinity of the Italian municipalities of the Adriatic, the communication with the sea, then open by way of Antivari, but above all, the contact with Venice, appeared to have kept Montenegro within the European family; but when all these countries were overrun by the Turks, their condition underwent an organic change, and, circumscribed to their rocks, a ruder barbarism was unavoidable in a people hourly menaced with extermination. Always strangers to commerce, they had retrograded from agriculture and feudalism to the more primitive state of the warrior-shepherd and the republican member of a savage horde; and if we must condemn that fatal Christmas night, in which death or baptism was offered to the Moslems of Montenegro, let us at least admire that constant love of independence, and that firm adherence to their own faith, which form so noble a contrast to the ignominious renegation of Christianity by the degenerate nobles of Bosnia and Albania.

Europe in the eighteenth century seemed not



to know that such a spot as Montenegro existed ; and Montenegro was equally ignorant of the world beyond the Lake of Scutari and the hills of Herzegovina. The reader may recollect a story in Gibbon's *Decline* of a priest who presented himself in Flanders as the Emperor Baldwin escaped from Constantinople, and, for some time, found his tale generally believed. The history of Montenegro in the last century presents a curious parallel to this circumstance. About the year 1760, a young soldier, of the name of Stephen Mali, belonging to the Banal Grenze, a portion of the Austrian military frontier, began to excite the attention of his officers by his laziness, his low cunning, and his inclination for falsehood. The severe military duty of watching the cordon was very painful, and he was suspected of being both a spy and a smuggler ; and being likely to come in for some punishment, he took advantage of a dark night, and deserted. Whether he went through Bosnia or through Dalmatia, then in the power of Venice, I have not been able to learn ; but some years afterwards we find him in the district of the Pastrovich, between Cattarò and Antivari, as a servant to a man who was a sort of doctor. From him he learned something of the methods of curing by simples, and did a little in that way for himself ; but his practice was to administer bread-pills, with nothing in them. The plausibility of Stephen infused into his master a high idea of him ; and



Stephen being a remarkably quick reader of character, saw his master's simplicity and credulity, and, tired of being in the humble and subordinate character of a servant, was resolved to make one spring from the bottom to the top of the social ladder; so he told his master that he was no more Stephen Mali than the man in the moon, and no less a personage than Peter III. of Russia, travelling in disguise; that he wished to see the world a little longer, and then, having profited by the experience of strange cities and countries, and varieties of customs, he would return to his own dominions, and leaving behind him the chaff, and carrying with him the corn, the seed might spring up in time to come to the strengthening of the state, and the honour of his own name.

The romantic history of Peter the Great living at Saardam as a shipwright being not more wonderful than true, was a constant theme of admiration among those simple people, and they thought that for a sovereign to travel in strict incognito was not only proper but customary; so his master went down upon his knees, kissed his hand, and begged his pardon for having a few days before been furiously out of temper with him and cursed him. Stephen, with the most natural air of clemency in the world, told him to think no more of the matter, for he had too many faults of that sort hanging heavy on his own conscience, having once given his own Grand Chamberlain a cuff on the

ear for a cobweb which he discovered in his bedroom.

Not long afterwards a marriage took place in the Mountain, and Stephen and his master were of the party, at which there was a great deal of eating, drinking, and merriment, and, according to the custom of the country, none of that distance between master and man which exists in the west of Europe; and in the midst of the feast, when Stephen was about to raise a cup to his lips and drink, his master rose, and, with the greatest respect, took off his cap: this caused great surprise among the guests; and when the thing came to be explained, some believed, and some disbelieved; but the report spread all round the country that Peter III. was travelling incognito.

The Archbishop Sabas being then (1767) very old and infirm, and his coadjutor and successor, who managed the affairs, being absent on a journey, Peter now fixed himself in Montenegro, and was looked up to as the Czar, and his authority in civil affairs became more than paramount to that of the Vladika. The Turkish authorities, on certain intelligence from Constantinople, pronounced him to be an impostor; but this very circumstance, and the hatred they bore the Turks, riveted the belief that he must be the man himself. But that which more than all the rest consolidated his power, was, that the Montenegrines, seeing the ferment in the minds of the Christian Rayahs in Herzegovina

and Albania, thought that some great event was to happen, which should liberate them from the Turkish yoke. The Venetian Count or Estraordinario in Cattaro was equally astonished at the extent to which the story got credence; and every thing said against the pretended emperor was set down to political hatred and jealousy. At last the court of Russia, to undeceive the people, sent Prince Dolgorouki to Montenegro, properly accredited to the Archbishop, who assembled all the people, and declared him to be an impostor. Stephen was therefore placed under arrest, and taken to the upper floor of the convent. The door being left open, he sat in a corner, while his old admirers still thronged in and conversed with him; the Archbishop and Dolgorouki, on the ground-floor, thinking the whole business about to be concluded. But Stephen's resources were not at an end. Calling one of the most influential men, to speak a few words with him in private, he said, "There is the key of my box; go to the convent of Sermnitza, open it, and take the money in it. Leave Montenegro immediately, and go to Russia; and after telling my faithful people how I have been betrayed by my own subject, bring back the principal men of the empire to deliver me from Dolgorouki, who you see, traitor though he be, lodges me over his head, and does not dare to put me below him." This man, to give his wife a reason for his absence, told her the story, enjoining

the utmost secrecy ; but she told the matter, in confidence, to some female friend. It was believed more firmly than ever ; Dolgorouki left the Mountain branded as an impostor, and Stephen, once more a great man, assured every body that the Paschalics of Scutari and Ipek were the righteous appendages of Montenegro.

The Turks now seriously amazed at the attitude of Montenegro, and at the illusions of their own Rayahs, the whole forces of the Pashas of Scutari, Bosnia, and Roumelia were put in motion to coerce Montenegro ; but in the autumn, just as the Turks were about to penetrate to Cetigne, in consequence of the ammunition of the Montenegrines having failed them, a flash of lightning blew all the Turkish powder-reserves into the air, and, the bad weather of autumn coming on, the campaign ended without effect. But Stephen always fought shy, and in the wars shewed more cunning than physical courage, which gradually undermined his influence ; and his Greek servant being bribed by the Pasha of Scutari, took advantage of his being confined to his room from having accidentally burned his eyes with gunpowder, and cut his throat, probably whilst he slept. The Greek then, saying to the people outside that they were not to disturb him till called, as he had put something to his eyes that would require his being let alone, made the best of his way in the direction of the Lake of Scutari ; but some time elapsing with-

out Stephen being seen, suspicion was excited among the suite, and, opening the door, they found him weltering in his own blood.

The rule of Stephen lasted between three and four years, and ought to find a place in every book of popular delusions and impostures. It is evident that, with good education, a good position, and above all, with common honesty, Stephen would have been a historical character. His knowledge of human nature in its strength and weakness must have been prodigious ; and, like Hakem, the mad caliph of Cairo, he kept so strict an observance of the laws of *meum* and *tuum*, that a sum of money placed on the public road would remain there untouched and unstolen.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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### MONTENEGRINE POLITICS.

THE blessings of civilisation are still strange to Montenegro ; but a great diminution of the previous barbarism is due to the exertions of the present and the last Vladika, his uncle, both very remarkable men, and both possessed of talents and virtues which, exercised on a more splendid or extensive field, would have procured them a renown commensurate with that of the most eminent princes of Europe.

The late Vladika entered on his functions in 1777, and died in 1830. He was of a thin habit of body, with intellectual features, and great natural sagacity. His political and religious influence was, during that period, almost unbounded ; but he lived in times when very little could be done for the improvement of the people. The barbarism of the exterminating wars which were perpetually carried on with the Turks,—and which even shewed itself in the most painful manner by the useless conflagration of the suburbs of Ragusa when that republic, opening its gates to the troops of Napoleon,



was invaded by the joint forces of Russia and Montenegro,—was a great obstacle to his designs, which comprised the improvement of agriculture, and the abolition of hereditary feuds (called *Kerverina*) between native Montenegrines. He had himself a great taste for agriculture and gardening, and made many experiments at Cetigne ; but from the barren nature of the soil of Montenegro generally, it is much to be doubted if any advantage has resulted from them. In the extirpation of that hereditary revenge which desolated the Mountain he was much more successful ; and the partial abolition of this barbarous custom laid the foundation of the greater order which now exists in Montenegro. To be able duly to appreciate the value of this reform, we must cast our eyes to the state in which things existed during the earlier part of his Vladikaship.

The laws of Stephan Dushan, the Servian emperor (the Justinian of the southern Slaavs), being founded on the Old rather than the New Testament, it is not surprising that in a country such as Montenegro the doctrine of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, should have resisted the efforts of previous Vladikas to extirpate it. Like the feuds of the Highlands of Scotland, such enmities have been known to last for generations between one family and another, one village and another, and even between branches of the same family. The law of Montenegro was literally the

*lex talionis*, the law of retaliation ; the bloody vestments of the murdered father have been shewn to the children arrived at puberty, by the mother herself, to inspirit them to revenge ; and as every vice propagates itself, other revenges follow. If the first culprit were punished, the evil would be less ; but all the other members of his family or tribe are equally obnoxious to the aggrieved party. In many cases, the circumstance of being an innocent member of such an obnoxious family has cost a man his life ; and in Albania feuds of whole villages, with the burning of crops, and the massacre of tens or hundreds, has arisen from a single murder.

To remedy the evil, courts of compensation were called, and the blood redeemed with money ; but this was a very solemn affair, and a hundred and thirty-two ducats, four Austrian zwanzigers, and a Turkish parah, or about sixty pounds sterling, was the ransom for a death, and about half that sum for an eye and a limb. The ceremonies of reconciliation were very curious. The judge was always a stranger, generally a priest, and the expenses of the court being settled beforehand, the judge took all the arms from the parties, and never returned them until all claims were settled. In the case of feuds of families, the murderer presented himself on his knees, with the pistol or other arm hung round his neck, and begged pardon in the name of God and St. John. If the

avenging party raised him and embraced him, he was pardoned ; and sometimes the avenging relations stood godfather for the child of the offender. At each treaty of peace the Turkish parah was cut in two, and tied to the written treaty ; and an entertainment, at the expense of the offender, closed the feud. Even in the Austrian territory amusing arrears of insult or injury were brought up for settlement ; and, in spite of Austrian laws, these courts of reconciliation were held, until lately, in the circle of Cattaro, quite independently of Austrian local authority. In the territory of the Pastrovich, a savage tribe in Austrian Albania, one village demanded of another fifty ducats for an insult that one of their women had received from some Venetian soldiers, in the time of that Republic, through the supineness or pusillanimity of the village in question, and an old man of seventy being referred to, related that he had heard the matter stated in his youth ; but how the dispute was settled does not appear.

The late Vladika Peter died in October 1830, having assembled all the chiefs round his deathbed, and adjured them to live in harmony with each other, which they promised in the most solemn manner ; and his nephew, the present Vladika, then a youth of eighteen years of age, succeeded to his functions and authority, having, with a rapidity exceeding that of the days of the Medici, passed through the grades between layman and archbishop

in the course of a few months : so that nepotism in the family of Petrovich has now received the sanction of use and wont for a full century and a half. An influential lay family in the Mountain, a principal member of which claimed the title of civil governor, as an equipoise to the influence of the Petrovich family, was, soon after the accession of the present Vladika, compelled to depose its pretensions, and he is in every respect autocrat of the Mountain.

The Vladika is now about thirty-five years of age, and of gigantic stature, probably six feet three or four inches high ; for although I did not see him in Montenegro, I had an opportunity of a short conversation with him subsequently at Spalato, when on his return to Montenegro from Vienna. He speaks, besides his own language, French, Italian, and German ; has a great thirst for knowledge, and a great taste for literature ; and, although thrown into political affairs at a very early age, has acquitted himself with great energy and ability. In 1831, soon after his accession, he created a senate, which was thenceforth not only a council of deliberation, but a court of justice ; and organised a small revenue, which, with nine thousand ducats annually received from Russia, not only covers the annual expense, but enables him, it is said, to save a considerable sum against a rainy day. During the distress of 1846 he sent several ship-loads of grain, and each family

received such a supply as, in many instances, preserved them from starvation.

In no respect have the humane exertions of the Vladika been more laudable than in his persevering exertions to follow out the views of his uncle relative to the Kerverina, or the vengeance for bloodshed ; and he has seized every remarkable occasion for enforcing upon the people his dying wishes. When the body of the deceased prelate was found intact (no doubt after having been embalmed), he issued to them the following pastoral address :

“PIOUS POPULATION.

“On the 18th of this month, being St. Luke’s day, we have opened the tomb of your and our late Archbishop, and have found his body in a blessed sleep, and in a state of incorrupt preservation. We therefore announce to you this auspicious event, that you may return thanks to Almighty God for it. When alive, he was our defender, and ready to lay down his life for us. Let us hope that, after death, this saint and servant of God will intercede for us his children. Pious Christians, do you remember his last words, recommending you to live in concord and harmony ? These holy words made a deep impression on you before his sanctification was made manifest ; but now that you see with your own eyes that he is holy and intact, rest assured that the enemy of concord and harmony will find St. Peter (Petrovich) a formidable foe both in this



world and the next; but if any one feel a secret disquietude, in consequence of vindictive feelings, let him seek a reconciliation with the object of his hatred, and he will thus render himself pleasing to God and St. Peter.<sup>1</sup>

“Desiring you all good, I remain,

“THE BISHOP OF MONTENEGRO AND BRDO.

“*St. Luke's Day, in Cetigne, 1834.*”

But the most singular of all the productions of the Vladika is a tragedy called *The Serpent of the Mountain*, which he has written on the subject of the massacre and expulsion of the Turks by the first Vladika Daniel, at the close of the seventeenth century, of which I give a short soliloquy literally translated.

“Archbishop Daniel speaks with himself.

“Satan and seven furies! there goes the Turk, with torches in each hand, and serpents for his hair; the Koran inspires him, and the accursed race devastates the whole earth. But for the Franks, he would have possessed all the shores of the Arab Sea. A dream of hell crowned the Ottoman. O Europe, these are sad guests! Byzantium is no more. She was the inheritance of the young Theodora. The star of black ven-

<sup>1</sup> The opinions which every Protestant must entertain on the subject of certain matters in this address are so obvious, as to render comment on my part quite unnecessary.



geance was on the ascendant ; Paleologus called in the Turk to bury Greece and Servia in one tomb ; Gertuco and Brankovich share his guilt. As a flock of birds eat grains, Amurath swallowed Servia, Bajazet Bosnia, Mohammed the Greek Empire, and the two Solomans (*sic*) Africa and Cyprus ; each took his grains : the great globe itself would be too small for those that are insatiable.”<sup>1</sup>

A literal translation such as this, like a coat worn inside out, may raise a smile ; but I was told by those who have perused the original manuscript, that it abounds in robust language, and in abundance of metaphor, that sometimes rises to genius ; though occasionally disfigured with such conceits as were in vogue among our own Elkanah Settles in the seventeenth century.

At a very early age the Vladika shewed the readiness of his wit in practical affairs. In 1832 the lineal descendant and representative of the house of Czernojevich, the Christian princes of Montenegro, was Boushatli Mustapha, hereditary Pasha of Scutari, then in rebellion against the Porte. When he was subdued by the forces of the Sultan, and sent to Constantinople a prisoner, the grand vizier Mehemet Reshid Pasha summoned the Vladika to submission, offering to give him, in due form, the Berat, or diploma of the

<sup>1</sup> For a selection of translations I am indebted to the Abbate Francheschi of Zara, one of the best Slaavists in Dalmatia.

Sultan. The Vladika, then a youth of twenty, answered laconically, "That so long as Montenegro was independent, a Berat constituting him ruler was useless ; and that if Montenegro were conquered and subdued, the Berat was a mockery." Eight thousand men, partly regulars, and partly Albanians, were sent to make the Vladika eat in his words ; but the victorious troops that had wrested the pashalic of Scutari from the Moslem descendant of Ivan Czernojevich found the subjugation of the fief of his ancestors a hopeless task, and, being easily beaten, abandoned the project.

But a petty warfare is almost constantly going on on the borders of the Lake of Scutari, and the forays of the mountaineers resemble those of a Rob Roy. Forty or fifty of them surprise cattle, sheep, and fowls ; and Moslem Albanians defending themselves, the Montenegrine often pays the forfeit of his life. It never strikes the Montenegrine that this is immoral, the taking of the blood of a Moslem being in his eyes not only lawful but laudable ; and a mother will often reproach her laggard son, by contrasting his remaining at home with their father, who killed such and such a number of Turks. The result of this is, that all the debateable land is cultivated by men armed to the teeth ; and, by tacit consent, these savages, who in general spare neither life nor possession, seldom burn standing crops, and respect female chastity.

But robberies or theft within the Montenegrine territory are rare. When an execution does take place, it has all the singularity of the rest of their manners. Representatives of all the forty tribes assemble with loaded guns, and the criminal, with his hands bound behind him, has a short space to run, when all fire upon him, and he is generally despatched; but instances have been known of his getting off with a wound.

The great obstacle to order is the vicinity of several frontiers. The Albanian Christian can take refuge in Montenegro, the Albanian Moslem can take refuge in Herzegovina, which is only nominally under the Porte. The Dalmatian flies into Herzegovina or Montenegro; and even the Montenegrine, in consequence of the vicinity of Herzegovina and Albania, knows that the government dare not be very severe with him. A curious conjuncture happened during my stay in those parts. The districts of Piperi and Kooch, which are the most easterly and farthest from the Adriatic, had, in consequence of the failure of the harvest of 1846, which was not more than a third of the usual quantity, sent their elders to the Pasha of Scutari, and professed their acknowledgment of the superiority of the Porte. On arrival at Scutari, the deputies were invested with red cloaks, and last, not least, received a donative; but when I talked of the matter with these Cetignotes, they laughed, and said, "Wait till the first good

harvest, and you will see that we have not lost, and the Porte has not gained, a single goat's browsing."

With regard to the southern side of the Mountain, which slopes down to Austrian Albania, the Montenegrines desire a port on the Adriatic above all things, as it is so very near; but it is not so easy to intersect a narrow stripe of Austrian territory as to defend the Mountain. Contrary to the better judgment of the Vladika (who is a politic man with all his energy, and knows that he cannot simultaneously bid defiance to Austria and the Porte), the mountaineers on the western side attacked the Austrian posts in 1839; and, after several smart skirmishes, the idea of a Montenegrine port on the Adriatic was at once negatived by an act of delimitation under the mediation of Russia.

In conclusion, Montenegro has the elements of a rude independence, but not of prosperity, or rapidly progressive civilisation; with a population of little more than one hundred and ten thousand souls, her part must ever remain a subordinate one in the history of the Adriatic. The undisciplined courage, adequate to the defence of their rocks, is incapable of withstanding any regular force beyond the limits of the Mountain; and the deeds sung by their bards are mere episodes in a barbarous warfare. Without either fertile plains or access to the sea, the humanising influences of commerce

and agriculture must remain dormant and inoperative; but thanks to the two Vladikas, that, with so slender means, they have accomplished so much, and created some order in a moral chaos.

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View of the Harbor of ...

1840

View of the Harbor of ...

## CHAPTER IX.

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### RAGUSA.

THE Lake of Scutari and its environs afford materials for an interesting month ; but foreseeing that Ragusa, Spalato, and other parts of the Adriatic, demanded lengthened and laborious studies, which I wished to complete before the heats of next summer, I judged it safer not to attempt too much, and departed by the next fortnightly steamer from Cattaro to Ragusa.

Ragusa is situated on the southern side of a small isthmus, but the port is only for the galleys of the middle ages. Half a mile off, on the northern side of the isthmus, is the Gulf of Gravosa, which is the port of the vessels of long course. Like Cattaro, it is a land-locked anchorage, where a fleet of three-deckers are safe from the accidents of the sea. Cattaro is sublime, but Gravosa is beautiful. No towering mountains in the distance, but a steep accidented shore ; along which is scattered a profusion of Italian villas, and that peculiar tone of landscape and vegetation which is seen in Gaeta and Castelamare, but which no minuteness

of description can convey to the fireside traveller. The sun had not yet risen above the mountains, but every object was, from the sharpness of the air, delineated with a most unusual clearness. A keen, cold bora blew from the land, which, from time to time, made a shudder to creep through my frame despite my cloak. The dark blue crystal waters, the red-tiled villas all round, the green cypresses and olives shaking and bending with the breeze, and the bare embrowned hills above all, seemed to exhale that rarified atmosphere which one sees above the expiring ashes of charcoal.

I landed, and getting porters to convey my luggage, for no carriage was to be seen, followed them up the narrow valley at the end of the bay by an excellent road, until I arrived at the top of the hill, from which the walls of the venerable Ragusa were clearly visible—but what lofty and solid masonry, having in some places sixty and seventy feet of sheer upright construction!—and the angle next the land, and overlooked by the hill above, fortified by an enormous round tower, a most picturesque relic of the interval between the rude middle ages and the modern art of fortification. After entering a ponderous gate, I found myself in the high street of Ragusa, called by themselves Stradone, the like of which is not to be seen in all Dalmatia for width and excellence of its construction. Not far from the gate is the hotel Alla Corona, where I got a good room, and was

treated with great civility ; but in all other respects it was deficient in the comforts and conveniences of even a tolerable hotel. Being the only one in the town, I removed to private lodgings in the house of a respectable widow lady, whose father had, some forty years before, been consul of the Republic of Ragusa at Smyrna.

After a day devoted to delivering letters and paying visits, I began to look about me. Ragusa is situated upon a narrow space that intervenes between a high chain of hills and the sea ; and standing on the outer side of the city, next the sea, its domes and campaniles, seen against the mountain side, have a most picturesque effect ; but this position causes it to be intolerably hot in midsummer. The space on which the city is built being so small, the houses are lofty, and the streets in general narrow, but clean and well-paved ; and in no city of so small a size have I seen so many elegant edifices congregated together ; so that I felt myself in a charming Italian capital of the second class. Even the Illyrian language, of which, I confess, I know comparatively little, is so soft and musical that the illusion is kept up ; and the only word I quarrel with is the name of the town itself, Dubrovnik, which even the glory cast round it by the native muses cannot reconcile to my ears. All the houses are of solid stone, and of the shops in the streets the only one that struck me was that of an apothecary in the Stradone,

which was ranged all around with a splendid set of Faenza gallipots of the *Cinque Cento*, painted in a curious manner, and formerly belonging to the laboratory of the Rector of the Republic. The sight of these flowers of art blushing unseen in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world would, if known, set all Wardour Street by the ears.

The appearance of the population is a complete contrast to that of Cattaro. Several erect old aristocratic-looking figures moving about shew that this city has been long a seat of culture; and the toilets of the fair part of the creation, with a complete absence of finery, shewed a taste and elegance that was unmistakeable,—albeit understood, using the modes of Europe. But in the market-place, at the foot of a high flight of stairs leading up to a Jesuits' church, was a crowd of the peasantry in the neighbourhood. A tall ruddy-faced man, from Brenno, with red bonnet, loose brown jacket, and wide breeches, with game hung over his shoulder, talks to a dame who holds in her hand a large green cabbage,—a subject for a modern Mieries: he is full of natural ease and politeness, and is a complete contrast to the rude Morlack boor whom we saw at Obrovazzo, on our first entrance into Dalmatia.

In most other towns one gets readily to the open quay; not so in the wall-girt Ragusa. A single archway opens to the port, where I found only a few vessels of moderate tonnage, in conse-



quence of its diminutive size. A fine large trabacolo had just landed a cargo of Newfoundland cod and stock-fish from Trieste for the approaching Greek fasts, and was about to take back the famed oil of Ragusa and the delicious anchovies of the coast for the gourmands of the north. At the entrance of the port, in a niche of the rampart, is the statue of St. Blasius, or San Biagio, as he is called in Italian, the patron saint of Ragusa. Tradition says, that, on several occasions, he caught balls sent against the town in the palms of his hands, and sent them back to the enemy. Tempests too have been repelled by the same legerdemain. After such feats it will not surprise the reader that Appendini, the chronicler of Ragusa, says, "Nothing can be more reasonable and just than the devotion of the Ragusans to this saint, for his patronage has proved most prompt and efficacious in a thousand private and public calamities."

The Piazza behind the port is, beyond all comparison, the most attractive part of the town. Ragusa is the place where the marriage of Slaavic vigour and Italian elegance has been consummated. The language, the nationality, and the manners of the mass of the people, are Illyrian, but Illyrian conjugated with Italy's happiest moods and tenses of embellishment. Servia and her woods call up little of the past, and the Servian awaits a great futurity. Ragusa, in the seventeenth century, from



her taste, her learning, her science, her wealth, her commerce, and the long roll of illustrious men she produced in every walk of life, earned the title of the Slaavic Athens. Wealth, commerce, science, and population, have melted away, but the outward city still remains to nourish the patriotism of the Ragusan.

As the Venetian, standing on the Piazzetta of his capital, reads the history of the great Republic in the monuments around him, so the concentration of edifices of various styles forming the Piazza of Ragusa records, on an humbler scale of architecture, the glorious antecedents of this meritorious Republic. The Dogana, or Custom-house, an extensive pile of Gothic architecture without, and like an Oriental Khan within, carries the mind to the period when the factories of the Republic of Ragusa, with separate and independent jurisdictions, were spread over all Turkey in Europe; when Constantinople was as yet unconquered by Mohammed II.; when Ragusa, the weak but determined opponent of Venice, was in high favour at the court of Adrianople, and boasted those capitulations with the Porte, which were the germs of modern consular jurisdiction.

There too is the palace of the Rector of the ex-republic, one of those fine edifices on the eve of the *Cinque Cento*; those massive Roman arches, those curious middle-aged sculptures, that spirit of Gothic detail haunting the revival of the forms

of antiquity, render it a most picturesque and original edifice ; and denote the transition of taste, when the beauties of antique art were perceived and admired; but approached without confidence or experience.<sup>1</sup> Here sat the Rector in grave council, or animated debate, received ambassadors, represented the state, and devised those wise measures which preserved this little commonwealth unscathed by the misfortunes of the surrounding provinces, from the dark ages up to the first years of the present century.

Under the colonnade of the palace is the great gate of cast bronze, its rivets and knockers the *ne plus ultra* of florid elaboration ; and beyond the deep shadows of the vaulted entrance is seen the courtyard, with a flood of light falling on a green bronze bust of a figure with a peaked Charles I. beard, in the dress of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, with the pedestal inscribed :

MICHAELI PRAZATTO,  
BENE MERITO CIVI,  
1638.

He was one of the merchant princes of Ragusa, who left 200,000 gold zechins for charitable uses invested in the bank of San Giorgio in Genoa ; but on looking closer we perceived the skull slightly

<sup>1</sup> This edifice was founded after the conflagration of the old Senate-house in 1435, and completed about the year 1452.

concave, and another face of the pedestal containing the inscription :

CONLAPSA MAXIMO TERRAEMOTU

1667.

—a forcible memento of the fierce earthquake of that year, which buried all but the strongest edifices, and consigned nearly half of the population of the city to destruction.

Beside the palace is one of those architectural incidents which abound in Italy, but are rarely seen in the imitative countries of the north of Europe, where the greater efforts of southern art are alone copied. The guard-house presents a lofty portal, flanked with columns, and in the centre of the pediment is the colossal head of Orlando, in casque and plume, frowning over all the Piazza. Above is the Torre del Orologio, or belfry, crowned with an open cupola ; and by a mechanical device two bronze figures, the size of life, armed *cap à pie*, strike the bell with maces at the evolution of each hour. Such coignes of fancy shew that art in Ragusa came from within, as well as from without.

Inferior in architectural interest is the cathedral built after the earthquake, in what the northerns call the style of Louis Quatorze, which, like the political and military genius of the monarch, was grandiose when employed with the magnitude of regal resources, but viewed in the abstract, and applied on a small scale, rose little

higher than respectable mediocrity. But the history of the original foundation of the edifice had to me an unexpected interest in its connexion with the fate and fortunes of the lion-hearted Richard of England. On the island of Chroma, opposite the town, Richard was shipwrecked on his return from the Holy Land. A church was begun from the funds which he endowed, out of gratitude for his deliverance, which, augmented in time, withstood the elements for five centuries, but succumbed in that dread hour when mountains were shaken to their foundations.

General Reiche, then commanding in Ragusa, having had the kindness to ask his Platz Lieutenant to shew me round the walls and military establishments, I went next morning to his office, and found an intelligent middle-aged man writing at a desk in a well-warmed room. Germans from the north of the Alps keep themselves too well heated for an English taste ; but, on the other hand, nowhere did I ever suffer so much from cold as in these two first days in Ragusa. No room in the hotel had a fireplace ; but according to the custom of the town, I dressed myself in the Ragusa manner, shivering with cold ; for although the thermometer was below zero, the only source of heat was a miserable earthenware pot of charcoal, which warmed only my hands. In this office the heat was up to seventy-five Fahrenheit at least. For a moderate climate such as that of Ragusa,

our open English fires would be preferable to this intense German heat.

Accompanied by a sergeant carrying a great bunch of keys, we now began our journey in cold clear sunshine, and about a hundred yards off, the man opening a door in the wall, we entered and went up a high flight of steps, and then another flight, and then another, and at length stood on the parapet. The walls of Ragusa have no resemblance to a modern fortification, with bastions and fosses making a mathematical figure; but are those of a rock-built city, being of enormous height, thickness, and solidity, rising irregularly, from the irregularities of the locality, interspersed with great towers, and looking just like one of those cities one sees in the prints of old Bibles. Looking over the rampart, I saw the sea playing against the base of the rock; looking outwards, I saw the clear expanse of the Adriatic in the intensest of blue, the bare bold promontories of the coast to the south and the north jutting into the sea, and the intervening recesses filled with vegetation. If I turned from the sea to the town at my feet, I saw an irregular surface of reddish-tiled and yellow-walled houses, with green Venetian blinds, from out of which rose a couple of blue lead cupolas, and the edifices of the Piazza. The lieutenant was for walking on, but I stopped a moment; the music of the murmuring waters, the painting of the line of coast, and the architecture of the town,



formed such a union, that if a thousand troubles had infested my brain, so fair a prospect must have beaten them off.

We now continued the tour of the walls, the sea far below us on our left, and the streets of the town also far below us on our right; but soon we came to a large building on an elevation within the walls, no longer below us, but on the same level: this was the barracks, containing 1200 Hungarians, the garrison of the town; so we entered to see the establishment. A thin cake of ice was on a little pool in the courtyard, which, from the high building, the sun could not reach, and the sergeant said that it was the first that had been seen for twelve years, which speaks for the mildness of the climate. Ascending a wide white-washed staircase, we came to the barrack-room, a long gallery, furnished on each side with beds, above each of which was a shelf containing the knapsack, the hat, and the odds and ends of the soldier, and in the middle was a long black board for teaching reading and writing. It was the dinner-hour, and I had, just before entering, seen across the roofs of the houses the two mechanical figures in bronze strike their hammers twelve times on the bell of the Torre del Orologio, announcing the hour of mid-day. Each man had a basin of soup, a plate of boiled beef and vegetables, and his loaf of bread; and on tasting the soup, I pronounced it sufficiently strong and nourishing. The



pay of the Austrian soldier is only twopence per day; so that he can indulge in no disorders, but almost all he needs is found him. How much better it would be with the British soldier, if he had less money for drink, and the difference made up in healthy comforts!

When we went down stairs we found ourselves on the rampart again, and, ascending an outside flight of steps, I saw some red jackets hanging out to be aired on the wall, and some uncouth dark-looking men in undress standing about. The uniform of the Hungarian regiment being white, with sky-blue light trousers, I asked what these red ones could be, and was informed that they belonged to the men I saw, who were the gypsy musicians of the regiment; so I entered into conversation with the sergeant about them, and he told me in answer to a question, that if they had any religion of their own, they must keep it a secret, for they are entered as Catholics, and attend Mass with the other soldiers. Their talent and aptitude for music is unquestionable; and before I left Ragusa I spent a most agreeable hour at the lodgings of the officer who takes charge of the music here,—for the regular band of the regiment, consisting of forty performers, was at Zara, and this was only a subordinate division,—but although they played several opera airs, it was evident that their favourite style was the waltz.

Continuing our walk, we now went down, inside

a long flight of steps, to the level of the town, and entered the canteen, in which were two soldiers drinking beer. A tall Moll Flagon looking woman was standing at the counter, with bottles, glasses, keys, and stores of pipe-clay, which shewed that that article came out of the twopence a day. The woman looked alarmed at seeing an officer and a stranger enter with the two sergeants with keys (for the other one carried the keys of the prison), and the two poor men drinking their beer were equally flurried, and, rising up, stood mechanically in a row, as if about to be marched off handcuffed; but it was soon seen that our motive was curiosity. From the canteen we went to the barrack-prison, which was a dark apartment, and as we entered found the prisoners plucking sparrows for dinner, with all the feathers scattered on the floor. They were fourteen in number, and stood up in a row, some fettered, and some not; as the garrison was altogether 1400 strong, the prisoners formed one per cent; the usual offences being petty thefts from their comrades, and insolence to their superiors. The rest of our promenade offered no circumstance worthy of a notice.

The environs of Ragusa are interesting; and a few nights after the promenade which I have described, while the moon was shining with unwonted brightness, three Ragusans entered my room,—Don Marco K., Signor R., and Signor B.

“We have our renowned Ragusan moonlight,”

said the first of these gentlemen, "which you will find neither in Venice, in Rome, nor in Milan; and we propose to take you a turn up the hill to shew you the town under a new aspect." These worthy gentlemen having heard so much of the fogs of England, thought to procure me a moonlight view such as I never had seen before, so I thankfully accepted; but, in good truth, I believe there is nothing in the world comparable to the mosque of Moyœd in Cairo, when seen by the light of the full moon.

As we went out at the northern gate we found ourselves in the alley of trees, gently ascending to a rising ground that juts out from the line of mountains behind the town, and, after a short way, we turned to the right, up a narrow lane, enclosed by high garden-walls, and then, ascending some broken steps, found ourselves on the brow of the mount, from which we overlooked the town and environs, —a strange picturesque confusion of towers, cupolas, and housetops, rising in their pale green high lights and impenetrable shadows. A wall had partly concealed the view in the other direction, and, to my surprise, on proceeding a little farther along the pathway, I saw before me such a noble villa as one might behold in the environs of Rome. Above the basement were the large Palladian windows of the Gran Piano, and a great alcove was paved with slabs of marble; but the interior was a complete ruin: hemlock and night-

shade grew where nobles and senators had feasted, the spacious tessellated terraces overlooked a garden choked with weeds, around which pillars of a Byzantine style of architecture supported the rotten trellis of a shady walk; confusion and desolation were all around. Farther on, another villa told the same tale of taste and elegance that had passed away: arbours, terraces, kiosks, marble pavements, sculptures, all wreck and ruin. At first I thought I was in the midst of the havoc of the great earthquake; but as every wall was standing, and every cornice without even a gutta wanting, I found that this was the Pille, the town of ruins,—the mountain slope, on which every great family of Ragusa had a summer villa,—which was destroyed by the Montenegrines in 1806, and shewed, on a small scale, in what way the great Roman empire must have fared at the hands of Hun, Goth, and Vandal.

While these gentlemen conversed of various landmarks in the history of Ragusa previous to this catastrophe, I listened with silent interest to every word that fell;—the solemn hour, and the desolate scene, the silver beams of the moon, and the charming current of discourse, suffused a pleasing melancholy over the mind never to be forgotten; and, more than all that I had seen, stimulated me to inquire into the past history of this interesting Republic. The following rough sketch is the result of an eager perusal of the native historians.

## CHAPTER X.

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### EARLY HISTORY OF RAGUSA.

THE exact year of the foundation of Ragusa is obscure, but it is probably between the years 639 and 656, the first of these being marked by a partial destruction of the neighbouring Epidaurus by the Avars, and the second by the total ruin of this city by the Croats. Thus we begin with an analogy to Venice. Roman fugitives seek refuge in a rock separated from the mainland by a narrow passage.<sup>1</sup> The men of Padua fly from the Tartar Attila; and the men of Epidaurus, two hundred years later, fly from the Avars and the Croats. Croat, a dialect of the Slaavic language, became the language of the new colony in the course of time; but as no man in Britain can tell in what proportion his blood belongs to the races that have successively conquered or been conquered, so no man in Ragusa can remount to a Roman or a Carpathian origin.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Ragusa the space between the island and the mainland must have been a very narrow one, for it was entirely filled up, and is now built upon.

<sup>2</sup> Sarmatian, Syrmian, Serbian, Servian, are all different



The Croats, conquering the Romans, are in turn subdued by Christianity, and these barbarians occupying all the interior of the country, the animosity between them and the Romans abated after their pacific settlement, and Ragusa became one of innumerable municipalities into which the shattered fragments of the empire reconstituted themselves on the coast; while freedom, and the security of an insular rock, create commerce. So far the parallel holds with Venice; but while a large part of the level *terra firma* of Roman Italy was in time subjugated to the men of the Lagoon, the precipitous steeps and fierce bravery of the inhabitants circumscribed the territory of Ragusa to a few leagues of the coast.

The chosen protectors of the city were Saints Sergius and Bacchus; but a curious incident in the fortunes of the city caused them to change it to Saint Blasius, or San Biagio.

The Venetians, in 791, frequented these seas for the purpose of rooting out the pirates of the neighbouring Narenta, who infested the Adriatic, and coveting the security and convenience of the position of Ragusa, sought to subjugate it to their authority; but its strength being beyond their force,

forms of the same word, of which the root seems to be Serb or Serp. Croat, or Chrobat, is derived from Crapat, the name of the mountainous region between the present Hungary and Poland, which still bears the name of Carpathian in the western dialects of Europe.



they attempted its possession by stratagem. A numerous fleet of galleys was seen from the towers of Ragusa coming from the north, the alarm passed from battlement to battlement, and the town was in a state of readiness : but while a part of the fleet anchored in Gravosa, to the north of the island on which Ragusa was built, the other drew up under the island of La Chroma to the south ; and the Venetian commander, landing with his officers in a pacific manner, gave out that he was bound for the seas of the Levant, and only wanted water and provisions. Suspicion was allayed, the Venetians went and came between the north gate leading to Gravosa, and the south gate opening on the small port ; but a priest named Stoico, having by some means overheard, or got intelligence of, the design of the Venetians to assault the town in the dead of the following night, gave information to the Government ; and no sooner were the gates closed at sunset, than every Ragusan was at his post, and the attack awaited with breathless expectation. The first hour of the night passed without alarm ; but after midnight the warder on the tower above the Postierna perceived the galleys at the island getting under weigh, and suddenly bearing up to the southern port. Scarcely was the alarm passed, and preparation made to receive them, when a large body of the men of the other fleet in Gravosa suddenly landed, and silently ascending the steep hill to the north of Ragusa, expected to scale the walls

and enter the city ; but what was their surprise, on reaching the brow of the hill, to find themselves vigorously assaulted by a large body of Ragusans, and driven down the hill to the boats with great slaughter. The diversion to the north having completely failed, the Ragusans re-entered the city, and found that the Venetians, dismayed at seeing all the southern wall lined with armed men, who poured a torrent of stones and heavy beams on the assailants, had, struck with a panic, retired to their galleys. Indescribable was the joy of the Ragusans, as dawn crimsoned the peaks of Vellebitch, to see the discomfited galleys bearing out to the Adriatic.

The priest, to draw the veil of mystery over the dubious means by which he had got intelligence of the design, declared that it had been revealed to him by St. Blasius ; and, warm emotions of gratitude mingling with the superstition of the age, Blasius was declared the protector and advocate of the city.

Ragusa still nominally belonged to the Greek empire ; for although the court of Constantinople was too feeble to rule them directly, yet the great anxiety to escape from the domination of Venice kept up amicable relations with Constantinople. In the year 1001 we find a treaty of peace and friendship made between Venice and Ragusa, by which the Venetians were annually to give the Ragusans fourteen yards of scarlet cloth, and an

armed galley, in token of perpetual amity, and the Ragusans to return the compliment with two white horses, three barrels of Ribola wine, and an armed galley.

From this treaty the prosperity of Ragusa may be dated ; and while Venice rose to the commerce of the Eastern world, Ragusa became the emporium of the Slaavic countries to the north and the south of the Balkan. A citizen of the name of Gozze now founded the Patrician order of the city as at present constituted. Talent and popularity distinguished his youth ; authority exercised his manhood ; jealousy, the ingratitude of those whom he fostered, and exclusion from power, embittered his age ; hence the laconic and affecting heraldic motto which is seen on the arms of his descendants to this very day, *Constituit, rexit, luget* ; “ he founded, he ruled, and he grieves.” The territory of Ragusa had been hitherto confined to their rock ; but Stephen, king of Dalmatia in 1050, going to the church of St. Stephen’s within the town, to fulfil a vow made during a grievous sickness, was received with great honour, and made a donation to the Ragusans of twenty-two miles of coast, including the delicious valleys of Breno and Ombla.

But those idyllian landscapes conferred no military or political power ; and we find in the subsequent part of the history of Ragusa that it was by a skilful diplomacy and politic alliances that they

sought to redress the balance of territorial disadvantage, and avert the domination of Venice, which, without military occupation, persisted in asserting a right of sovereignty,—a claim preferred by the Venetian, and repelled by the Ragusan historians for the last three centuries. So early as 1370 we find the Ragusans seeking the alliance of the Turks, now advanced from the slopes of the Altai to the Sea of Marmora. Their ambassadors were graciously received at Broussa; for five hundred zechins a year Orchan promised them every commercial privilege and protection; and this early recurrence to the Grand Turk laid the foundation of those relations which subsequently preserved Ragusa from the fate of Servia and Albania, and equally assured her against dependence on Venice, when fire, sword, and the Koran, were carried over all the lands of Illyria.

But she had many moments of dark doubt and uncertainty. Mohammed II., after the conquest of Constantinople, the kingdom of Bosnia, and the neighbouring provinces, turned towards the Adriatic, and, unmindful of the ancient treaties between his ancestors and Ragusa, demanded possession of all the territory except the mere city. Terror and apprehension spread through all ranks; but the Council prudently got out of the dilemma, by stating that they were resolved to place the territory at his disposition, and at the same time to consign the city to the King of Hungary. An

answer sagaciously calculated to the point of possibility, diverted the conqueror of Constantinople from his design; and the fear of a Hungarian thorn in the side of his newly acquired kingdom, relieved Ragusa, which henceforth became the asylum of all the disinherited nobles and princes of the surrounding provinces who refused to embrace Islamism. But with the multitude it was not the dexterity of the Council, or the politic moderation of Mohammed II., that had saved the city, but the quiet interposition of St. Blasius, who, standing before the horse of the Turk, caused it three times to stumble, and, warned by the omen, the conqueror desisted from his invasion.

The wars which the Venetians in the next two centuries carried on with the Turks greatly increased the trade of the neutral Ragusa; and in the middle of the seventeenth century she had reached the apex of her wealth and splendour: her ships swarmed in the Mediterranean, and innumerable charitable institutions, and magnificent endowments to the Church, the nobles, and the plebeian confraternities of St. Lazarus, attest her great wealth; and while Venice devoted herself to the arts of painting and architecture, her humbler neighbour shone in the realms of literature with a splendour which the lapse of two centuries has little abated.

But in the midst of honour without, and content and prosperity within, a tremendous catastrophe covered with destruction this devoted city.



At half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the sixth of April, 1667, a violent shock of earthquake threw down all but the most solid houses, and in an instant six thousand persons, or one-fifth of the whole population of the town, was buried in the ruins. The sea was so violently agitated that vessels anchored in deep water knocked their keels against the ground, and several of the lofty cliffs around Ragusa were split up from top to bottom. The Rector, or President of the Republic, Simon Ghetaledi, and several other senators, were waiting, and just about to commence the sittings of the Council, when they were engulfed, as was also an unhappy Dutch ambassador, with a suite of thirty persons, on his way to the court of Constantinople, whither he was accredited. A whole seminary of children was enveloped in the ruins, and one of the persons extricated in a wounded condition describes their heartrending cries for water; complaints unheard, and unrelieved, by those above ground. The Archbishop being on the first floor of his house, with great presence of mind leapt out of the window, and got off with a sprained foot, and limping to Gravosa, found the road all covered with masses of rock thrown down from the mountain above. Even in my own walks to the south of Ragusa, a thick solid mass of wall, which held together in its prostrate state, and hung just over a steep declivity, made such an impression on me, after reading the



detailed accounts of this calamity, that my mind at once reverted to the sublime image of Mohammed, “ And what shall make thee understand how terrible the striking will be : on that day men shall be like moths scattered abroad, and the mountains shall become like carded wool of various colours driven by the wind.”

Fire and rapine added to the disorder ; for as the earthquake took place in the morning, many fires were lighted to prepare the mid-day meal, and while many were extinguished in the crash of superincumbent walls, others by ventilation, and contact with timbers, caused an extensive conflagration, and the exertions to prevent the fire from approaching the three powder-magazines, delayed the excavation of human beings. To add to the distress of the unhappy city, the Morlacks of the surrounding country, unappalled by the calamity, commenced an indiscriminate plunder of all valuables ; but through the determined energy of two men, Nicola Bona and Marino Caboga, order was restored, and the peasants terrified ; and even on the third day some human beings were extricated alive from the ruins.

The life of Marino Caboga is one of the most romantic that can well be imagined. Born in 1630, he was educated in Ragusa, but spent his youth in thoughtless dissipation ; till, discovering the malversation of his funds by a relation in whom he had too readily confided, a law-suit

which followed was pleaded before the Senate, in which the law-suits of the nobles were decided. His relation, to make up his cause, reproached Caboga with his disorderly life, and threw doubts on his honour. In the youthful fire of five-and-twenty Caboga drew his sword and stabbed his aspersion dead on the spot, and a hasty flight to the asylum of the Franciscan church saved his life, but not his liberty. Confined for life in the prison of the state, his only companion was a Latin Bible; and verses written by his own hand, expressive of the most profound penitence, were seen for years afterwards on the walls. In the earthquake the solidity of his prison was his preservation, but the door was completely blocked up, and with great presence of mind he stripped off his shirt, and putting it on the point of a stick, inserted it through the bars as a signal, and was liberated. In the confusion of the scene he might have escaped, but he devoted himself to extricate the living and dying, and displayed such an energy in restraining the plundering Morlacks, and driving them by force out of the city, that on the third day he presented himself to the remnant of the Council in their deliberations, with feelings alternating between doubt and hope. No sooner had he, with a penitent look, presented himself at the Raveline, when a senator pronouncing him dishonoured and incapable of sitting, he was about to retrace his steps; but the common calamity had

softened all hearts, and approbation of his services was declared by a majority of those present, who readmitted him to his rank and honours.

The severe school of adversity formed Caboga, and in the solitude of prison he had stored up the temperament which leads to great things—that diffidence of prosperity which makes a man ask his inmost self when the wheel will turn, and that indifference to difficulty and opposition, which has caused some to call patience the highest effort of courage. For ten years he laboured unremittingly in the reconstruction of the city, and the repair of the tattered elements of social order. All Europe expressed sympathy with the Ragusans for their losses; but on the rapid restoration of the city through the exertions of Caboga, the Grand Vizier of the Ottoman empire, Cara Mustapha, a deadly hater of all Christians, expressed the utmost jealousy and displeasure, and setting aside the capitulations of Ragusa with the Porte, sent a claim for 35,000 dollars of customs revenue, on the pretence of Ragusa having been an integral part of the immediate dominions of the Porte, as a pretext for the annexation of the city to the empire.

On the 8th of August, 1677, Caboga arrived at Constantinople, to attempt the aversion of the storm that was menacing his native land. The Grand Vizier, struck with the capacity he shewed in the arts of persuasion, and acquainted with his resources in active life, resolved to deprive his

country of so able a head and hand, and on the 13th of December following he was thrown into prison, where he remained several years, having languished out the latter part of the time in the dungeons of Baba Iafar, lying on the humid ground. When asked if he consented to make a transfer of Ragusa to the Porte, he boldly answered that "he was sent to serve, and not to betray his country;" and through the means of a Jew he secretly wrote to the Senate, animating them to hold out to the last, and, regardless of his own fate, expressing his only anxiety that his young children should receive a sound religious education. Cara Mustapha meanwhile, in 1683, went to thunder at the gates of Vienna with 300,000 men; but while Caboga sat in the dungeons of Constantinople, Stahrenberg in Vienna saw, from the high tower of St. Stephen's, the legions of Poland led by the gallant Sobieski, approaching to relieve the city. Germany was saved, Cara Mustapha, the enemy of Ragusa, defeated, and soon after beheaded; and Caboga, being liberated, returned to Ragusa. As he approached the city, every knoll, villa, and house-top, was covered with an admiring, almost adoring people; every bell in Ragusa rang a merry peal, and the Rector and Senate, in full robes, went out of the city to give a cordial welcome to the wonderful Marino Caboga. His lineal descendant and representative, Count Bernard Caboga, is, while I write, a distin-

guished officer, and high in the Austrian army, having attained the rank of Feld-marechal Lieutenant; and to this very day, the letters of Marino Caboga, the spontaneous effusions of a warm heart, have a value in the eyes of his family which surpasses that of all treasures of art or wealth.

When the earthquake took place, and the Rector, with many of the Senators, were swallowed up in the ruins, necessity obliged the exclusive nobility of Ragusa to make room for a certain number of persons in possession of simple citizenship in the ranks of the Senate; but so extravagant was the aristocratic spirit, that up to the period of the fall of the Republic in our own century, the distinction between the nobility whose patents dated before and after 1667, was always kept up by exclusive marriages, the parties taking their names from the pretensions of the universities of Spain and France, the old nobility calling themselves Salamanchese, and denominating the new senatorial families Sorbonnese.

The first Council of the Republic was called the Gran Consiglio, or Consiglio Maggiore, consisting of all the nobles that had completed their eighteenth year; their characters being registered in a book called Specchio, or the Mirror. The sovereignty resided in them, the President of the Republic bearing the name of Rector, but holding his office only a month at a time, from the fear of hereditary or dictatorial power; nevertheless in



practice it often happened that an individual, from his talents and influence, while never omitting the formality of election, virtually exercised the supreme power the greater part of his life.

The legislative body was the second Council or Senate, of forty-five members, composed principally of the superior magistrates and officers of the government, who had also some of the functions of an executive body, such as the nomination of ambassadors and consuls by election.

The third Council was the Consiglio Minore, composed of seven senators and the Rector, and was the really working committee for the despatch of business; thus, the features of the Ragusan constitution were a sovereign constituent assembly, a legislative senate, and a minor council executive of the orders of the senate. The Rector lived during the month in the palace with princely pomp; his habitual dress was of red silk, with a black stole over the left shoulder; and the nobles up to the end of the eighteenth century wore black gowns and wigs. They possessed nearly all the land, the most lucrative offices, and the control of large funds which had been bequeathed by patriotic and charitable individuals for useful or charitable purposes; and as the 'misera contribuens plebs' had no voice in state affairs, each patrician had, like those of Rome, a long suite of clients and dependents, whom they protected for pecuniary considerations.



The first years of the French war were in recent times the most prosperous for Ragusa. The flag of San Biagio being neutral, the Republic became one of the chief carriers of the Mediterranean. The Continental blockade was the life of Ragusa; and before the rise of Lissa the manufactures of England, excluded from the ports of France, Italy, Holland, and Germany, found their way to the centre of Europe through Saloniki and Ragusa. But this state, which had managed the Turks so skilfully, which had survived the Greek and Serbian empires as well as the Republic of Venice, was unable to stand upright in the terrible contest which included the extremities of Europe in its sphere. The philanthropic republicans of France offered to fraternise with all other republics; and we shall see that Napoleon, with the Imperial Crown on his head, did not despise the small Republic of Ragusa.

The battle of Austerlitz, and the consequent treaty of Presburg, having compelled Austria to hand over Dalmatia to France, Ragusa was put in a novel dilemma. Cattaro held by the Venetians against the Turks, was always accessible to Venice, which was a naval power. But while France held the land, England and Russia held the sea; and while France was marching her troops from Austerlitz to Dalmatia, eleven Russian sail of the line entered the Bocca di Cattaro, and landed 6000 men. As 5000 Frenchmen under

Marshal Molitor marched southwards, and took pacific possession, one after another, of the fortresses of Dalmatia, the Russians pressed the senators of Ragusa to allow them to occupy their city, as it was an important fortress,—thus anticipating France might block the further progress to Cattaro, as the reader will see by an examination of the map that there is no way from Dalmatia to Cattaro but through Ragusa. Marshal Molitor was equally abundant in friendly professions, pressing instances, and solemn pledges, to respect the integrity of the Republic, in his passage to Cattaro. Ragusa felt herself without the power of causing her neutrality to be respected, and long and anxious were the debates that ensued.

“ Dear as this land is to me,” said Count John Caboga, “ consecrated as it is to our affections by its venerable institutions, its wise laws, and the memory of illustrious ancestors, it will henceforth cease to deserve the name of *patria*, if its independence be subverted. With our large fleet of merchantmen, let us embark our wives and our children, our state treasures and our laws, and ask of the Sultan an island in the Archipelago, which may become a new Epidaurus, and the sanctuary of our time-honoured institutions.”

Serious as the dilemma was, the senators were unprepared for so desperate a remedy. A large majority were for opening the gates to Russia ; but the echos of Austerlitz had scarce died away, and such

an act would have at once exposed them to the vengeance of Napoleon, then in the zenith of his lawless ambition and military power. So the occupation of the city was assigned to the French under General Lauriston. No sooner did this take place than the Russian force moved to the siege of the city, and unhappily for Ragusa a barbarous and undisciplined horde of Montenegrines accompanied the regular Russian troops; and such a scene of horror had not been seen since the Huns and the Avars swept round Aquileia. The environs were studded thickly with villas, the results of a long prosperity; and the inhuman scenes of rapine with which the wars of the Montenegrines with the Turks were accompanied were transferred to these abodes of ease and luxury. Accustomed to the poverty of their own mountains, these invaders could scarce believe their own eyes when, passing Ragusa Vecchia, the smiling villas and well-filled store-houses of Breno Ombla and Pille were presented to their cupidity, and the siege of Ragusa commenced by the burning and plundering of the villas, involving the irretrievable loss of above half a million sterling.

The city was in the utmost straits; General Molitor, who had advanced within a few days' march of Ragusa, made an appeal to the Dalmatians to rise and expel the Russians and Montenegrines, which met with a feeble response, for only three hundred men joined his standard; but

a stratagem made up for his deficiency of numbers. A letter, seemingly confidential, was despatched to General Lauriston in Ragusa, announcing his proximate arrival to raise the siege with such a force of Dalmatians as must overwhelm Russians and Montenegrines; which letter was, as intended by Molitor, intercepted and believed by the besieging Russians. With his force thinly scattered, to make up a shew, Molitor now advanced towards Ragusa, and turning the Montenegrine position in the valley behind, threatened to surround the Russians who occupied the summit of the hill between him and the city; but seeing the risk of this, the Russians retreated back towards the Bocca di Cattaro, and the city was relieved.

The French, reinforced by 4000 or 5000 men, were now commanded in chief by General Marmont, the newly appointed civil and military Governor of Dalmatia, who, with 9000 sabres and bayonets, boldly advanced to the gulf of Cattaro, and, defeating the Russians and Montenegrines again at the Sutorina with great loss, and the battle of Friedland taking place in 1807, followed by the treaty of Tilsit, France was left in undisputed possession of the coast, as we have already stated under the head of Cattaro.

Freed from Russians and Montenegrines, Napoleon soon forgot the pledges of neutrality given by his lieutenants; and in January, 1808, as the senators met, an adjutant of General Marmont

announced to them that the independence of Ragusa had ceased to exist, and that all administrative functions had devolved on the French commander. Thus ended the Republic of Ragusa: after a municipal existence that filled up the whole period from the fall of the empire of the West to the nineteenth century; and a virtual independence that, in spite of conflicting claims for nominal superiority by the Byzantine Cæsars and the Venetian Republic, had been preserved in the same political forms for eight centuries. But an avenging fate soon spoiled the spoiler; and of Napoleon in St. Helena the Ragusan might say, as of the first Gozze, *constituit, rexit, luget*.

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## CHAPTER XI.

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### RAGUSAN MANNERS.

THE society of Ragusa is very agreeable to a stranger, who does not enter into the petty jealousies of old nobility or parvenu. Some of the best families, in spite of their long pedigrees, are not in a more prosperous condition than the Hidalgo of Gil Blas; but several, having preserved their entailed estates from dispersion during the French occupation, are in easy circumstances. One of the more fortunate of these families is distinguished by a refined literary taste; and their old Italian library, with *Aldine* and other editions, Latin as well as vulgar, was not more interesting than their assiduous attentions were agreeable.

One day we made a trip to the coast to the north of Ragusa, and went first to Gravosa on foot, where we took a boat for Valdi Noce. Instead of the extreme chill of the morning when I landed, nothing could be milder than the climate; the sun was even hot as we glided down the bay, between the clustering villas, just where the port opens out into the main Adriatic. Struck with the



fresh-looking appearance of one of the villas, I learned that it belonged to one ——, a Ragusan goldsmith, who had left his native place when a boy, and gone to Mexico, where fortune had favoured him with considerable wealth; and on his return in his old age he found himself, beyond comparison, the wealthiest man in Ragusa; but his social position was very far from what it would have been in France, Italy, or England, owing to the extravagant pitch to which the spirit of aristocracy is carried. This most meritorious citizen has therefore abandoned the residence in his native country, because he could get no entrance into the circle to which his wealth and merit had entitled him. Surely this is carrying a pardonable weakness too far. The pride of birth is so universal in those who can boast of it, that we must set it down as just and natural; but for the Ragusan nobility to maintain this Chinese wall, after they have lost their national independence and that wealth without which aristocracy cuts a sorry figure, is surely contrary to common sense. A rich aristocracy, open to rising wealth and talent, will always command respect; but the exclusive principle, unsupported by large pecuniary means, is a chimera.

Our course continued along the coast, which here rises from the water's edge to rugged mountains, here and there broken by side-gulfs, sequestering themselves inland, and, after a couple of hours' sail, we disembarked at a village called

Malfi. A pleasant walk of half-an-hour through the Val di Noce, sometimes lost in the dark ever-green woods, through which we heard the distant tinkle of a goat-bell, and the herd singing an Illyrian lay, brought us to a clear abundant stream, leaping from rock to rock, which fell into a basin to be conveyed in an aqueduct; and here were two plane-trees, which form the eighth wonder of the world of the Adriatic. Such famous fellows I scarce ever saw; trunks like the columns of a Nubian temple, branches like the trunks of ordinary forest-trees, and the whole forming a verdant tent, under which a battalion might bivouac. The planes were, alas! at this season of the year without foliage, but all the other plants, shrubs, and trees, were in undiminished green. Here, in the heat of summer, to the sound of the little cascade dashing over the rocks, the Ragusans, in holidays, find a delicious villeggiatura.

Descending an alley not far off, we found ourselves in the grounds of a fine old-fashioned Italian villa, laid out by the Counts of Gozze, the descendants of the founders of the aristocracy in the tenth century, the representative of which, to whom Mr. B. presented me, did the honours. Quite close to the sea was the villa, an ancient edifice; and between it and the village above were the gardens of thick high laurel alleys, cut into straight lines, still in their full foliage, through which the setting sun occasionally succeeded in shooting a golden

dart that trembled with the breeze on the inner thickets: suddenly the rushing of water was heard, and an open space shewed an extensive Italian fountain, to which the water was conveyed on arches, and where a colossal statue of Neptune, with moss-crowned head, and tended by moss-clad nymphs, recorded the taste and opulence of the bygone Ragusa. "It was after a voyage to Rome that these gardens were laid out, in 1525," said the Count, "and that tall oak was planted." And this garden-monger, thought I to myself, may have stood at the easel of Raffaele himself, and seen with his own eyes the genius of Angelo crowning with vaulted dome the substruction of a Bramante, and, as a Ragusan, burned with envy at the mention of Venetian names that the rest of the world almost worshipped. Leaving the moss-grown statues, and the dripping aqueduct, we re-entered the villa. In a large hall, on the first floor of which was a tessellated pavement as a floor, and around the walls antique mirrors, were the full-length portraits of the successors of the garden-fancier, most potent, grave, and reverend signors, in Mechlin frills and black satin. The Count presented me to his mother, in whom, to my great pleasure, I found an English woman long absent from the land of her birth, and speaking Illyrian and Italian almost as her mother-tongue, but still preserving the sweet unembarrassed dignity of her native race. Mutual seemed the pleasure

of meeting in this strange, sequestered, antiquated spot. A fair exchange is no robbery, and the accounts of her terrors of Ragusan earthquakes were not more painfully interesting to me, than my accounts of modern London seemed to unsettle all the landmarks of her unmarried days. But in bringing a lady on the tapis at all, I have already gone to the full verge of the fair and legitimate license allowed to a tourist : suffice it to say, that it was night when we took our leave and mounted.

A complete contrast to the antique air of the villa of the founders of the patriciate of Ragusa, is that of my worthy friend, Count Giorgi. There is always something about these Ragusan houses that bears reference to some period of European history. In the drawing-rooms of the Palazzo Giorgi, I no longer recognised the Ragusa of the cinque cento, with its marble floors and its faded ceilings, with copies of the Venetian school of painting ; nor yet the Ragusa of last century, with every ornament or table-leg carved, and bulged *à la Louis Quinze* ; here the straight lines, the yellow satin walls, and the frigid Greek mythological ornaments, proclaim the upholstery of the French empire. Rector Giorgi, the last president of the Ragusan Republic, became a Count of the French empire, and, residing at Paris, acquired French tastes ; and his son, a septuagenarian, has still the thoroughly French manner, the *gaieté du cœur* and felicity of expression of that sprightly

nation, when conversing of the strange historic scenes and accidents of his youth. The Giorgi family was one of the most illustrious of Ragusa; and the Count shewed me the red cross of Genoa in their arms, which commemorates a curious circumstance. Matteo Giorgi commanded the Ragusan galleys which accompanied the Genoese in their expedition against Venice, in 1378; and the loss of the battle of Chioggia was attributed to Doria refusing the advice of Giorgi as to the dispositions to be taken. In token of this, the Republic allowed the family to have the cross of Genoa in their arms.

Of those salient angles of domestic economy which are to be remarked in Servia, and which are essential accessories of a knowledge of physical and political geography, my note-book contains few traces. The dinner-parties at the palace of the civil Governor, and the mansion of the General in command of the district, were in no respect different from those of well-ordered hospitable mansions in European capitals. At a dinner given by the Bishop there was a brilliant improvisation between each *brindisi* of champagne, by the rising poet and philosopher of Ragusa, Don Marco Kalugera, the professor of philosophy in the Lyceum of the city. All the grand themes of the day, not forgetting Britannia, were brought in with a felicity and a mastery of versification that reminded me of the happiest moments of Pistrucci.



With still more local colour was a dinner preceding a marriage at the house of Signor R., one of the most kind-hearted men whom I had known during my tour, and who was one of the party with which I had made the moonlight visit to the ruins of the suburbs. We were received on the first stage in a drawing-room, the floor of which was paved with slabs of black and white marble, about a foot square, which appears cold to an Englishman, but custom makes the Ragusans feel no regret for the absence of the snug carpet and the cheerful fire; in other respects the furniture was Italian. Italian was also the language spoken, as I am too weak in Illyrian to sustain a regular conversation. Each of the ladies dandled a varnished earthenware pot of charcoal on the knee, with which they warmed themselves, and which they carried about even in rising, and never quitted. Ragusa is as remarkable as Venice for the beauty of the fair sex: they have all dark complexions, and the mixture of Roman with Illyrian blood is evidently so considerable, that the contour of the Ragusan in general is scarcely to be distinguished from that of the Italian.

Instead of going down stairs to dinner, we went to an upper chamber, not very luminous, as the bright red plaster and green Venetian blinds of the opposite side of the street were not many yards off. The narrow streets of the Christian south and Moslem east are well suited to a hot climate,



and a legacy of the contracted species of construction common among the ancients; the greater wideness of the northern style being probably a result of the formation of towns out of the straggling isolation of old German villages. Our dinner was as a dinner on the eve of a marriage should be, more gay and good-humoured than formal. The Pilaff, the famous Bottarga of the neighbouring Albania, and a variety of other dishes, were all indicative of the geographical position of Ragusa; and, according to local custom, the health of the bride and bridegroom were drunk in Malmsey.

Several of the old customs of Ragusa have fallen into desuetude since the French and Austrian occupations. In marriage, for instance, the parents invariably decided on the husband that a young lady was to have. From twelve years of age she was secluded from all intercourse with the world; when the papa had found a suitable match, he said, "My dear, you ought to marry such and such a one; to-day let us go and sign the contract;" and without more ado the cameriera produced her bonnet and veil, and the old gentleman offering his arm, the young lady, with emotions of apprehension or curiosity to see her partner for life, went to get the preliminaries of the nuptial knot adjusted: but if Signora Rosina had a Lindoro, then a series of domestic persecutions commenced, and a convent was the alternative of a marriage of convenience.

The old society of Ragusa was not without

some other local peculiarities which are worthy of notice.

With the ease, elegance, and opulence of the eighteenth century was mingled a frivolity of manners which did not escape the satiric pen of the ruder and homelier Dalmatian, and a few pages have furnished me with a sketch, wherein a slight deduction must be made for the jealousy of Ragusa, from which the neighbouring Dalmatian is not to this very day altogether free.<sup>1</sup>

“The Countess sat in her drawing-room on her birthday awaiting visitors; what intoxication in her patches and high-heeled shoes! She has the very last fashions from Venice and Naples; and a universal coquetry consoles her for the marriage of convenience which she made with the old Count. That plausible disciple of Loyola, who is her confessor, is said to have a powerful quiet influence over her; and as she receives, with undisguised pleasure, the flatteries of that elegant young man who has just entered, there is a latent hostility between them. What a bow the dandy makes her and all the company around! you would swear that he had learned his manners at Versailles, except that he betrays too unskilfully the furtive glances which he, from time to time, casts at the large mirror to admire his own attitudinising, and the graceful disposition of his dangling sword.

<sup>1</sup> This is a picture of a *class* existing in the last century, and alludes to no individual.

“The mob of Ragusan fashionables now crowds up stairs ; and among them two plebeians enter the room ; Solomon the Jew broker (whose name stands between the wind and the Count’s nobility<sup>1</sup> as owner of the ships in which he has the chief share) enters, and placing a bouquet on the table, salutes the lady, and retires forthwith. The other is a rustic priest, brother of the footman Giacomo, and in his younger days began by household offices, but was subsequently brought up to kill two dogs with one bone—to be the parish priest and chaplain, and at the same time steward of the Count’s estate.

“The mingling of voices as a sedan chair is set down tells of another visitor, and Monsignore the Archbishop of Ragusa is announced. This lofty personage is much less formidable on a nearer view ; nothing can exceed the courtesy of his address, or the pliability of his manners. He must be a foreigner, according to the laws of the Republic, and his salary is only a hundred zecchins a year ; but for all that, he lives in good archiepiscopal style ; for he has to beg from time to time donations from the senate, and the political powers that be are thus guaranteed against spiritual ambition. What a kind salutation the Archbishop gives the Jesuit, because the senate rules the Archbishop, the Count rules the senate by his influence, the Countess rules the Count, and the Jesuit rules the

<sup>1</sup> In a sketch like this, only a free translation would be understood.

Countess. As for the poor fribble, he counts for nothing."

Occasional balls and the opera for a couple of months are the entertainments of winter. A few literary friends used to assemble nightly at the house of Count Z., who is a *fanatico* for English literature; and at the town-house of my fair fellow-countrywoman, Countess Gozze, I had an opportunity of seeing a Ragusan ball. Our orchestra was the dingy gypsies of the Hungarian regiment; but better dancing music I never would desire; the accentuation of the waltz phrases was so marked that the dullest ear must have caught the emphasis and danced in time. The charm of the waltz is surely in part owing to its contrast with the absurd modern method of dancing a quadrille; nay, not dancing, but monotonous marching, as if the effect of music and beauty was to set a man half asleep. The dances of Spain and the Monferino of Italy enable the dancer to correspond to the transport of good music, without going to the opposite extreme of stage gesture; but now custom compels the natural impulse of music to be painfully subdued.

The honours were done with exquisite grace by the fair hostess, but nothing was worthy of remark as peculiar or national.

The theatre gave me little satisfaction, being small, and badly lighted. The three principal singers were passable, considering the place, but

the scenery was below par. *Chi dura vince*, "He that endures conquers,"—a sound moral, adopted by Timour the Tartar, after seeing that an ant failed sixty-nine times in carrying a grain up a wall and succeeded the seventieth,—but set to music by Ricci, had not much to be boasted of, either in the way of sound or sense; the baked meats of defunct predecessors having coldly furnished forth his marriage of music with verse. I confess that except *Chiara Rosenberg*, I have never been able to sit out an opera of this composer, for half-a-dozen pleasing movements cannot float a whole evening of commonplaces.

Such are the winter amusements. The favourite summer retreat is the delicious Val d'Ombra,—the Vallombrosa of our Slaavic Tuscany, a sequestered valley and gulf that branches out from that of Gravosa, runs round to the back of the mountain that overhangs Ragusa, and is enclosed in woods and mountains, so that the spectator would never imagine the water before him to be an arm of the sea.

To have as much of the illusion of summer as possible, my friends selected for me one of the beautiful mild days that intervened after the Bora has blown out all its cold from the north, and before the Scirocco has begun to blow its clouds, rain, and heat, from the south. At about nine o'clock, Messrs. R. and B., with Don Marco Kallugera, called on me, and we proceeded out of the



northern gate of Ragusa, and ascending the hill above Gravosa, walked on till we came to a cleft in the mountain chain, where the little gulf, overhung by high rocks, forked suddenly inwards; here we followed a bridle road, and turning sharply round to the right, found ourselves in the vale of Ombla, the semicircle we had described having completely shut out from our view the gulf of Gravosa. Rich vegetation rose from the deep sea-green water, which here formed a sort of lake, enclosed by mountains, at the further extremity of which a river, gushing out of the rock, mingled its fresh water with the salt of the gulf. Here is a most unusual sight in Dalmatia, a level plain of rich meadow land, part of it planted with cypresses, and forming the grounds of the villa of the Dukes of Sorgo, to which we descended. The villa was quite in disorder, but the large gardens shewed the care and expense of former occupants; for the ducal line being extinct, the place had been purchased by a retired ship-master, who, having navigated the Mediterranean, had come to own shipping, and purchased this abode.

A large and open corridor in the upper floor, paved with red marble, had its walls adorned with frescos something in the manner of Giulio Romano, and representing mythological subjects. A broad flight of steps, with a fine Italian balustrade, led down to the water's edge; and on the other side of the villa were the ruined parterres of the garden,



and the grove of cypresses, beyond which appeared the lofty nook of precipitous rocks from which the river issued. Seeing a sheaf of rye cut on the wall, I asked its story, and was informed that, in the year 1200 and odd, when a famine raged in Ragusa, a rich merchant of Albania brought a cargo of rye-grain (*sorgo*) and distributed it to the poor. Touched by his humane munificence, the Senate of Ragusa granted him the patriciate of the Republic, and an ear of sorgo stood for six centuries on the blazon of the family to commemorate this origin. The family is now extinct, the last Duke having died at Paris some years ago without issue.

The sun was bright, the air was warm, the ever-verdant cypresses rose from the high grass, and the green waters clouded like Malachite with the depths and shallows of the gulf, or eddies produced by the waters of the Ombla, and clasped all around with high wooded hills, had a loneliness and a loveliness so strange and rare, that no scene of my travels recurs to me oftener or with more distinctness than the vale of Ombla.

We now entered a boat, and rowed up the river between the meadows to its source, for which a quarter of an hour sufficed; for never before did I see such a body of water with so short a course. At the source, a river almost as large as the Thames at Richmond, bubbles and boils out of the earth, so that it looks literally like a giant's cauldron. Here are fullers' mills, and several women of Her-

zegovina were standing round the troubled waters with a most amusing difference of costume,—those who wore a brass ornament at the back of the head were married, those who wore on their temples silver Turkish five-piastre pieces were unmarried.

From the arrangements that had been made the rest of the day was spent in festivity, and never did I see the cares of life driven away with greater success than by these Ragusan philosophers; but, in the midst of our gaiety, the room gradually darkened, and a cry of “Scirocco, scirocco!” was heard. Out we went, and the whole scene was in an instant black and dismal; a herd of thick clouds had invaded us all of a sudden from the south, and getting into a boat, as being most likely to save us from rain, we made the men row as swiftly as possible to Gravosa. Gusts and lulls of wind succeeded each other by turns, and still no rain; but I saw by the hints to pull quick, that the storm was brewing, and long before we reached Gravosa down it came, with such violence, that we were in a few minutes drenched through. How melancholily whistled the wind through the caves and detached rocks on our left! As pleasantly as I had a few hours before wandered through the cypress-groves of the Villa Sordo, so equally unpleasantly did I sit in the stern of the boat, casting a glance from time to time on the sea boiling among the wave-worn rocks, while thick irregular masses of cloud shot across the face of the sky.

It was black night when we arrived at Gravosa, and our boat was challenged by the Austrian corvette ; but on the assurance that we were travellers, and not smugglers, we landed.

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## CHAPTER XII.

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### RAGUSAN LITERATURE.

As Bohemia, forming an ethnographical peninsula in Germany, is, and was, the most advanced of all the Slaavic nations of central Europe, so Ragusa evidently owes her civilisation to her position on the shores of the Adriatic, opposite, and of easy access to, the Italian peninsula. The Slaavic Athens was the name which Ragusa acquired in the seventeenth century, but surely the Ferrara of a hundred years previous comes within the limits of a juster parallel. As the rudest blast of winter and the coolest breeze of summer come from the west, so the boisterous vigour of Ariosto, and the smoothness, the elegance, and completeness of Tasso, seem to mingle their alternate inspirations in the genius of Gondola.

Marino Ghetaldi, surnamed the Demon of mathematics, had a high European reputation in the seventeenth century. The name of Boscovich stands deservedly high among the mathematicians and astronomers of the eighteenth century, and in 1759 he visited London, and had a brilliant recep-

tion from the Royal Society, of which the Earl of Macclesfield was then president. Both these authors wrote in Latin and Italian, and the name of the first confers high honour on Ragusa; but, from the progress of science, their works are unread or forgotten.

Cervario Tuberone, Cerva, and others, have distinguished themselves in the historic line, and when public attention becomes generally awakened, as it must in time be, to the past and present condition of the countries to the east of the Adriatic, their works will be again sought after; but it is in poetry that the genius of Ragusa shines forth with its brightest lustre. The biography and criticism of Zamagna Giorgi and many others, fills a closely printed quarto of Appendini, including several good female dramatic writers; but to do justice to all would have detained me longer in Ragusa than I could spare time for; I therefore fixed my attention on Gondola, the epic poet, the principal figure of the group, and from a variety of published lives, and the criticisms of modern Ragusans, I will attempt "to place a fading chaplet on his eternal shrine." In consequence of his having written in Illyrian, he does not enjoy a European name; but, after the lapse of more than two centuries, he is still read with rapture through all the lands of Illyria, and native partiality assigns him a rank as an epic poet immediately after Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Ariosto, and Tasso. The poetry



Miss Anne, daughter of the late Sir John

Wentworth

London, 1788. 8. 1/2.





of Servia is mostly lyric, but Ragusa, on the shores of the Adriatic, could scarcely escape the influence of the more majestic plans and performances of Italian genius. The gems of Servia are scattered on a thousand brows; in the great epic of Gondola, the incidents of dramatic situation, the emotions of passion, the exuberance of fancy, and the vivid colours of description, all unite their lustre on the poetic crown of Gondola, and a great historic interest is alone wanting to the framework of this immortal poem.

Gondola was born in Ragusa on the 8th of January, 1588, when Philip of Spain was preparing his Invincible Armada for the invasion of England, and was educated by the Jesuits. At twenty years of age he devoted himself to the study of the law, and at thirty married a daughter of the house of Sorgo. The Illyrian dramas of Dorsich, Nale, and others, were then the favourite literature of Ragusa, and Gagliuffi thinks that, had the Ragusans persevered, they might have risen to the celebrity of the Spanish theatre; but the beauty of the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* entirely turned the public taste. The favourite reading of Gondola was the *Gerusalemme* of Tasso; his first youthful essays were pastoral dramas of no extraordinary merit, nor was it without a great deal of consideration that he undertook an epic poem; and well he might ponder, for ambition which pricks on, pricks off again. Our own Milton began an epic,

and it became *Paradise Lost*; so did Wilkie, and it became the *Epigoniad*!

The choice of Gondola's subject seems, to our age, a strange one, if viewed without reference to the political situation of Ragusa, in the very century in which the Turks were the most hated, and in which our own Waller wrote his "Presage of the Downfall of the Turkish Empire." Gondola enthusiastically takes for his hero, Osman, who became sultan in 1618, and after a variety of wars and amours, is imprisoned and beheaded. It was, therefore, entirely the events of the day that supplied Gondola with his matter. The Porte, in the zenith of her military and political power, was, although the enemy of all Europe, then the protectress of Ragusa against Venice; and Osman, the antipathy of Christendom, is a daring hero in the eyes of the patriotic Ragusan.

The war with Poland in 1621, the captivity of Korewsky as hostage in Constantinople, the disguise of his wife as a Hungarian boy to deliver him, the condition of all these countries, and a variety of episodes and adventures, concluding with the death of the Sultan, form the staple of the work. Thus while Milton's subject was too vaguely remote from the daily existence of the poet, that of Gondola was too near; and party-spirit, rather than strict historic justice, inspires the portrait of the hero. The same objection of the introduction of contemporary subjects may apply to Dante, only

he was not a spectator of the action of his poem, but part and parcel of it; and as his vengeance flashes from page to page, and his music thunders from canto to canto, we feel ourselves, after five centuries and a half, living in the world of Guelph and Ghibelline, loving with Dante's loves, and hating with Dante's hates. The adventures of Osman in the political history of Turkey fail to awaken our interest; but as the balm of the Egyptian preserved the humblest of remains to the wonder of a hundred ages, while the bones of a true hero moulder unknown, so the poetry of Gondola will preserve the events of Osman's life when greater names are forgotten.

Gondola died in 1638, at fifty-one years of age; two of his sons fought in the Thirty-years' War under Wallenstein, and the youngest died in 1682 in the supreme office of Rector of the Republic. The male line is extinct, but I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of his representative and namesake in the female line, who has a good unincumbered estate, and has lately been made a baron by the emperor.

The finest passage in the work, according to some, is the entrance of the ambassador of the Sultan into the palace of Warsaw, where he sees, to his shame and surprise, woven on the walls, a tapestry representing the defeat of his master at the battle of Koezim; according to others, the lamentations and reflections of Osman in prison.

I am not a sufficient master of Illyrian to be able to decide the matter myself; the piece I have selected is the Episode of Suncianitza, the daughter of the deposed Lord of Servia. A translation of a translation, like a print after a print, may convey the outlines, but cannot pretend to the touch and colour of the original.

“The chief of the black eunuchs of the Sultan entered the city of Semendria, where he hoped to find the daughter of Gluibedrag, the fair and the young Suncianitza. She is of the illustrious family of the despots of Servia, the apple of the eye, the light of her blind father. He is the nephew of the nephews of George and Jerina; his power hath passed away, but his deeds and his conduct are those of a prince. His old age leans on the staff that was once the sceptre of his fathers, his kingdom is the narrow meadow, his subjects are the bleating sheep, his hounds are his guards, and shepherds are his courtiers and allies. His twelve sons have fallen before the sharp sword of the Osmanli; and his eyes flowed with tears until the springs of vision dried up. He is the trunk of the tree whose branches have been scattered by the tempest; he would have perished amid his sobs had he not lived on the voice of his daughter.

“This fountain of life is the fair young Suncianitza, whose virtue has been blown with the trumpet of fame; and the fruits of this one branch are the only hope of the father. But the virginity

of that maid is consecrated to the Almighty. The old man perceives it with grief, and assembles the youth of Bulgaria to wake her soft desires. The rustic games, and the accents of music, mingled with the dance of the shepherds, and the flower-crowned maids. The language of courtesy is held while they sit on the meadow, and the echoes are charmed with the pipe and the tabor; the maidens lose their lustre at the appearance of Suncianitza, like the stars of night at the blushing dawn; the zephyrs play with her blonde tresses, and her step in the dance is the subtle enchantment.

“The sight of the chief of the black eunuchs suddenly ends the games; he sought the fair Suncianitza for the harem of his master. A thrill of terror froze every heart; the flowers dropt from the hand of Suncianitza, and, mute as a statue, she hid her visage in her hands; but the cunning slave, masking his design, said mildly, ‘Let fear and trouble end, cease neither the dance nor the song; all I desire is peace, and the continuance of the games.’

“‘Wise and good father,’ said the black, ‘may the Most High give thee the light of thy countenance. Tell me, who were thy ancestors? Were they of the royal race, and who dispossessed them?’ The old man, troubled in spirit, answered, ‘The remembrance of past grandeur is bitter; what avails illustrious birth in obscurity and poverty?’ He told



his sad tale, and with a voice of sorrow added, ‘All that remains to me is my cherished daughter—my only consolation.’ The chief of the eunuchs drew a golden veil from his girdle, approached Suncianitza, and giving it with respect, said, ‘Great is thy happiness, O noble daughter, thou art now the spouse of the Sultan of the world.’

“Thrilled with horror, Suncianitza was about to fall; but the mutes approached, and the fair one was torn from her father, struggling like a dove in the talons of a vulture. The blind Gluibedrag tore the white hair from his head.

“‘Cruel Fate,’ said the frenzied grey-beard, ‘to make a shepherd of the sons of princes, to snatch from me my sons and my only daughter! Where art thou, my love? let the blind old man but hear thy voice. O inexorable Death, why have you left me in the land of the living?’

“But Suncianitza, carried far away, heard not his accents of grief; tears filled her eyes, or terror froze her heart. ‘Whither am I dragged from the arms of a father? Ah! who will calm his troubles, and assuage his grief? Come, father, let thy flowing tears soften their obdurate hearts; may thy grey hairs drive violence far away.’

“‘Virgin, thou hast wept enough,’ said the eunuch, who had sought the fairest beauties of Egypt, Bosnia, and the land of the Dukes (Herzegovina), leaving disconsolate mothers, and bringing with him the daughters of the noble, the fair

in person, and those endowed with mental qualifications, who all now approach the city of empire.

“The Sultan entered at the same time, and the agas presented to him the female slaves in the seraglio. Ranged in the form of a half moon, the like had never been seen in all the world. The perfect beauties of the palace were like the spring flowers of the forest united in the garden; one stole softly on the senses, the other dazzled like the noontide sun; sweetly smiled the one, noble was the gait of the other; but Suncianitza outshone them all by the lustre of her charms, but her brow was pale with modesty and virtue.

“ ‘Open thy mind,’ said the Sultan, ‘and confide in Osman, who can calm thy grief.’ Suncianitza, raising her thoughts to God, asked His succour to soften the heart of the Sultan, and offer on the altar of the Most High the lily of her virginity.

“ ‘Powerful and glorious Sultan,’ said Suncianitza, ‘thy words embolden me to bare my breast. I am the only daughter of a father blind with grief for the loss of twelve sons; I alone stand between him and the tomb: the cherished daughter has been torn from his embrace; like the plant whose last root fails, death and annihilation are inevitable. Oh, father! what hand shall close thy eyes, or honour thy remains with the ceremonies of the tomb? By Mahommed thy prophet, and

Ahmed thy father, let the daughter rejoin the parent, and glory surround thy name.'

"An icy silence followed the speech of Suncianitza, and uncertainty reigned in the heart of the Sultan. To lose the flower of his seraglio, or act with the harshness of a barbarian, was the dilemma in which he was placed; but virtue triumphed. 'How!' said he, 'ought I to govern others, and not know how to govern myself? Thy trouble is ended, noble girl; my heart is moved, and the favour is granted. My desire is to reign in the hearts of mankind by love and justice; thy affection is most lovely in misfortune, as the rays of the sun that vanquish in the struggle with the mists, and long live your father to enjoy your society.'

"Thus spoke the Sultan: but Suncianitza can scarcely believe the reality of her liberty, as the mariner, after the long and stormy night, mistrusts the rays of dawn that shew him the wished-for haven. Throwing herself at the feet of the Sultan, she cried in a transport: 'Great and magnanimous sovereign, a movement of thy lips hath breathed youth and strength into the body of a dying old man: more valiant than the conquerors of kingdoms, thou hast vanquished thyself. Noble and generous action, time and distance will take nothing from its glory.'

"The Sultan, opening his treasures, hung a splendid necklace around the throat of Suncian-

itza, at once the ornament of her beauty and the memorial of his magnificence.

“The slaves that brought her as a prisoner, returned with her as guards and servants to the door of the blind Gluibedrag.”

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## CHAPTER XIII.

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### ENVIRONS OF RAGUSA.

THE coasts and islands to the south of Ragusa are full of historic interest and romantic beauty, and a little trip, in which the accomplished and erudite Professor Kalugera acted the obliging cicerone, afforded me two of the pleasantest days I passed in the Adriatic. It was on one of the finest days of the *faithful* month of January, so called from the number of calm days in it which follow the blasts of late autumn, and precede the still ruder ones of February and March, that the professor and myself entered a boat at the quay near San Biagio, and were rowed across the bay to a lofty cavern southwards of Ragusa. Not a breath of air was in motion, and an English September seemed to usher in the new year of Ragusa; the Adriatic ebbed and flowed among the fragments of rocks in the gentlest of whispers; a veil of golden gauze trembling on the dark roof of the cavern, and reflecting the sunlight playing on the sea, was the only ocular evidence of its motion; while the depths of the cavern gave back each stroke of the great bell

of the city tolling solemnly across the tranquil waters.

It was in the first years of the seventeenth century, when Bacon and Shakespeare were completing the Cyclopean foundations of English science and literature, that a man in middle age, with sharp visage, and those penetrating eyes which make the stranger curious to know their owner's fate and fortunes, surmounted by the broad-brimmed peaked hat of the period, might be seen in this cave. Strange instruments surround him ; they shew that the age of alchemy is gone, and that of sound experiment commenced. Marino Ghetaldi, the individual in question (1566-1627), was one of the first astronomers and natural philosophers in Europe ; his *Promotus Archimedes* shewed a dim perception of the coming discoveries of Newton ; and it certainly was Ghetaldi and not Des Cartes who first applied algebra to geometry. He spent six years in travels through Europe ; at Venice, Paolo Sarpi called him “ Angelo di costumi, e demonio in matematica—an angel in manners, and a demon in mathematics,” in allusion to his attainments and that modesty which is generally inseparable from true greatness ; and he confesses in his *Promotus*, “ Malim scire quam nosci, discere quam docere.” So high was his reputation, that the magistrates of Louvain in Flanders pressed him to be professor of mathematics in their university, when it was to Antwerp as the Padua of that northern Venice.



But Ghetaldi had studied and travelled for Ragusa: "*Patria non quia magna sed sua*" was the small but powerful magnet which re-attracted him to the shores of the Adriatic. Here, in cool grot, undisturbed by the hum of the city commerce, he pursued his experiments. Strange and improbable traditions still exist of his having been addicted to magic, and more than one Ragusan captain attributed tempestuous weather to the incantations of the cavern; even the fishermen, for ages after his death, never passed without an appeal to San Biagio against the machinations of the mysterious cavern.

At one side of the cave a dark recess, about three feet deep, with which the sea-water communicates, was the bath of Ghetaldi, and all around on the rocks is the beautiful *Adiantum*, *Capillus Veneris*, with jet black stem and fine small green leaf. At one side of the cave, next the sea, is a staircase cut in the rock, and Don Marco (as the professor was usually called) informed me that it was in communication with the villa above. A door, almost rotten with sea-air and water, barred the passage; but Don Marco, applying his hands to his mouth, shouted aloud, so that the rock-vault echoed again, and in a minute a servant-girl was seen descending the stairs to the door, which she opened. Passing over slippery rocks, we got within the door, and, ascending the steps, wound round the rock that flanked the entrance to the

cave, and found that we had gained a narrow terrace in front of a villa overhanging an abrupt precipice, and looking straight across to Ragusa, with its round towers and high ramparts. Don Marco, who seemed to know every body, ushered me into the parlour of the little villa of Ghetaldi, where pictures somewhat in the Bolognese school were hanging from the walls. Madame S., the spouse of a descendant of the co-heiress of Ghetaldi, now entered, and received us with Ragusan courtesy. She regretted that his portrait, which had adorned the room, had been taken to her town-house; but Don Marco and myself joined in a prayer to see it restored to its true position.

From the revolutions of science the works of Ghetaldi are unread and forgotten, but his name blooms fresh in the memory of the Ragusans; and a large slab of pavement in the Dominican church, with three fleur-de-lis and two stars, is still regarded with veneration, as covering his remains.

When we got into the boat again, Don Marco ordered the men to row us to La Chroma, a small island about a mile from the cave, which seemed to be entirely covered with wood and shrubbery, and without any habitation, except a small modern fort which crowned the top of the hill. Other islands lay to the south, and, on asking their names, I found that they were called Marcana and Bobara (St. Mark and St. Barbara). “They are mere rocks,” said Don Marco, “fit for sea-fowl, and not fit for

a man, unless he be a passionate fowler; and yet they have often played an important part in the ecclesiastical history of Ragusa."

"Rather extraordinary," said I; "you churchmen are not generally fond of bleak barren positions. The clergy have capital taste for landscape-gardening in general. You see that Benedictine convent at the extremity of the bay, how snugly sheltered under the point of land, with plenty of vegetation and a fine view."

"They are both Turkish islands," said Don Marco, "in the diocese of Trebigne; and whenever the Ragusan Archbishops wished to escape dependence on the senate, they used to hold their councils here in security."

We soon rounded the wooded point of the island, and found ourselves in a little bay, beyond which was a level plain of turf between a wood of pines and the hill on which the fort was built; and in the most sheltered part of this little valley was a ruined convent, and a church of a period much anterior, and evidently of Byzantine form. This was the island and monastery of La Chroma, at which Richard Cœur de Lion landed on his return from the Holy Land. It appears that the tempest off Albania must have been most violent, and Richard made a vow to erect a temple to the Virgin in the first place of his landing. Presenting himself to the monks, he declared his design to build a church there, for which he gave, or would

give, 100,000 *nummi argentei*. No sooner did the rector hear of Richard's arrival, then he went with the senate to congratulate him on his escape, and offer him the hospitality of Ragusa, which Richard accepted along with "magnificent spectacles;" but the rector begged him to write to the Pope, to commute the locality of his votive offering from the island to the city of Ragusa itself, the cathedral of which was small and inconvenient; to which Richard consented, on the condition that, every second of February, being the Purification of the Virgin, the superior and monks of the convent of La Chroma would be allowed to celebrate the mysteries of that festival. It appears, however, that in the sixteenth century the Archbishop wished to resist this right, and a hot dispute was the consequence, which led to a research of the archives, and the right of the monks was confirmed by a curious decree of the rector and senate. This privilege they retained till 1667, when the earthquake threw down both the cathedral of Richard and a great part of the convent of La Chroma.

The illustrious author of *Ivanhoe* had perhaps never heard of this island, but it might well have furnished a splendid chapter to this great inventor: a tempest-tost King of England landing from Palestine; the monks giving hospitality to a stranger, to find that their guest is a king, and the taker of Acre; and the senate crossing in all

the pomp of middle-age magnificence to welcome the valiant chevalier and crusading king.

"Do you know," said Don Marco, as we walked amid the sequestered foliage, "that for us Britannia is a poesia; her whole history, down to Victoria, is an epic poem."

"Does not France," said I, "come up to your idea of greatness?"

"No," said he; "the French character is less phlegmatic, and with us more sympathetic than the English; but Italy began our modern civilisation, and England is completing it. France is a country of elegant writers; but for a steady, constant, and enduring succession of illustrious deeds, we must go to Albion."

"Many people on the continent," said I, "maintain that, having arrived at her full growth, she must soon begin to decay."

"*Niente affatto*; not a bit of it," answered the professor; "if she has not extended her branches, she has been growing at the roots; if the conquests of this generation have not been so extensive as former ones, her mercantile navy, the root of all her power, has increased; a nation that perpetually wars with the elements needs never fear the corrosion of a long peace."

Leaving La Chroma, we now rode some miles to the southwards, and, passing a bluff point, a new prospect opened on us; a beach of yellow sand, glistening with white pebbles in the un-



clouded sun, skirted a bay, which formed a graceful semicircle. The precipitous mountains fell away inland, and broken but richly cultivated ground, interspersed with vines, olives, pastures, and occasional oak-trees, intervened between the bluff point we had passed, and the promontory of Epidaurus, some miles ahead. This was the renowned bay of St. Hilary, not less celebrated in the annals of Christianity than the bay of St. George in Syria, where the dragon was killed. Three hundred and sixty-five years after Christ, St. Hilary landed in this bay, and defied and vanquished by miraculous power, according to tradition, a terrible serpent that infested the coast; the serpent being of the family of St. George, that is to say, no other than the Greek mythology, whose death-rattle sounded in the fourth century through all the Roman world. Titus and St. Paul first preached the Gospel in Illyria, St. Hilary followed in their footsteps, and St. Jerome, a native of Dalmatia, completed the work, and speaks with enthusiasm of the reputation for piety which Hilary had left in the whole region; but, in writing the life of his predecessor, he might surely have spared us the miracle of the serpent, and the restraining of the threatening sea during the apostacy of Julian.

In the middle of the bay is the village of St. Hilary (St. Ilarione), with a few boats drawn upon the beach, but without the unpleasant odours, the



ill-dressed children, and the untidy houses of a fishing village ; behind it is the plain of Breno, the agricultural garden of the east of the Adriatic. Ombla is a wild, highland loch, fitter for a country-house than the labours of agriculture ; but here, every nook is fenced and cultivated, so that the traveller might think himself in the environs of an Italian capital. The olive-trees and all the other products shewed at once the traces of that superior culture which makes the berry the largest and fattest of the coast, even surpassing that of the opposite Gallipoli. The aspect of the peasantry fully corresponded with the appearance of nature ; instead of the drunken, patched misery of Dalmatia, the men were all coarsely but tidily and decently dressed. The women, although sunburnt, had clear healthy complexions, that shewed the purity of the air and the results of an orderly material existence. Altogether I was delighted to find, in so distant a part of Europe, a region that in every respect might vie with its centres, with one exception ; the vicinity of the Turks had led the Ragusan republic to the policy of having no roads practicable for artillery.

We had not walked above half an hour along the plain, when I saw approaching a middle-aged man, with broad-brimmed hat, and a collar of white linen turned down over a stock studded with little blue beads, and wearing black knee-breeches and silver buckles in his shoes. This was the clergy-

man of Breno, the friend of Don Marco, who had come to meet us, and conducted us to the parsonage, a neat new house, on a rising ground a quarter of a mile off, embosomed in cypresses. He apologised for the roads as contrasted with the new ones that had lately been made in various parts of Dalmatia, and mentioned an old local proverb, "*Deus fecit Brenam, vias autem ejus diabolus.*"

The parsonage-house was a small new stone building; the folding doors being of iron, studded with bolts, like a prison entrance. Don Marco joked him on his precautions; but the clergyman reminded him that he was the banker of the savings of the parish, and that a few desperadoes might be tempted to rob the whole parish, and cut his own throat; for they were within a few miles of the Turkish frontier. During dinner the conversation fell on the comparative morality of the Ragusan peasant and the Dalmatian, which possessed much interest for me, because the clergy are best acquainted with the condition of the peasantry. Both the Ragusans and the Dalmatians are very poor in money; for a woman of Breno will carry a load of firewood six miles to gain fourpence. The peasant of the environs of Zara, the capital of Dalmatia, will walk the same distance to sell a pair of fowls for a shilling; but instead of taking home the money to his wife, he never leaves the Piazza dell' Erbe until the half of it be squandered in liquor or disorder.

The landed proprietor of Ragusa deals more easily with the peasant than the landlord of Dalmatia. In Breño, the countryman, instead of farming the land, divides the produce with the landlord. When corn-lands are good and productive, the landlord on giving the seed receives the half of the produce. If the peasant furnish the seed, and the land be easily worked, the landlord receives a third; but if the land be poor and inconveniently worked, he receives only a fourth, or perhaps less. In Dalmatia the peasantry are lazy and vindictive, not so in the territory of Ragusa; here every scrap of manure on the roads is carefully picked up, and put round the trunks of the olives. The cultivators are mild and fair spoken; but the proprietor must look very sharply after the division of the spoil, otherwise he will find himself short of his due. The best property is that of olives; and instead of florins, such and such a landlord is said to be worth so many barrels of oil a year. Permanent absenteeism is almost impossible. A proprietor wished to let his lands, and live at Venice, but he could not find a middle-man or farmer of adequate capital and character, willing to give him a certainty, except at a great sacrifice.

I found that tile-draining, subsoil-ploughing, and other processes, were unknown, for the enemy to be combated is the long droughts of summer; the territory of Ragusa suffering, in a minor degree, from the dryness of the neighbouring Dal-

matia. In the middle ages all the sea-ward slope of the Vellebitch was covered with wood, mulberries below, and pines above; which not only retained the soil on the slopes by the reticulation of their roots, but, attracting and retaining the moisture, caused the rains to be more frequent, and the running streams to be more copious even in the heat of summer. But the Turkish war ruined Dalmatia, and the Venetian policy was to keep the people dependent on the Republic for subsistence. Paolo Sarpi, in his report on Dalmatia, in the capacity of Consultatore, shews his narrow bigotry, by openly avowing that this kingdom, with its robust population, must be kept needy in order to remain in subjection; hence the inhuman extirpation of the mulberries, and the prohibition of the silk culture, a most impious interference with the part assigned by Nature to Dalmatia in the territorial division of labour. This was not the fault of Venice alone, but pervaded the colonial policy of all other nations—of Spain and America, as well as of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and from which the history of our own settlements in India and America shews that we were not free.

By a calm pleasant evening we returned to the village of St. Hilary, which we examined more in detail; the habitations are scattered among thick-grown gardens, and mills in motion; a stream dashing over a low precipice, and glistening in the evening sun, loses itself for a short way under

the willows, planes, and poplars, and reappearing, fretted with its combat with the mill-wheel, intersects the yellow beach, and mingles its spent force with the ripple of the bay. Here we embarked for Ragusa Vecchia, at the southern extremity of the bay, where the hills again approach close to the sea. The port is small, and the modern town of Ragusa Vecchia is a mere village, forming a wretched contrast to the magnificence of Epidaurus, which covered the neighbourhood.

The inn was humble, but cleanly; and, after supper, we went to the café, and had some chat with the people there assembled. Every village in Dalmatia has just such a small café. A female stands at a counter, on which are large bottles of brandy and maraschino, and a brass lamp of olive-oil; three or four small black walnut tables have each a tallow candle, at which are seated the principal people of the place playing at cards, and half of them smoking, so that the den is rather obscure. The talk is quite local, such as, "Why does Ali Pasha in Herzegovina impose such illegal duties on goods from Ragusa?" "How is oil selling at Trieste?" "Such and such a one made a bad speculation to Bari, on the Neapolitan coast, with his lugger;" and a great deal about the production of particular fields, and whether they are highly or moderately rated in the Catasto.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The register of the Government, which fixes the value of the fluctuating tithes by an average of years.

Next morning we took a survey of Epidaurus, of which only mounds remain; but wherever the earth is excavated, foundations of houses, fragments of tombs, sections of columns, and mutilated statuary are found. Encheleian Illyria, of which Epidaurus was subsequently the chief city, was the scene of the adventures of Cadmus, after his flight from Thebes; and the city itself, founded by the Greeks, became, in due time, a Roman colony, in which Esculapius was the special object of veneration in the principal temple of the city. To this day, one of the capitals of the colonnade of the palace of the government in Ragusa, represents a scene, in alto relievo, of the god seated, with a species of mitre on his head, and a flowing beard; a book being open on his knee, and instruments of pharmacy and chemistry around him, taken from the ruins of Epidaurus.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Epidaurus was twice sacked by the Avars, in 625 and 639, and at length totally destroyed, 656, by the Croats. The antiquities of this part of Illyria have been fully described by Appenedini in his *Notizie*, Ragusa, 1803.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

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### ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS IN RAGUSA.

THE subject of the antiquities of this part of Illyria is so extensive and interesting, that it deserves either to be treated thoroughly, or let alone ; I therefore look forward with pleasure to a perusal of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Travels in Dalmatia*, having, for my own part, in the middle age and modern relations of this coast, more than enough to occupy my attention. After a cursory survey of the site of Epidaurus, I returned to Ragusa, to make farther inquiry into the adventures of the lion-hearted Richard ; and went first to a local antiquary of my acquaintance.

Passing through the Corso, or main street, I turned off, and began to ascend one of the steep breakneck lanes that lead to the wall on the mountain side of the town, where no carriage can move, and even a loaded mule could with difficulty ascend such an acclivity, and at length got to the Mincietto, a sturdy crenellated tower of the fifteenth century, which overlooks the town. Here was the house of the bibliomaniac, and in a low dark room,

which smelt of mouldy books, in their dingy vellum bindings, were tomes and manuscripts, having reference to Ragusa, thick piled on the shelves all around. Prints of the most celebrated Ragusan authors were hung here and there ; and prominent in the room was the picture of a brig owned by his father during the Ragusan neutrality of the last war, the *Madonna del Rosario*, with the dark blue flag of the Republic, bordered with white, and, in the middle of it, the figure of San Biagio in full canonicals. Our man of books had been Neapolitan vice-consul in Ragusa, in the days of Murat ; but, with the changes of time, became a clerk in the tribunal or court of justice.

“That recalls to me old days,” said he, pointing to the *Madonna del Rosario* ; “when the flag of the Republic of Ragusa, being neutral, was the carrier of the Mediterranean ; every quay covered with merchandise, every house full of gold ; but then subsequently we paid for it with our mishaps and adventures. Coming from Malta to Ragusa, when the French occupied the Republic, I was seized, when off the coast of Albania, and suffered a long imprisonment at Scutari.”

After stating my wants and wishes to the antiquary, he directed me to the neighbouring Franciscan Convent, as his own collection did not go so far back,—one of the monks of which is the greatest bibliophile of Ragusa. The convent is a lofty, simple Gothic edifice, in front of which is a

very large and elegant circular basin of water, with dragons and cornices elaborately carved, after a design by Onofrio Giordiani, of the first half of the fifteenth century, which is the receptacle of the water that principally supplies Ragusa, brought in an aqueduct a distance of no less than nine miles from the vale of Gianchetto. Within the convent was a large quadrangular cloister, with the slender double columns of the style of the Lower Empire, surrounding a garden of myrtle and citron, just as in the Levant. A third style, seen in the interior of the church, was the least attractive of all three, having stucco mouldings of the middle of last century, with their pear-shaped lines of beauty jostling each other to confusion.

Through a wide magnificent gallery I was led to the cell of the padre, where I saw that a convent in Dalmatia is just the reverse of a London house. In our foggy climate even the houses of the rich are mean in exterior, with narrow staircases, where two persons can scarce pass, but comfort reigns in every apartment; here, on the contrary, a good edifice and a superb corridor, and a miserable little cell of bare whitewashed walls. The padre, a fresh, hale old man, past seventy, with a grey head and a ruddy complexion, sat at a small table on a black-leather chair. A crucifix stood in front of him, and old books, coffee apparatus, prints, and thumbed Missals, were all heaped together in the narrowest space.

“Every information I possess,” said Padre Giurich, “is at your service; I remember my Lord Guildford, who came here a great many years ago, he who founded the University of Corfu, and took a great interest in Ragusa. You English are always spreading knowledge and getting information; but we, like a set of fools and traitors, have dispersed our own stores. The Dominicans, filled with avarice and meanness, were the first, when the French came, to sell away their magnificent library. A precious library, containing all that could have interested you in Ragusa; but, *actum est*, it is gone. But there is Cerva at your service,” continued the Padre, pointing to a long range of volumes on a shelf in the cell.

The Franciscan taking me to be a *helluo librorum* like himself, recommended such a course of reading on the middle ages of Ragusa, as would have taken six months at least; but some extracts made for me by Don Marco, before my departure, will be sufficient for my purpose. Philip de Diversis de Quartigianis, writing in 1440, describes the old cathedral, built at the expense of Richard Cœur de Lion, as follows:

“The Cathedral of Ragusa is a temple of hewn stone, of regular architecture, surrounded with a balustrade and columns; easy access to within, and a pleasant walk without. The colonnade is half the height of the church, and has a frieze of animals cut in stone; the roof is of lead; and within

are three aisles, the middle one sustained with thick and lofty columns. The grand altar in the middle has a magnificent canopy, supported by four columns. A curious pulpit, on four pillars, is remarkable for its ingenuity and artifice. The pavement is of variegated marbles, and the walls adorned with representations from the deeds described in the Old and New Testaments. The windows are of coloured glass, nor must we omit to admire the baptismal font."

The subsequent adventures of Richard are comparatively well known. It is positively stated in the chronicles of Zara, that it was at that city that he disembarked, and commenced *in disguise* his journey to Vienna, no doubt through Croatia. He arrived safely at a hostelry in the Erdberg, and on a Sunday morning, giving a piece of gold to the mistress to buy fowls, suspicion was excited, and led to his imprisonment.

The old cathedral of Richard Cœur de Lion was thrown down by the earthquake in 1667; a year after Old St. Paul's of London was burned. The new cathedral was completed by Angelo Bianchi in 1713, the year of the completion of Saint Paul's. The only relic of the old sacristy is the Reliquary, which is truly splendid. Within a high iron gate, in a dark apartment, lighted by day with lamps and candles, is such a quantity of dead men's bones set in gold and jewels, as does not certainly exist in all Europe. A part of a skull, encompassed

with gold filagree-work, is called the head of St. Blasius, and looks more like a goblet of Benvenuto Cellini than the skull of a bishop: it is stated by Cerva to have been brought to Ragusa from Greece in 1026. His arms, the left one brought from Venice in 1346, and the right one given by Tomas Palelogus, despot of the Peloponnesus in 1459, are, along with the relics of convents and churches in Bosnia, and skulls and arms of other saints and heroes, all shining in the most precious middle-age goldsmith-craft. Nor are they few in number, but at least forty or fifty pieces; and I think it probable that some of them must have been of the first centuries of the Christian era, Dalmatia and Illyria having embraced Christianity at so early a period. The curious extracts Gibbon gives about the horror of the later Pagans at the salting and preserving of the heads of the first martyrs, recurred with great force to my memory, as I looked around and saw the *disjecta membra* of mummies glistening by the glare of the lamps, as if they were arms and legs cased in armour of gold enamel. For the historian of subsequent periods, this collection has a moral interest far beyond the art of the goldsmith; for it was after the conversion of Bosnia, Albania, and Herzegovina to Islamism, that Ragusa became the asylum of the Christian element; and the nobility of character and energy they displayed in never delivering up to the vengeance of their more powerful neighbours those princes or



nobles who sought refuge within the precincts of the city, is a subject of honourable pride in the breast of every Ragusan.

In the body of the church the most venerated object is the pelican altar, containing a representation of a pelican feeding her young with her blood, a symbol of the redemption of mankind by the blood of Christ. Pelicans abound in the lower Narenta, and I am writing this present scripture with the large pen of a Narenta pelican.

The Ragusans have throughout with great tenacity adhered to the Church of Rome; and the Synod of Basle, in 1433, in a permission to them to trade freely with infidels and schismatics (Turks and Greeks), passed a brilliant eulogium on their fidelity, for it would appear that their political connexion with the Sultans had previously caused some umbrage. Scarce had the surrounding provinces turned Turk when the Reformation broke out in all its fury in Germany, flourished at Ferrara, and, notwithstanding the silence of the Ragusan writers on the subject, I was assured that in the middle of the sixteenth century a majority of the youth entertained the principles of the Reformation, and the peace of the Republic was seriously menaced. One of the absurd Catholic traditions of the town is, that fifteen young men of the first families having, during the reform struggle, refused to salute the Host in the street, were next day found dead; and to this day, at Stagno, is

shewn a place in which a Protestant was immured alive. He is supposed to have been a Sorgo, for the accounts of the period were carefully suppressed; but I was present at a hot and long dispute that took place on this subject—a representative of the Sorgo family declaring, with inexpressible horror, that the heretic was a Caboga.

Ragusa succeeded to Epidaurus as an Archiepiscopal see, and continued so during all the Republic, always contesting with Spalato the primacy of the Littorale or coast of Illyria; but at present it is simply a Bishopric. The present incumbent, a man of distinguished courtly manners, and clear active intellect, debarred by his profession from meddling directly in civil or political affairs, is working out a laudable political end, by means within his legitimate sphere, and is so judicious a patriot as to deserve some mention of his proceedings.

There is now-a-days no Gondola or Boscovich in this city, but a great readiness and capacity for instruction. The nobility, up to the fall of the Republic, were in easy and opulent circumstances; but after their fleet of three hundred merchantmen was burned or taken, and the Republic merged in the French empire, those who had not landed property, but lived on the profits of shipping (held ostensibly by a Jew broker), or enjoyed lucrative offices, found themselves in a new and painful position. The citizens have the resources of trade,

but the prejudices of the aristocracy against trading openly are too strong to be overcome. The Dalmatian is quite different from the Ragusan; he has a generous heart, but is rude, uncultivated, and spendthrift; and the remedy for this is a more efficient system of public instruction than that which exists.

Each city of Dalmatia has its own sphere of action. Zara, nearest to Austria, is the military capital; Spalato is the seat of the trade of Bosnia; but Ragusa, from its literary tastes, cultivated manners, and the cheapness of living, ought to be the seat of a regular university for the formation of members of the liberal professions, as well as the civilians and clergy, who might in time effect an educational revolution on all the coast, from Istria to Albania,—in short, it is by becoming a university, and a seat of learning, that Ragusa is most likely to prosper. The Bishop has perfectly understood this question. A Dalmatian by birth, he is sensible of the defects of his fellow-countrymen, of their many excellent native qualities which lie dormant or are misdirected, and of the necessity of a more enlightened class of rural clergy, as well as of the advantage of enabling the rising generation of Ragusa to have superior instruction on the spot. He is sensible of the great capacity of this people for intellectual pursuits, and has earnestly applied himself to realise the local funds for this excellent object.

The foundations of the Republic for educational or charitable purposes were opulent; but no sooner did the French invasion spread over the land, than a general scramble took place. The large libraries of the colleges of the Jesuits and Dominicans were sold and dispersed, and the funds of the charitable and educational institutions were appropriated by those who had the care of them. There are, however, fragments of these endowments scattered about. The present Bishop has put an end to the usufruct of these by individuals, and has consolidated them so as to found a Lyceum or Philosophical Institution, which promises well. There are, moreover, about 35,000 scudi belonging to the Ragusans in the Monte di Pietà of Rome, and an active negotiation is now going on with the Pope; and as the people of Ragusa have the most favourable opinion of the justice of the new Pontiff, it is to be hoped that the funds will be speedily realised.

A visit to the embryo Institution was the occupation of an interesting forenoon. Besides the usual class-rooms, with the apparatus of Natural Philosophy, there is a library, which has begun with three thousand volumes of private donations. Here I found, among other works, a Molière in Illyrian, as his plays used to be acted a century and a half ago; and I cannot close this chapter without acknowledging the kind attentions as well as valuable information which I have received on

various subjects, from the Bishop, and from Don Marco Kalugera, who, by his profound and extensive erudition, is the ornament of the Institution.

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## CHAPTER XV.

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### RAGUSAN TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

RAGUSA always maintained a traffic with European Turkey, as much from its geographical position as from the political relations existing with the Porte. The enemy of Venice and the ally of Genoa was protected by the Porte; and it was the privileges of separate jurisdiction and right of worship in the great cities of the region now called European Turkey, that were the types of the present anomalous position of the subjects of foreign powers in the dominions of the Sultan. In Belgrade, Roustchouck, Silistria, Adrianople, and Sofia, were so-called Ragusan colonies, or, in our own commercial language, factories, in which the consul exercised civil and criminal jurisdiction, even before the conquest of Constantinople by Mohammed II.

The Ragusan ambassador at the Porte was therefore an important personage for the Republic; and the last dragoman of the last legation still lives in Ragusa, in the enjoyment of a green old age. He is an enthusiastic oriental scholar, and even carried complaisance so far as to give me a little



dancing-party, in which the waltz, gliding on the marble pavement, reminded me of the Levant. He had been brought up as a *jeune de langues* in the time of the Republic, and last saw Constantinople in 1805 ; but in consequence of the friendly relations that always existed between Ragusa and the Porte, he was a Turcophile of the heartiest sort. He asked me, with the greatest avidity, for information on the new and altered state of the empire ; and seemed particularly pleased when I informed him, that the severe difficulties Turkey had contended with had produced, upon the whole, a favourable effect ;—had braced the latent fibres of coherence, and had roused them out of that torpor, the continuance of which would have involved the unavoidable and irremediable fall of the empire.

Ragusa is still the port of Herzegovina, whence its raw products are exported, and whither its manufactures are imported ; and one day he took me to see the Turkish bazaar outside the town, which is sequestered, for sanatory reasons, off the main southern road, by two stone fences breast high, which permit commerce and conversation without contact ; and the excellent macadamised road to Herzegovina is seen forming a red-brown zigzag line on the face of the hill above. A thick grove of trees planted within the enclosure gives a convenient coolness in the heat of summer ; but in January it was leafless ; and on the other side

of the barrier mules were loading and unloading, while bags of wool and grain were being weighed and delivered. The Moslem merchants and dealers from Herzegovina sat smoking on stone benches within, coolly ordering their servants to bring this bale or that bale, while the Greeks of Ragusa outside were full of agility, and perpetually on the move to turn a penny. The Moslem beyond the barrier, whether he bought or sold, acted the master; the Greek on this side, whether he bought produce of the Moslem, or sold him manufactures, seemed his servant.

“A happy morning, Hadgi,” said our Ragusan orientalist to a well-dressed Herzegovinian, who, to use our own slang, had got a touch of the tar-brush in his face; “here is a friend of mine who has been lately in Egypt;” so we fell a talking, and he told me that his father was from the Soudan (country of the upper Nile), and having come to Bosnia with a pasha, whose name I have forgot, had married a white Bosniac woman, and that he himself was born in Trebigne, and had been four years in Alexandria, in the house of a Bosniac merchant, and was now in trade there. In the midst of our discourse, up came a man, with a bag, to pay the Hadgi money owing him, which was all counted out in ducats and Austrian zwanzigers, which are now the favourite coin of Ragusa; and whilst they were telling the money, Mr. B. informed me that all the accounts of the State of Ragusa were kept

in Turkish piastres up to the French invasion, in 1809.

Without entering further into unimportant details, I will state briefly how Ragusa stands with reference to trade. Ever since the destruction of her mercantile navy, in consequence of the French occupation, Ragusa has ceased to possess any maritime importance in the Adriatic; that is to say, instead of 300 merchant ships of long course, she has now not quite 60. Once exclude a place from trade for a few years, and disperse its capital, and it is very difficult to restore it again; commerce being so curiously capricious, abandoning with great unwillingness unfavourable positions that exist for ages on the momentum of some former impulse, and often unaccountably and pertinaciously refusing to occupy positions that appear favourable. But if an unfavourable position be abandoned, it is very difficult to bring about a reaction.

Undoubtedly the first measure ought to be a total abolition of the Customs duties; for Dalmatia, nowhere very broad, is here a narrow stripe of a very few miles, so as to render smuggling quite easy, and the collection of an adequate revenue impossible; and, at the conclusion of my travels in Dalmatia, I will enter into such details as to justify this proposal, whether considered with reference to the welfare of the people, or the prosperity of the revenue. Another of the partial

ameliorations which suggest themselves, is an alteration in the duties levied by the Vizier of Herzegovina on imports and exports, which are no less than twelve per cent, while Austria has a right to have her trade carried on along the land frontier at a three per cent duty. It may be asked how such a state of affairs can exist in a province adjoining the Austrian states; but the fact is, that in this part of European Turkey the power of the Porte is nominal. Bosnia and Herzegovina, called by Boué the Vendée of Turkey, from the steadiness with which they resist the reform government of the Sultan, have yet to be conquered and reduced to obedience. The Porte has suppressed all the open revolts with the Nizam troops, but has never been able to counteract the passive resistance of the local administrations. The physical force of these provinces has always been subdued in civil war, but the Porte is too happy to humour them when in a state of quiescence; and Austria has now enough on her hands to let this frontier alone. Firman after firman has been sent to Ali Pasha of Herzegovina, at the instance of Austria, which received no attention from him.

Another measure would be satisfactory to the Ragusans. The west coast of the Adriatic is Roman and Neapolitan, the east coast is Austrian; but the Levant steamers from Trieste to Corfu, instead of taking the direct line by Dalmatia, cross over to Ancona, coast along to Brindisi, and cross

over again to Corfu, to the east of the mouth of the Adriatic. The passengers in the steamers frequenting the coast of the Levant may be divided into two classes,—the cabin-passengers, who are, for the most part, persons in easy circumstances visiting the lands of classical antiquity ; then Turks and Greeks, who take a deck-passage, but by their numbers make up for the smallness of their fares. For the first class of persons, nothing could be more attractive than a visit to the noble ruins of the palace of Diocletian at Spalato ; for in no land of classical antiquity are there any monuments of the Roman period so perfectly preserved ; and the Levant line of steamers would gain greatly in attraction by touching at Spalato and Ragusa, as it accomplishes an object congenial to the taste of that class of passengers. Ragusa is, moreover, the point at which Bosniacs going to Constantinople might embark, and thus save the long land journey, and the city would gain by being put in direct communication with the Levant.

One of the drawbacks to the town can scarcely be remedied ; the old port under the walls was sufficiently large for the galleys of the middle ages, but unfit for vessels of long course. After the great earthquake it was proposed to build the new city at Gravosa ; but the circumstance of the solid walls of the old town remaining almost uninjured, determined the re-edification on the old spot. Now that lofty ramparts, in the style of the middle ages,



are of no value, this resolution is regretted; as Gravosa, which could contain all the largest ships of the Adriatic, is a mile off, and this undoubtedly keeps down the value of house-property in the town.

With a university and a more moderate Customs tariff, I think that Ragusa might bloom forth anew, if the inhabitants chose to second these measures by putting forth their own energies. It was by self-reliance that their forefathers laid the foundation of that wealth which is passed away. It is by the same qualities that the Greeks of Herzegovina, now established in Ragusa, have almost a monopoly of the internal trade. And it is by accommodating their position to their means that they have any chance of retrieving their past splendour.<sup>1</sup> Let them remember (I say it in the most friendly spirit, and in gratitude for the reception they gave me), that the aristocracy of England, the most flourishing in the world, has not only enriched and ennobled itself by alliance with families of wealthy citizens, but does not consider itself degraded by activity in every department of trade and manufactures.

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<sup>1</sup> The population of Ragusa at the time of the earthquake was 30,000, now 6000.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DELTA OF THE NARENTA.

THE fortnightly steamers from Trieste have been a great advantage for Dalmatia; but in reality they have produced a very slight addition to the knowledge of the interior. Few travellers can resist preferring the towns visited on the coast, with the conveniences of a well-furnished cabin, books, society, and a good table, to the fatigues of a journey on the Turkish borders, where roads and inns are scarce and bad. It is for this reason that the coast of Dalmatia from Ragusa to Spalato is almost entirely unknown to modern tourists, although the Delta of the Narenta is, without exception, that part of the coast in which Nature has poured out her territorial wealth with a liberality which equals, if it does not surpass, that of the plains on the opposite coast of Apulia; but it is, at the same time, the most uncultivated and the most unhealthy spot in Dalmatia.

The Ragusans speak of the Delta of the Narenta just as the Romans spoke of the Pontine marshes before they were drained. When I talked

of going there, they shook their heads, and shrugged their shoulders, as if I were going into a plague-hospital ; and one said, that if I caught the fever, I might never have the pleasure of smelling a London fog again. But the words of an English bookseller recurred to my mind : “ A traveller and a writer of travels differ ; the former loses his way if he go out of the beaten track, the latter loses his time if he remain in it, and can never go astray when he has turned his back on the high road.” I therefore resolved to see the Narenta ; and meeting at the house of a friend the principal merchant and agriculturist of the Delta, he declared that the climate was better than that of Ragusa, and that he was always ill in the city, and never well again until he got back to the Narenta. I then recounted this anecdote in glee to the Ragusans, who answered, that if a frog were taken out of a marsh, he was unwell until thrown in the water again ; but the Narentan concluded, that England, being a country of perpetual fog, must be all marsh, and decided that I ought to go with him just to revive me with something akin to my native air. The Ragusans having asked him whether the fogs of the Narenta had ever produced a Gondola, or a Marino Ghetaldi, he felt himself put on his mettle for a genius that might do honour to his birth-place ; but he could only recollect a brave admiral of their galleys, and as he was defeated by the Venetians, and hanged for piracy, the debaters

felt indisposed to allow the claims of his beloved Narenta.

It was just as the drum was beating the retreat at seven o'clock that I started from Ragusa. For the last time I traversed the High Street of this friendly town, with its dim lamps and scanty thoroughfare, and ascending to the house of the kind-hearted R., where the Narentan was awaiting me, I took farewell of the family, and went out at the gate of the Pille. Count Giorgi, Don Marco, and some other friends, accompanied me a short way, and it was with the most pleasing recollections of agreeable studies, and the greatest personal attentions, that I took leave of those kind-hearted people. Arrived at Gravosa, we got into a small boat, and were rowed out to a coaster lying at anchor in the middle of the harbour, which had conveyed to Ragusa a quantity of raw produce from the Narenta, *via* the Isthmus, and was now returning with town conveniences to that quarter. It was pitch dark, therefore the best thing I could do was, to go down to the cabin; where, making up my mattress and pillow, and putting on a fez, and covering myself with my cloak, I was soon fast asleep; but awoke again in the night with unpleasant sensations, not so much from the motion,—for our course was shut in from the open Adriatic by the Archipelago,—as by the odour of bilge-water. Going upon deck, I attempted to make out her position, and saw the islands of Mezzo and Giu-

pana on our left ; but disliking the dark air, turned-in again.

Next morning, the light penetrating through the interstices of the hatches, called me on deck, and I found that we were in the Gulf of Stagno, smooth as a pond, the sunshine clear and bright, and the hills on each side rising rapidly from the water's edge. Every where, as at Curzola, the most beautiful flowering shrubs, that seemed to take no note of either February or July, covered all the slopes, leaving an almost imperceptible rim of red gravel next the water. The boat moved slowly, and perceiving a road cut on my right parallel to the Gulf, I landed, and seemed to take a delicious morning walk in the park of a millionaire, whose mania was the collection of the choicest evergreen shrubbery. Even the larger trees were pines and olives, which remind one of statesmen out of place, who feel the winter of discontent, but take care never to shew it.

But the view fell off as we came to Stagno, a walled town at the head of the Gulf, hemmed in by mountains, so as to prevent the circulation of the air. The stagnant salt water has a dead look of coarse clouded green glass, and a broad belt of mud and marsh intervening between this water and the massive walls of the town created in me an antipathy to the place ; but a jetty comes out into deep water, and here we landed ; and my companion, a plain, blunt, honest man, with a good

practical knowledge of the country,—a much better quality than historical erudition for a rough expedition like this,—so managed, that, before half an hour had elapsed, bag and baggage were all packed on mules and sent off to the other side of the isthmus that separates Sabioncello from the main land of Dalmatia.

Stagno, during the Servian empire a fief of the house of Branivoj, was conquered by the Ragusans in 1333; and the present walls, as an inscription states, were built in 1505. The interior of the town presents no object of interest; the walls, gates, and houses are of solid masonry, and the inhabitants of a most sickly appearance. Entering the café to get some breakfast, while the Narentan went about his business, in came a man, who went up to the bar, and drank off a large glass of brandy without winking his eyes: whereon I began to ask him some questions about the place, and he abused the fever, for its egotism.

“This is a terrible place, sir,” said he; “we have no fresh air in summer; and the fever is so selfish as not only to be an enemy to health, but will allow no other disease to exist in the place but itself.” Having seen me on the jetty with the Narentan, he then said, “I suppose, as you are an Englishman, you are in search of raw materials.” I confessed that I was, and he asked me where I sold them. I answered, in Paternoster Row, and other places; but he answered, that he had never

heard of that port. He then asked me if business was good ; and I complained there was too much competition to allow high profits. “ Ah, I understand,” said he, “ no doubt a *porto Franco* ; the great men carry all before them, and a man who does business on a small scale cannot exist at all.”

The Narentan now entered the café, and we soon started on foot to follow the baggage across the isthmus ; the ground rising gently to a ridge, from which we looked down on a gulf, or angle of sea formed by the peninsula of Sabioncello on the west, and on the east by the mainland. It is this nook which supplies Ragusa with its famous oysters ; and it is supposed that the vicinity of the Narenta is the cause of their fatness and flavour.

We now embarked in a boat, and made for the Delta : the peninsula on our left covered with woods and villages perched high in the mountains, surrounded with patches of cultivated land ; the main land on our right utterly bare, barren, and rocky. About eight miles on we came to the Bay of Klek, where the territory of the ex-Republic of Ragusa ended, and where a morsel of Turkish land comes down to the bay,—a monument of Ragusan hatred,—having been ceded to the Porte for the purpose of preventing Venice from being the limitrophe of her little neighbour ; but the Turks by treaty cannot import, or export, or carry on communication with the sea, and an Austrian



brig lay at anchor to check any smuggling or contravention of the stipulations.

As we advanced down the Gulf, it widened to a considerable breadth,—Sabioncello, still high, and draped in forest, but a bluff point, and a rocky island, marked the termination of the hill ridge of the main land. A great break was visible, and the low reed-covered coast of the Delta was seen a-head to our right. At length, within an hour of sunset, we found ourselves at the mouth of the left branch of the Narenta, with the landscape just like that of the Po below Ferrara; and leaving the sea-green water of the Gulf, we now steered right up into the river, which was red, turbid, and charged with soil, and we found ourselves between low flat banks overgrown with reeds, over the tops of which we saw a wide amphitheatre of grey distant rocks. An entire willow, root and branch, undersapped, and fallen from some bank, floated past us; gun-shots were heard, some faint and distant, others from the immediate neighbourhood, and the quantity of game was truly prodigious; more particularly coveys of wild ducks, pattering, clattering, and scattering the water in their course across the river.

The water here is six months mixed, and six months fresh. In winter and spring, when the Bora blows, and the rain falls, or the snow melts, the impetuosity of the full volume of water from above keeps it fresh; but in summer, while the

river is low, and the north-west wind accumulates the waste water in the Gulf, the water is very salt.

After an hour's rowing, the reeds ceased, the ground became more solid, and an artificial bank on our left not only restrained the river, but formed a road; so we all disembarked, and getting up on it, I saw Fort Opus, the chief place of the district, about three or four miles off, and some of the land of the Delta laid out in vines and meadows, but, like the Dutch Polders, much under water. Fort Opus is at the apex of the Delta, or just where the waters separate; but the left branch, which we ascended, has much less water than the right branch, which is navigable for vessels of several hundred tons, and was ascended in a steamer by the King of Saxony on his visit to Dalmatia.

It was black night before we arrived at Fort Opus, having got into the boat again for fear we should, in the dark, fall into a quagmire. The gun-shots had entirely ceased, but such a chorus of frogs resounded through the air as I never heard before. At length we landed, and our Narentan led the way through a short street to his own house, which had solid foundations, and uninhabited lower rooms, as the whole town is from time to time under water, with boats sailing through the streets, or lying under the first-floor windows. Having shewn me to my bedroom, we then adjourned to his parlour, a long room with stencilled or papered

walls, a new chest of drawers covered with gilt coffee-cups, and rush-bottomed sofas; here his family was brought in,—his wife, his brother and brother's wife, and the aged grandmother, all full of curiosity and kindness, for Fort Opus is not much troubled with strangers. His brother kept a universal store, supplying the whole country, and spoke Italian, but the females of the establishment knew only Illyrian. Feeling rather damp and chilly in their fine lugubrious room, I asked where was their usual place of sitting, and they confessed that it was by the kitchen hearth; so I immediately proposed adjourning there, but instead of going down stairs, we all followed up to the garret with black smoked rafters. A large stone hearth jutted out into the middle of the floor; old benches were placed on each side for the farm overseers and upper servants, and in the front was a bench of a better sort for the family. Large fagots blazed away on the hearth, a large turkey turned on the spit for supper, and, at the farther end of the hearth, two cats and two pointers shewed themselves sensible of the comfort of the ingleside. The men rose with the gaping jaws of wonder as I entered, not understanding how I could leave the room they considered so fine for a smoky kitchen; but I made them sit down again, and as I asked one by one his name, the daily employment of each formed the amusement of the evening. I found that the severe distress and hunger of the

other districts of Dalmatia were here unknown; they did not depend upon the potatoe crops; and if a man has only cash enough for a single musket-charge, he has only to shoot a duck or a pair of francalins and he fares sumptuously. How different is the world of yesterday from the world of to-day. In Ragusa, elegant town-life; here, roughing it in the country; yonder, polished poverty; here, patriarchal plenty. On retiring to rest I found my bed to be a broad one of carved walnut-wood; and the mosquito curtains shewed that these insects must be rather troublesome in summer.

Next morning I went out with the Narentan to take a view of the place; which proved to be a straggling village of 800 inhabitants, its position at the diffluence of the Narenta corresponding in its own petty way with the Batan el Bükür, or cow's chest, at the apex of the Delta of the Nile; a circumstance which recommended it to the Venetians, as it is thus accessible from the sea, and separated from the rest of the land by the two arms of the Narenta. The fortifications no longer exist; and a row of enormous mulberries, some with trunks fifteen feet in circumference, shew the great depth and excellence of the soil. We then went and paid a visit to the Prætor of the district, an active and energetic man, who has been of great service to the people. The water used to be very bad, but he has constructed a curious cistern; it

spreads out on the top, so as to catch the rain-water, and has Roman statues and funereal monuments inserted in the walls. With the filters of Egypt nothing could be better than the water of the Narenta; but as it passes through Mostar, a filthy Turkish town, the capital of Herzegovina, eight hours higher, they have an antipathy to it. There were no mills in the Narenta before his arrival, and, strange to say, the inhabitants got their corn-ground within the Turkish frontier until he erected mills. In the immediate environs of the town was a large mulberry-nursery which he had planted, and in which the prisoners of the prætorship were working; the principal purchaser of these mulberry-shoots being the Pasha of Herzegovina, who has planted many thousands on his lands. He is, from his great wealth, almost the only Pasha in the Ottoman empire who retains his official rank along with hereditary local wealth and influence; the invariable policy of the Porte ever since 1820 having sought to disconnect political power from hereditary local influences.

We crossed in a boat to the left bank of the river, where a hill projected, crowned by a round fort, whither we ascended, and took a general view of the valley. The distant hills to the north-eastward that separated Bosnia from Herzegovina were white with snow. Nearer me, just where the river issued from Herzegovina, and meanders through the plain, was the village of



Metcovich, with a bazaar of exchange with the Turks. The hills that enclose the valley were perfectly barren, there being no medium between the rich and neglected soil of the plain and the sterility of the hills around. Looking down towards the gulf, the delta, enclosed by the two branches of the river, was spread out as on a map; Fort Opus, with its gardens, vineyards, and mulberry-nurseries, looked like a civilised spot; nearer the sea, sheets of water were mingled with patches of cultivated land, but lower down all was abandoned to wild fowl; beyond this, a narrow stripe of sea was visible, and the bold range of the Sabioncello limited the prospect to the west.

The Narenta was, in the time of the Lower Empire, a nest of pirates, who infested the Adriatic, and were extirpated by the Doge Orseolo, and a large Venetian force, in 991; for such was their power, that not only Venice, but many of the small states of the Adriatic, paid them tribute. From this time, up to the twelfth century, when the district became a part of the kingdom of Hungary, they governed themselves by a species of oligarchical constitution, the leading family being that of the Vladimirs or Vladimirovich, one branch of whom was for several generations on the throne of Bulgaria; subsequently Christopher, king of Bosnia, was also of this race, and, except the Nemanjc, it would be difficult to name one more illustrious between the Adriatic and the Black Sea. The



Turkish invasion was a great blow to them ; but, in 1646, John Vladimirovich drove them out, and handed over the territory to the Venetian Republic, which founded the mud-walled Fort Opus in 1685, just after the eventful siege of Vienna, and the expulsion of the Turks from Hungary.

The renowned race of Vladimirovich still lingers in the place : and though in poverty, and fallen to the condition of peasants, they still carefully preserve the title-deeds of their lands in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and other documents authenticating their lineage. Musing on the past splendour of this race, I asked the Narentan to get me a sight of one of its scions, and the head of the family was at once sent for. I sat by the fire as he entered, and found him to be about forty-five years of age, of middle stature, with a greasy red cap on his head, and rude sandals on his feet. A row of pins and darning-needles stuck in a blue jacket, like that of a sailor, at first disposed me to smile ; but as he timidly kissed my hand, my mind turned to the hue of compassion, and the words of Gondola crossed my recollection : “ His kingdom is the narrow meadow, and his lieges are the bleating sheep.”

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## CHAPTER XVII.

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### THE FRONTIER OF HERZEGOVINA.

NEXT day, the Prætor and the Narentan going on business to Metcovich, the bazaar on the Turkish frontier, I accompanied them thither. Crossing the river, we found saddled horses, and mounting them, proceeded along the bank above the diffluence, the rich undrained land stretching away to our right and left. Half an hour up is a strong tower or keep, called the “Torre di Norin,” or tower of Naron, often alternately taken by Turks and Venetians, and, on the evacuation of Dalmatia by the French, the last place to surrender. The commandant having at length expended his ammunition, went off in the night into Turkey to avoid becoming a prisoner. Farther up, on the left, was Vido, the Naron of the Romans, but now a heap of mounds and ruins; the statues and domestic utensils frequently found there, however, shew, by their elegance and excellence, that the population, cultivation, and civilisation, must have equalled

that of the best towns in Italy itself. What the substratum of the population of Illyria really was, no one seems able to say with certainty, as the long list of classical names, recognised to be essentially Slaavic, seems to justify a theory of the Illyrians being Thracian. Gaj, and many other most erudite Slaavists, maintain that the irruptions of the Croats from the Carpathians in the fifth and seventh centuries, were later invasions of a Romanised but aboriginal Slaavic country.

Metcovich, the last place on the frontier, is situated on a steep hill, stretching out into the plain, and is very badly built, the houses being roofed with unhewn flagstones, placed on each other like slates; while the streets connecting the different parts of the village are cut into staircases, in consequence of the steepness of the hill: but, from its position, it is healthier than Fort Opus, and a small part of the plain being drained and planted, shews what a magnificent region this might be, if it were all systematically rendered fit for cultivation. The best house of the place was that of the Syndic, who had married the sister of my host of Fort Opus about a month before; and the furniture and dinner-service was fresh, new, and homely, such as one might expect of a honeymoon household on the Narenta.

We now embarked in a boat, and rowed up the river to the bazaar. A ditch of about ten feet

wide, crossing the valley from hill to hill, formed the boundary between the two empires that for so many years had battled every inch of ground from the Julian Alps to the plains of Wallachia. On the Austrian side of the boundary were the offices, and on the Turkish a wall, with slides like coffins for the exchange of commodities. The Sirdar, a tall, wiry old soldier, now marshalled up the frontier-guard in a row, while the Prætor inspected them ; and they looked just like Turkish irregulars, all wearing frieze robes, with the fez, and a belt of pistols and dirks.

The Sirdar made a long speech to the Prætor, requesting a new roof to the guard-house, but he decided that the old one should be repaired. We then had some talk about the place, and were informed that this part of the valley is occasionally infested with wolves, who come down from the upper country ; but the animals understand the business of defensive war in their own way just as well as the Sirdar and his pandours : the oxen form a circle, with the calves within, and gore outwards ; while the horses join their heads inwards, and kick outwards in a ring.

Metcovich is seven hours distant from Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, the principal item of sale to the Turks being salt ; but it is evident that if the climate were better, it is well situated for trade, having easy access to the sea, and a valley road to Mostar, instead of one up hill and down

dale, as from Ragusa. Dalmatia being a narrow stripe of land intervening between Turkey and the Adriatic, cannot do without the trade of the interior, and the Bosniacs, unable to communicate conveniently with the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, or the Adriatic, are compelled to resort to Dalmatia; and all along the frontier, at every twenty or thirty miles, there is a bazaar and quarantine establishment, as here. Previous to 1814, the caravans travelled freely down to any of the ports on the coast; but a terrible plague having in that year desolated Macarsca and other places, the trade became confined to the bazaars on the frontier, to the great loss, damage, and decadence of all the small towns on the coast, which ceased to enjoy the privilege of a caravan guarded by health officers; but Spalato and Ragusa have in latter years had a restoration of this privilege. Thus, however much Christian Dalmatia and Moslem Bosnia may hate each other, they cannot do without each other. Cool mountainous Bosnia needs the oil of hot Dalmatia, and dry Dalmatia needs in her turn the cattle of the verdant Bosniac pastures. Inland Bosnia needs the colonials and manufactures of maritime Dalmatia, and poor Dalmatia needs the corn of the rich alluvial valleys of Bosnia. But one has only to look at this valley of the Narenta, and see that Dalmatia is infinitely more dependent on Bosnia than she ought to be. The snipe, the pelican, and the wild duck, occupy



territories which, with a moderate expenditure of capital, might be of immense benefit to the kingdom; and although Dalmatia produces corn for only three months' consumption, this very territory, which ought to be the first cultivated, remains the last.

The Narenta is the most considerable of all the rivers that flow into the east of the Adriatic, from Friuli to Greece; its course is not extended in comparison with that of other rivers, but it collects all the waters of Herzegovina, and in the rainy season deposits the rich humus in these fertile plains. The attention of the Government seems at length to have been drawn to the advantages likely to be derived from the drainage and cultivation of this district, for which two methods present themselves. The first is the so-called *bonificazione per sedimento*, which arbitrarily regulates the direction of the river during the rains, when the water is full of alluvial matter, and then spreads them over the marshy land, and, restraining the sediment within fixed bounds, produces a slow spontaneous rise of the soil; the other method is the usual drainage by ditches and canals. The first of these methods is certainly the most complete, but as it could scarcely be effected under an expense of a million and a half of florins, the other plan seems the more feasible; for although by canalisation a considerable amount of surface would be lost for cultivation, yet a commencement can be made with



a few thousand florins, and the accumulating revenues of the first years would gradually furnish the funds to complete the whole. There is another circumstance worthy of notice that recommends the latter plan; it is the silk culture that must form the future mine of wealth of the Narenta, and the mulberry not only produces a large quantity of leaves when planted on the ridge edging a river or canal, but their roots, interlacing themselves in the embankment, are the best preservatives of the labours of drainage.

What, then, is the best official machinery for effecting this object, civil or military? I confess that I lean to the latter, under the actual circumstances of the Austrian empire. As a general rule, it is better for parties having a personal interest in such undertakings to accomplish them, than a bureaucratic Government. I am willing to admit that what I have seen of the Prætor of Fort Opus (if he had funds) is against my own theory; but in the simplicity and directness of a military administration, the activity of the individuals in the subordinate details could be more easily harmonised with a comprehensive general plan. What is to prevent the Government from getting a body of prisoners to commence immediately digging a few canals, and making the beginning, and then settling a military colony? On the Save and the Danube, where the soil is rich, the military colonists are well off; but in the Banal

regiments, which constitute the Switzerland of Croatia, this romantic region (which we will visit with the reader before we are done), although worthy of the pencil of a Salvata Rosa, can barely feed the population, and the officer is often compelled to order a man to his turn of duty, when he knows that he cannot be well spared from the laborious cultivation of an ungrateful soil. The wide Atlantic separates the Highlands of Scotland from the rich alluvia of Upper Canada; but here is a robust mountain population scraping the scanty soil in the wild woods, rocks, and mountains of Croatia, while, within a few days' march of them, the rich alluvial deposits of the Narenta accumulate with the useless rapidity of a miser's hoard.

The climate at present is so bad that it deserves notice. Along with the heat of summer, and the humidity of winter, the mephitic vapours arising from the large earth-enriching deposits of putrefied animal and vegetable matter are most injurious to human life; the most healthy suffer from sluggish digestion, and obstinate liver complaints arise from the imperfect oxygenisation of the air; so that last year, in Fort Opus, in a population of 680 souls, the deaths were 58, and the births 30, while the average deaths in the corresponding latitudes of southern Europe are 35 per thousand. The deadly fevers commence in August, and the deaths usually take place in

November and December; before, therefore, a colony be settled, a few preliminary canals ought to be cut by the convicts of the military frontier, to avert the evil effects of the insalubrity of the climate.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### MACARSCA.

AFTER another trip through the polders and marshes, which added nothing to my previous stock of knowledge, I embarked in a large stout boat for Macarsca, a town on the mainland, midway between the Narenta and Spalato, in company with an eel speculator returning to Sebenico ; and, on a fine sunshiny morning we pushed off, and descended the right bank of the river, which is much wider than the other, the delta being now on our left hand. I observed a great many vineyards on this branch considerably elevated ; for, during the inundation, the vine-branches and roots form a sort of net which intercepts the alluvial deposits, and the soil thus annually rises a trifle. The oars and the current combined soon carried us down to the mouth of the river, the brown muddy waters eddying among low sedgy islands, which were gradually acquiring cohesion, from the soil which the sea repelled and settled. Beyond the mouth of the river, a rocky point of the mainland jutting out into the sea protected an anchorage from the

north-west wind, and this entrance goes by the name of Porto Tolloero.

Rounding the point, the delta was gradually excluded from view, and I found myself in the wide open gulf, between the peninsula of Sabioncello and the mountain range on the coast of the mainland, which was from its boldness visible forty miles at least. The wind was easterly; and the oars being laid aside, the sails were set, but instead of cutting off the bays, and steering right across to our destination, they kept close in shore, and seemed terrified lest they should ever be fifty yards from the land. I remonstrated with them, and asked why they did not run down the gulf with so good a wind; for my patience was out, in spite of an amusing French novel which I read to kill time. But they urged the danger of Bora; and after a sharp altercation the steersman said, "We don't pretend to know your business, how can you know ours? When you get to Macarsca you may risk your life as you choose, but you cannot make us risk ours. If no Bora came, we might be at Macarsca in five hours with the wind; but if it should come, we might be blown Heaven knows where." Tedious as this sort of navigation was, I afterwards found that the man was right, that no craft can withstand the vehemence of a Bora in February and March, and the only chance is to keep within a few yards of the shore; but how wearily did I sit! skirting the bays, and tantalised

by the headlands, to which a slight touch of the helm could have carried us with rapidity. The coast was generally rocky and cavernous, and each bold cape shone sunnily ahead, like the objects in the voyage of life, so ardently wished, so painfully approached, and so barren on attainment.

My companion had not much conversation, and answered every word with "*per servirla*" (at your service). "The wind has slackened," said I. "Per servirla," said he. "It threatens to rain," said I. "At your service," quoth he. As night came on, rain, indeed, soon began to fall, and scirocco; and, as reading was now out of the question, my patience was well worn out, when, doubling the last point, I saw the lights of Macarsca gleaming through the windows, and soon landed on the beach. My friends knowing that there was no proper inn at the place, I had a letter to Signor I., a Dalmatian man of letters, and I entered his house by a large outside stair, facing the sea; but he not being at home, a message was sent to him at the Casino, informing him of the arrival of a stranger, and back came another message about dried eels and commercial transactions in Illyrian, which I could not understand. In the midst of the imbroglio, however, in came the master of the house, to whom I presented my letter; which having read, he indulged in a roar of laughter, and gave me a hearty shake of the hand and a welcome to Macarsca. The riddle was soon solved. My



cap had been blown into the sea by the scirocco, and my fellow-passenger having lent me his jacket with a hood until I could get at my hat-box, his household, seeing me appear in this strange figure, had stated me to be a Greek from the Narenta.

My host was a man of herculean thews and sinews, and a countenance expressive of great good nature, while his conversation was very interesting. He had a large library for a private individual in a place like this,—not a few cases and shelves, but a large room full of books. He had never written any great work, but many curious articles in journals, on Dalmatia. He had a small landed property in the neighbourhood; and his brother being the principal merchant of the place, he had an interest in the business, enough to keep him from being a mere literary idler. The most interesting person of his household was a bedridden female servant, one hundred and two years of age, who had been in his family since 1775. He took me up to her room to see her, and there lay the helpless relict of humanity free from pain,—her shrivelled mummy head shaking from side to side on the pillow with paralysis. Every word she preceded with “Fala Bogo, if it be the will of God.” She said she awaited death without impatience, for she knew it was coming quickly; and expressed her sentiments of gratitude to her kind protector, who had cherished her in this helpless state for so many years, as if she had been his great-grandmother.

A scene in a pantomime, all of a sudden changing from stormy darkness and midnight piracy to a sunrise on the Sicilian coast, bears some resemblance to the aspect under which I had entered the harbour yesternight and the scene of next morning when I looked out of my windows. Who ever heard of Macarsca? I confess I never did before coming to Dalmatia, and a prettier situation can scarce be imagined. The town lies in the fashion of a crescent facing the sea. A marine parade, having the regularity of an English sea-bathing place, but without the monotony of one house resembling another, like Birmingham buttons out of the same mould. All the houses are of cream-coloured freestone, many of them polished smooth, and several with elaborately cut balconies, having quite a town air. Macarsca had been up to 1814 a place of considerable wealth and trade, in consequence of the caravans that came down from Turkey; but the great plague of that year, and the subsequent interruption of the caravans, had caused the place to return to a mere agricultural and fishing subsistence. Behind the town are pretty enclosed gardens, sloping gently upwards, with here and there a plot of grass, on which may be seen a white goat with tinkling bells sporting with the children of the house, or cropping what vegetation he can fall in with from the winter herbs. Behind the gardens is an extensive wood of olives, as thick as such a wood can

grow in the steep concave slopes of the basin that half encircles the bay, beyond which the rocks rise up quite perpendicularly, until the brow of their crests shews a pure white mass of thick snow : but Macarsca pays for its picturesque position in summer, by the intensest heat on the coast.

Two objects, conveying the most opposite sensations, terminate the crescent-shaped town. At the tip of the north-western horn is the plague cemetery, an enclosure close to the sandy beach, where every family in the town mourns a parent or kinsman, which the urchins to this day shun in their gambols, and in which the departed prosperity of the town seems to slumber with the dead. At the south-eastern horn is a venerable group of trees, through which rushes a copious stream from the mountain above, and beyond which, a few yards off, are the shells and pebbles of the beach ; and had the ruins of an altar caught my eye, I might have asked myself if the sylvan mysteries of the Druids had their origin in the rites of Phœnicians or Pelasgi.

“ This was our parliament,” said my host, as we stood under a thick tree, and looked up the stream winding through the grove from its unseen source ; “ other cities of Dalmatia had their Loggia, but this grove was the Senate of Macarsca, where council was held in the open air.”

The Turkish war of the sixteenth century reduced the town of Macarsca, like many others, to

a few mere huts, the real habitations of the people being caves in the mountain, with an artificial wall in the front, so that they could be attacked only on one side. When at length, in 1645, the country side rose and drove the Turks away, they sought Venetian protection through the Bishop, assisted by seven gentlemen, who met under the thickest shade of the grove ; and when words ran high, the Prelate, Carlo Pietro, interposed to moderate the rage of faction. “ Let your valour in fight,” said he, “ be like the rushing brook, swollen with the thunder cloud, but let the warbling of the birds in these green branches commend harmony to our councils.”

They formed a Patriarchal Republic under Venetian protection, with a primitive constitution of their own, for they received no garrison from Venice, but only military stores, and governed themselves by a Council of Nobles, and a democratic assembly called the Community ; subsequently they procured a noble Venetian as President, but elected his Chancellor or Secretary, and the Republic was too happy to have such energetic auxiliaries. By the compact she could not even create nobles in Macarsca, but all must be elected by three-fourths of the Council. The Venetian President administered justice, both civil and criminal, under the surveillance of three assessors named by the Council of the Nobles, who could deliberate but not vote, and were called the Eye

of the People. The Venetian, therefore, unless he were a man of great nerve, seldom dared to stand alone in his decisions. Their financial affairs were managed by an elective Camerlengo ; the revenue was derived from taxes on wine, flesh, and fish ; and in conclusion, all the laws passed in the Council on any subject were, by the organic statute, valid for twenty years only, and if not renewed, lapsed into desuetude ; thus recognising the vanity of human pretence to infallible wisdom or foresight.

Next morning, at daybreak, I embarked for Spalato in a large trabacolo, or lugger ; a stiff southerly breeze filling the large latine mainsail, and impelling us forward at a rapid rate, so that the neat little town of Macarsca was soon lost behind a rocky point. A moderate sea was running, isolated clouds chequered the heavens, and the coast on our right rose from the water's edge, with the dark green of the olive-plantations next the water, the red and brown of the rocks above, and, superior to all, the crests of the mountain-chain still draped in snowy white. The voyage from the Narenta had disgusted me ; but here, as I sat in the hatchway, and the boat scudded along, with the eddies of foam boiling astern, I felt all the exhilaration which the rapid motion, the changeful scene, and the unconscious passage of headland after headland, could scarce fail to produce. Forty or fifty miles of the coast were distinctly visible ;



an Alpine wall overlooking the green sea, its gloomy shades broken with brilliant patches of sunshine, revealing mountain and flood, terraced vine, and eyrie village, in that agitated mood of nature which vacillates between smiling calm and frowning storm. As we advance, the scenery changes in character; the chain sinks into moderate ridges, in their intervals affording glimpses of fertile and verdant plains, in which the spires of village churches mingle with lofty trees, and the snow-peaks, though still visible, are some miles inland.

A white tower, like an obelisk, seen against a grey cloud, well up the coast, was pointed out to me by the brown finger of the helmsman, with the single word, "Spalato." This was the tall campanile of the temple-cathedral; and though the mast nodded, and the canvass strained with the breeze, impatience possessed me, until, rounding the point of the mole, one of those grand harbour prospects spread out before me which peculiarly exercised the pencil of Claude. The palace of Diocletian, with a long and imposing array of pillars and arches, rose from the water, mingled with the swelling sails of vessels arriving and departing; the gardens and villas of the environs curved round in a bay; while the empurpled isles of the Archipelago, some miles distant, lay like blocks of porphyry on the horizon, and completed the panorama.



As we arrived between one and two o'clock, which is the dinner-hour of the Customs officers, I sat on the deck of the trabacolo in a state of great impatience: the harbour was full of these vessels, too large to be called boats, and too small to be called ships. One large one next us had several Turks on board, with blue-checked turbans and scarlet robes, who proved to be Bosniacs. They had brought manufactured goods from Trieste, which they were taking home with them. A new stone quay, about forty yards broad, intervenes between the water and the palace of Diocletian; and it is only by looking closely that you can perceive it to be one uniform edifice, and not a row of houses fronting the quay. It is an inhabited ruin; the grand gallery, or crypto-porticus, has all its interstices built up, with here a green Venetian blind, there a pole on which clothes are drying; here you discover the archivolts and columns, there they are obliterated by middle-age battlements, or modern house-building. The original stages are not adhered to: it was two lofty floors, now you see three and four floors, with the modern windows within the old shell; the basement of the front is obscured with shops, but here and there an open space shews the grand massive old Roman masonry, the joinings as clear, and the parallelograms as perfect, as in the last years of the third century.

A boat, very little larger than a coffin, took me

from the trabacolo to the quay ; and my baggage being passed, I got into lodgings which a friend had engaged for me, as I designed Spalato to be my head-quarters in Dalmatia. My rooms were situated in the centre of the palace, for one-third of the population of Spalato lives within the walls of this grand edifice.

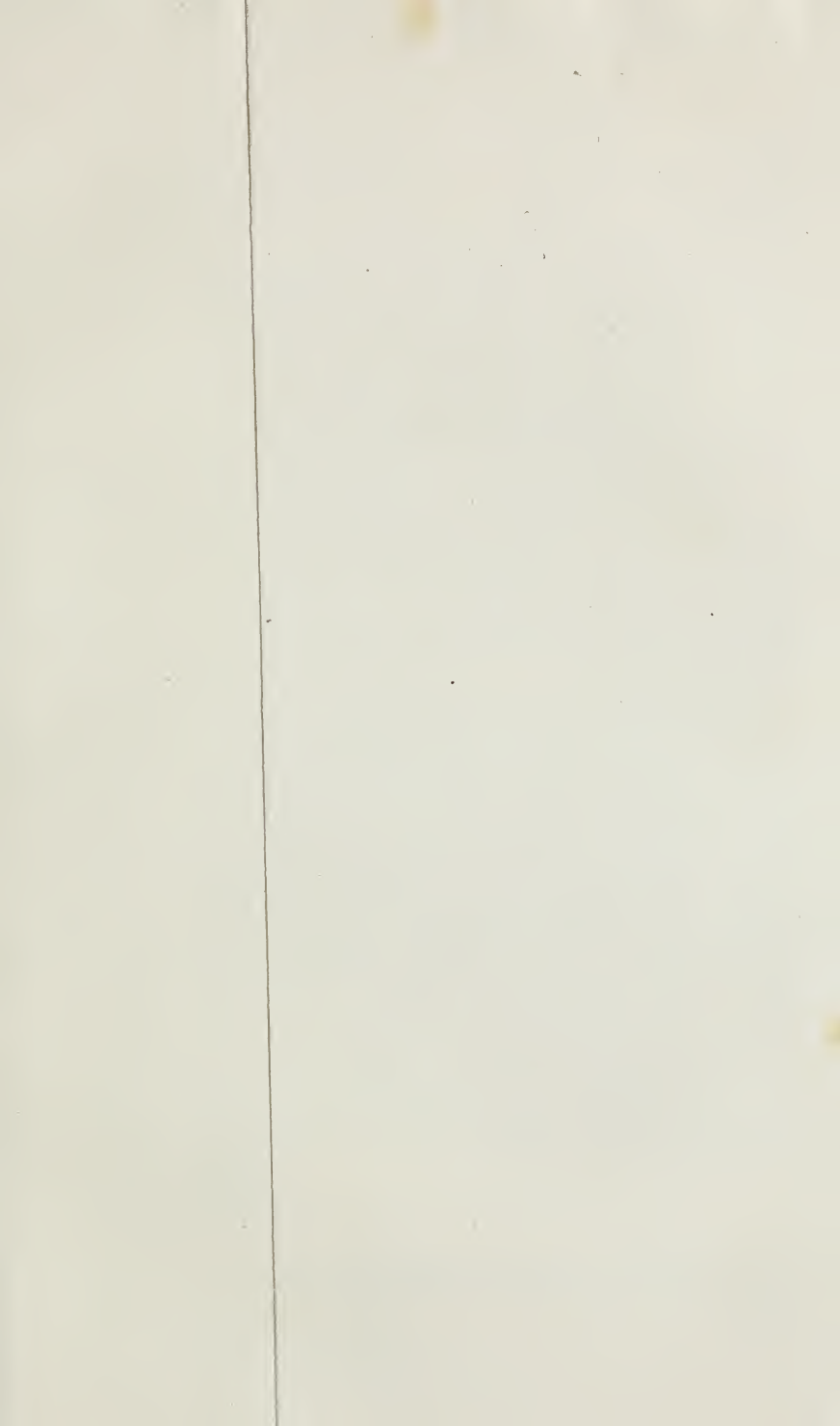
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## CHAPTER XIX.

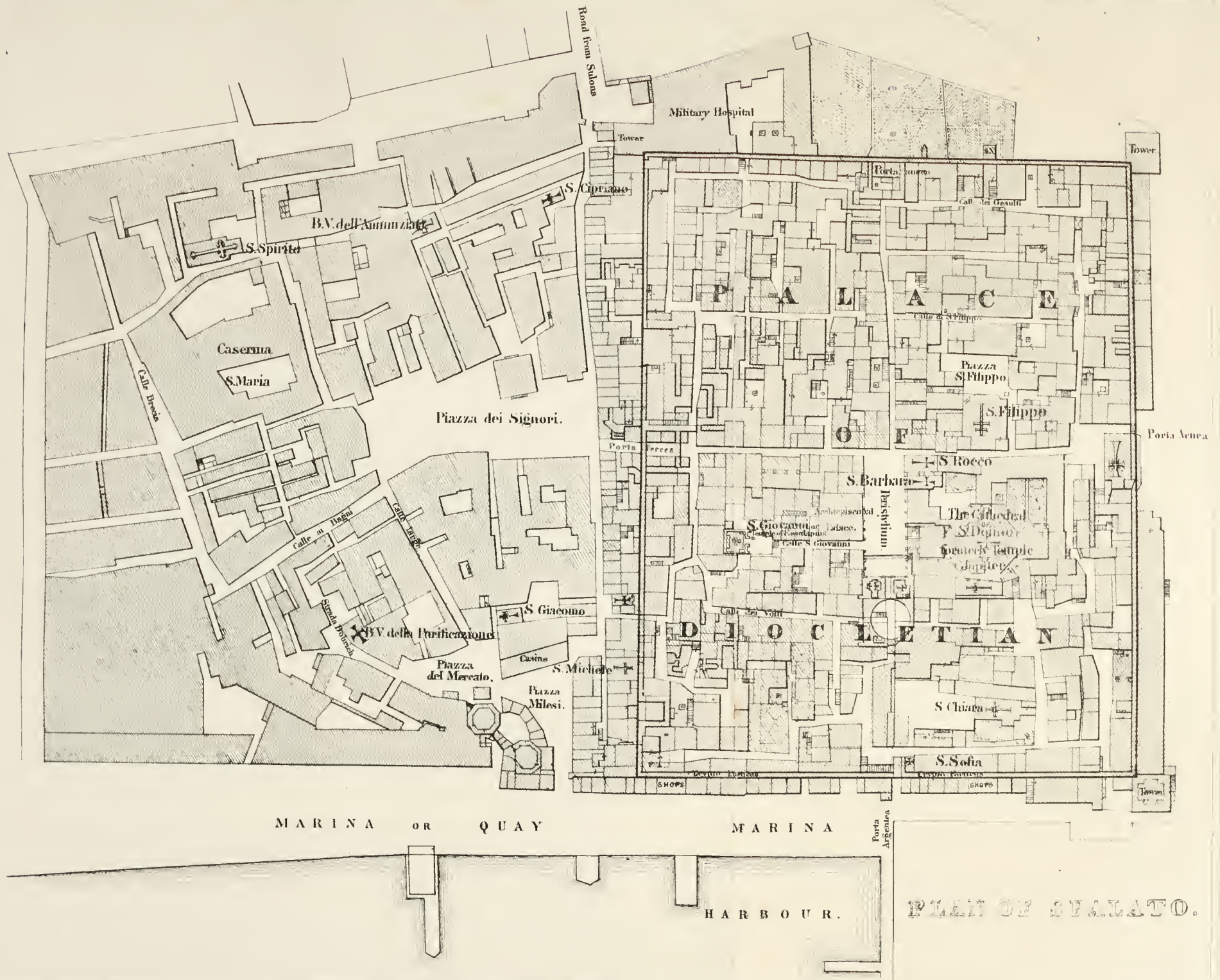
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### THE PALACE OF DIOCLETIAN.

BEFORE I ascend to the description of this noble ruin, or descend to the description of my own adventures, let me first give the reader a general prospect of the town and its environs. Spalato is situated on a peninsula, in the form of a spear-blade, or oblong hand-mirror, that intervenes between the Gulf of Salona and the Adriatic. It is placed on the outer shore of the peninsula that looks to the sea ; and at a quarter of an hour's distance on the inner side of the peninsula, the spectator, after passing a slight ridge, sees before him the Gulf of Salona, the shores of which form the noblest part of the whole land : for beyond the smooth wide waters of the bay he observes a rich broad band of smiling villages and gardens, dotted, at regular distances, with Venetian castles, beyond which rises the rugged mountain-chain of Caprarius ; and as the fairest races come of mixed breeds, this locking of water in the embrace of land has produced such beauty as is nowhere else to be found in Dalmatia.







PLAN OF SPALATO.

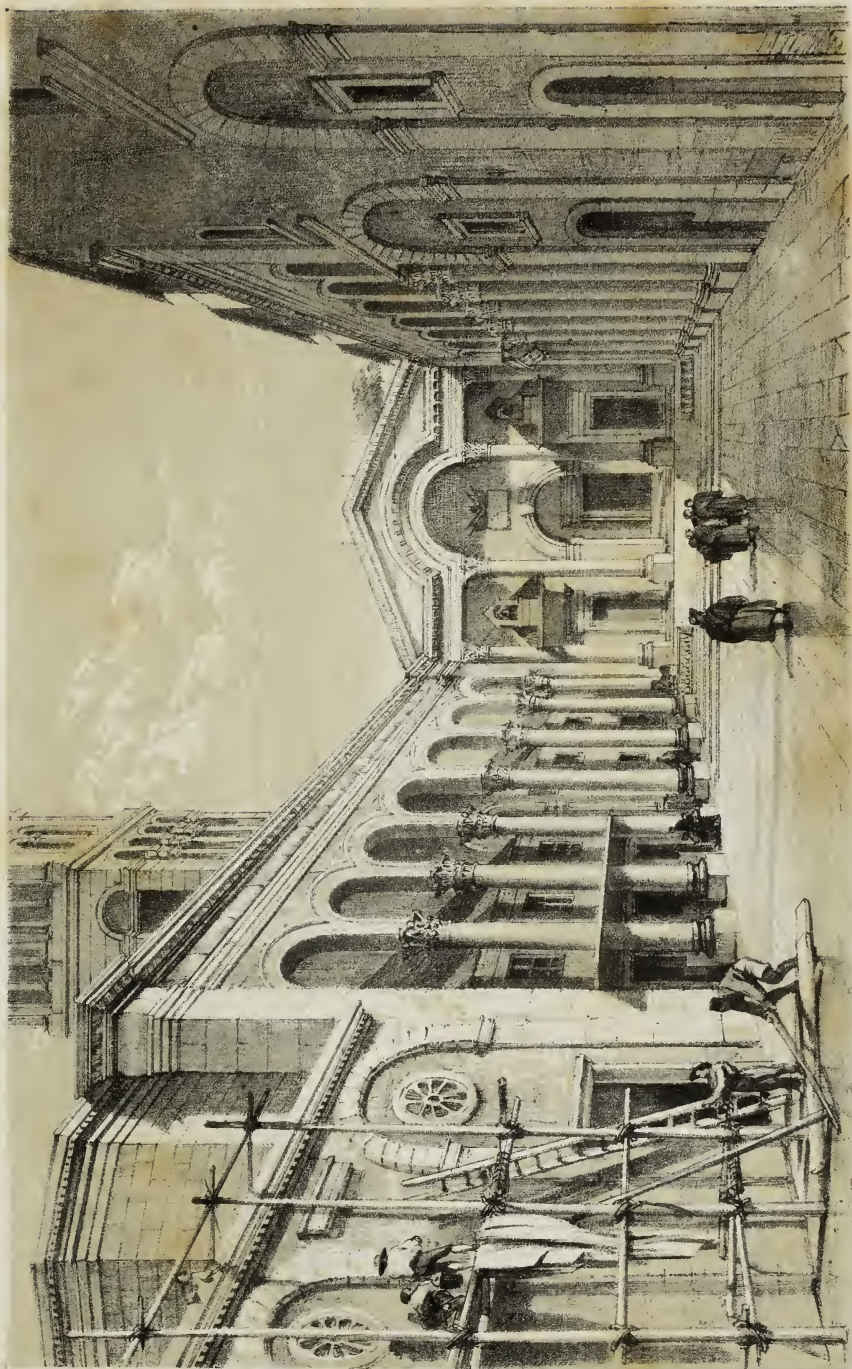
The town itself is a parallelogram, the length of which is double its breadth, or, in other words, two squares in juxtaposition; one of which is delineated by the shell or outward walls of the palace, and the other by a mass of streets to the westward, in the middle of which is the largest open space in the town, called the Piazza dei Signori, but of irregular medieval and modern architecture,—the ex-palace of the Venetian Count, or Governor, which is the present guard-house, being mingled with meaner houses. Most of the streets leading to or from this square are dark and narrow, of an average breadth of ten feet; one, called the Calle Larga, or broad street, leading to the quay, is certainly not twenty feet broad. At the eastern side of this square is the western gate of the palace, the Porta Ferrea, still almost perfect, a magnificent vaulted entrance, with a horreum, or gallery above, used as a chapel.

The interior of the palace is so choked up with narrow streets and edifices huddled together, that when I first passed under the vault of the Porta Ferrea, and plunged into its labyrinths, I was disappointed; but moving onwards to the heart of the mass, I suddenly found myself in the Piazza of the temple, and all that I had heard and read of the glories of Spalato burst upon me instantaneously. Never shall I forget that moment bright and fresh in my remembrance,—no drudgery of local research has been able to deaden its impression.



Athens, Rome, and Thebes, I had seen in ruins,—here the majesty of imperial antiquity conveyed august illusions of contemporaneous existence. Of the Peristyle, which forms three sides of the piazza in which I stood, not one of its columns of rose granite was displaced. On my left, the Temple of Jupiter, with the shell internally and externally almost as perfect as when the architect rested from his labours, was guarded by one of those eternal Sphynxes which the Nile sent forth over all the Roman empire, to remind the world of the birth-place of architecture.

As nations in their material and intellectual civilisation experience the phases of slow growth, vigorous climax, declension, and subjugation by some stronger element, so architecture seems to have performed the same extensive cycle. Rude massive grandeur, that loses half its due effect by ignorance of the principles of proportion, is the characteristic of the earlier efforts in Egypt; centuries later the beau ideal is discovered and realised in Greece, and the Parthenon boasts of the highest effort of the graceful in architecture. Majestic was the character of Roman architecture, with much of the utility and variety that sprang from the boundless wealth and power of the mistress of the world. In the Byzantine we see the sad downward progress of taste, and in the Gothic, its final disruption, and reformation on a principle diametrically opposite to that of classical archi-







ecture. The ornament is no longer subordinate to the general design,—the design seems to be struck off so as to shew the ornament to most advantage. Standing at Westminster, on the shores of the Thames, I gaze with admiration on that extended pile which is so consonant to the past history of our great and excellent Fatherland, and feel that in this edifice northern architecture has reached the highest pitch of its peculiar beauty. I sympathise with the old English architecture, but I feel the profound subordination of the Gothic to the classical style, from its want of simplicity, that irresistible postulate of the sublime and beautiful. Begun in 286, and completed in 301, the impression produced by this remarkable palace in Spalato is Roman—essentially Roman, of a late, but still of a fine period,—in the last lustres of the golden age, or at most the faint beginning of the end.

The bases of my studies were the ground-plans and elevations of the palace, as restored by Adams, in his excellent work on the ruins of the palace of Diocletian at Spalato. Adams was not only an accomplished antiquary, but a most able architect, and only an architect of great skill could have produced such a work. Cassas, the author of the *Voyage Pittoresque en Dalmatie*, flippantly tells his readers that Adams had seen every thing with the cold egotism of his nation, and very coolly transfers to his own pages Adams's invaluable *Spalato Restored* without the slightest acknowledg-

ment. Without Adams all is confusion, for in consequence of the modern erections subsequent to his visit in the middle of the last century, no living architect could clearly make out the plan; but the comparison of the plans and sections of his *Spalato Restored* with the existing remains, enables every traveller to have a fair idea of what the palace may have been.

At the outset we are struck with the enormous extent of the palace, which is not less than nine acres and a half; so that even Constantine Porphyrogenitus speaks of it with admiration, as one of the greatest edifices then extant. In the time of Diocletian, his great retinue and a prætorian cohort could be lodged with convenience in it. Sixteen towers gave strength and even elegance to the edifice, of which the largest were those at the four corners. The back of the edifice looked to the north-east, or land-side, and here was the principal entrance, the *Porta Aurea*, or golden gate, which led to the *Peristylum*, or great court of granite columns; and the cross street, which intersected the principal passage at right angles, was terminated at each end by gates—the one, the *Porta Ferrea*, or gate of iron, the other, the *Porta Ænea*, or gate of brass, which are so-called to this day.

This *Peristylum*, or court of granite columns, of which we give a view in its present condition (see Plate), was flanked by two temples; the

greater of Jupiter, and the smaller of Esculapius ; the former, a lofty octagon, was ascended by a stair of fifteen steps ; an uneven number being generally used in the temples of the ancients, that, beginning to move with the right foot, they might, of course, place it first upon the uppermost step in order to enter the temple ; a form which was accounted respectful in approaching the Deity.

From the Peristylum, or court of granite columns, the Roman entered the principal inhabited part of the palace : first was the Porticus, of Corinthian order ; then the circular dome-crowned Vestibulum, with the Lares and Penates ; then the Atrium, or quadrangular hall (98 by 45), with its arms and trophies, dedicated to ancestry ; and last of all, the Crypto-porticus, or grand gallery, looking to the south-west, thus facing the sea, and forming a noble promenade of 515 feet in length, in which, during the heat of summer or inclemency of winter, the Emperor could take exercise. This Crypto-porticus was the principal feature of the palace ; and the well-known taste of Diocletian leads us to suppose that the choicest statuary and paintings of the old world must have adorned its walls. The relics of Pompeii give some idea of the daring fancy in ornament, the harmonising contrasts in colour, and the consummate skill in tessellation employed in the domestic architecture of the ancients : and if we relieve these splendours with the latent fascination in the unpretending



forms of Greek statuary, how puny is the utmost magnificence of Versailles compared with the dwelling of the retired Roman !

But to return to matters of fact. Adams, with the eye of an architect, remarks, with great aptitude,—“ If, from the centre of the Cryptoporticus (or grand gallery facing the sea), we look back to those parts of the palace which we have already passed through, we may observe a striking instance of that gradation from less to greater, of which some connoisseurs are so fond, and which they distinguish by the name of a climax in architecture. The Vestibulum is larger and more lofty than the Porticus ; the Atrium much exceeds the grandeur of the Vestibulum ; and the Cryptoporticus may well be the last step in such a climax, since it extended no less than 517 feet. We may likewise observe a remarkable diversity of form, as well as of dimensions, in these apartments which we have already viewed ; and the same thing is conspicuous in other parts of the palace. This was a circumstance to which the ancients were extremely attentive, and it seems to have had a happy effect, as it introduced into their buildings a variety, which if it doth not constitute beauty, at least greatly heightens it ; whereas modern architects, by paying too little regard to the example of the ancients in this point, are apt to fatigue us with a dull succession of similar apartments.”

Such was the Palace of Diocletian ! what now

remains of the edifice? The shell or outer wall; of which the best preserved part is the grand gallery facing the sea, and the rest of which is visible in a more or less shattered condition on the other three sides; for Spalato, like its contemporary Baalbec, being used as a fortification, the rough stone and mortar of the middle-age battlements surmount in many places the massive normal masonry of the Roman Empire. The Porta Aurea, or golden gate, still occupies the centre of the land side, but is a sad ruin; the arch built up, and the earth of a garden with its vegetables growing on a level so that the lower half is under earth. Within the town, fragments of Roman architecture are scattered thick enough, but so obscured and mingled with modern houses as to present a mass of confusion.

But while science can scarce identify the *disjecta membra* of the edifice, religious veneration has embalmed the core for the admiration of distant ages. The Peristylum is now the Piazza del Duomo; the temple of Jupiter is the cathedral of Spalato; and the temple of Esculapius has become the baptistery. The Cathedral is the best preserved edifice I ever saw, not even excepting the Pantheon of Rome. Of the body of the edifice not a single stone has been displaced, except an opening for light; for like other Roman temples it was merely the dark dwelling of a God.

The campanile, which is at the same time a sort of propylon to the edifice, is (maugre some

lions and griffins in the lowest taste of the Lower Empire), the lightest and airiest thing imagination can conceive, and transcends in elegance every other similar edifice in Italy. It was built by Nicolo Teverde, a common mason of Spalato, in 1416, out of columns and sculptures supplied by the ruins of Salona, and is an admirable effort of native ingenuity, but interferes with the classic character of the vicinity. The pulpit-doors and font of the cathedral would make any Gothic church admired, from their tracery and middle-age knick-knackery; but are miserably mean in such a place. With all these deductions, the noble octagon of Diocletian predominates and overwhelms. To that strange spell of unique curiosity and interest with which the traveller first walks up the streets of Pompeii, is added the real presence of an undilapidated structure, worthy of the fame of the greatest of the late emperors. "Among the innumerable monuments of architecture constructed by the Romans," says Gibbon, "how many have escaped the notice of history, how few have resisted the ravages of time and barbarism!"—He that seeks the few must go to Spalato.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon, in his account of the Palace of Diocletian, hesitates between the distinct testimony of Adams, a professed architect, and the Abbate Fortis, who, talking of the "*rozzezza del scalpello*," evidently confounds the rough rilievi intended to be seen in the semi-obscurity of the temple with those exposed to full light; and several other writers, including the late ingenious Mr. Gally Knight, consider the architecture of Spalato to be debased,

Diocletian, in spite of the prejudices caused by his persecution of the Christians, was certainly one

because the Peristylum is an abandonment of the horizontal architrave, and because the round stilted arch is found in all the subsequent corruptions of the Romanesque and Byzantine styles. In these conclusions I cannot coincide, not merely because it is noble and simple, and therefore, apart from all school-cans, has an intrinsic right to be classic, but because it seems to me that these gentlemen have not drawn a proper distinction between a *corruption* and a legitimate *variety* of principles already existing in Roman architecture. The architects of the Peristylum of Spalato did not interfere with the proportions of the column ; they only combined the already invented arch with the column in its recognised proportions ; hence the *arcade*, one of the finest features of Italian architecture. The round stilted arch demands a very bold cornice to achieve the horizontal principle, and this we find at Spalato fully comprehended ; but these architects have their talent and ingenuity made responsible for many corruptions which followed them ; for instance, the *chevron*, multiplied *ad nauseam* in Norman architecture, is in its simple state at Spalato not only not meretricious, but chaste and pleasing. The only part of Spalato that shews a symptom of the period of transition being proximate, is the Porta Aurea, a beautiful object of its kind, of which Mr. Gally Knight was reminded in the palace of Theodoric at Ravenna ; but what an interval between the plans of Spalato in 286, and the sixth century !

Roman architecture was inseparably associated with the religion of the Romans ; hence its subversion in the reign of Constantine. The adaptation of the Basilica, the abandonment of the temple principle, and the decline of taste in the fourth century, were an unavoidable result of the all-absorbing discussions of graver and more important matters ; but all the third century, in my humble opinion, may fairly be considered within the Roman-classic period.

of the most remarkable of the Roman emperors. Born in Salona, the capital of Dalmatia, or in Dioclea, a neighbouring village, of humble parentage,—for his father is supposed to have been a scribe,—his valour as a private soldier, his merit through the successive gradations that led to the command of the Imperial Guards, and that mastery which a well-balanced character gives over men's minds, at length procured him the acclamations of the army as Emperor. As coming events cast their shadows before, one of these omens of his splendid fortunes has been recorded by his historians, as illustrative of that instinct of future greatness so common in extraordinary men. When with the armies in Gaul, he lodged with a Druid, and being reproached by him for his spare diet, he answered, "I will be more luxurious when I am an emperor." The Druid answered, "You will be an emperor when you have killed a boar (*aper*)."<sup>1</sup> The death of Aper by the hands of Diocletian, for having been concerned in the death of his predecessor, the Emperor Numerian, has furnished a fulfilment of the supposed second sight of the Celtic seer.

It was on the 15th of October, 284 after Christ, that Diocletian was elected emperor, and a month afterwards made his entry into Nicomedia, where he passed most of his time while he held the reins of empire. Having associated Maximian Augustus in the supreme power, he assigned him Italy, Gaul, Spain, and Africa, while he himself



ruled the Eastern world. In 286 he revisited his native Dalmatia; the cloak and sword of the soldier, with which he had left Salona, were now the purple and sceptre; and in the month of April or May of that year he laid the foundation of that vast edifice which we have described, and which seems at first to have been destined for the residence of his mother.

During all this time the armies of Rome were combating with enemies at its extremities; but still better to hold the machine together, Diocletian again increased the partners of the empire by the creation of two more Cæsars, Galerius and Constantine Chlorus, and, to secure their attachment, caused them to repudiate their wives. Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian, then became the wife of Galerius; and after a ten years' reign Diocletian went to Rome to celebrate the decennial anniversary of his elevation, when almost divine honours were rendered to the man who, by the vigour and prudence of his rule, had restored the empire to its pristine splendour.

In 295 we again find him visiting his native Salona, and extirpating by the most violent means the Christian religion. The political unity of the empire had been the object of those military achievements which procured him the supreme power, and its religious unity seems to have appeared to him an equally essential object in his civil government. In 302, after a conference with Galerius in Nico-



media, were issued those edicts which proved so terrible to the Church ; the temples of Christ were destroyed ; the Scriptures were ordered to be burned ; and it was in the midst of the massacres of the martyrs and the fall of churches that Diocletian celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his reign.

A slight insanity, consequent on a physical malady, at length induced Diocletian to abdicate the supreme power ; and it was at the urgent solicitations, nay perhaps the menaces, of Galerius, that he at length gave up the throne. “ *Senex languidus lacrymabundus fiat, inquit, Si hoc placet.*” Lactantius (cap. xvii.) tells the sad tale of his descent from power. Returned to Salona, he fixed his residence in the palace he had built, but appears even in his retreat to have preserved the government of Dalmatia. There are various accounts of his death, but the most probable is, that, suffering extreme pain, he accelerated his end with poison.

The character which Gibbon has given him is marked by that elegance of composition which had become his second nature, and that discrimination which only a laborious digestion of all the known facts of his reign could enable him to exercise. “ His abilities were useful rather than splendid ; a vigorous mind, improved by the experience and study of mankind ; dexterity and application in business ; a judicious mixture of liberality and economy, of mildness and rigour ; profound dis-

simulation, under the disguise of military frankness; steadiness to pursue his ends; flexibility to vary his means; and, above all, the great art of submitting his own passions, as well as those of others, to the interest of his ambition, and of colouring his ambition with the most specious pretences of justice and public utility. Like Augustus, Diocletian may be considered as the founder of a new empire."

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## CHAPTER XX.

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### CARNIVAL IN SPALATO.

THE Spalatines have not in general the polished manners and illustrious pedigrees of the Ragusans ; but they are, nevertheless, a kind, social, cordial people, with no small stock of mother wit. Arriving in the height of the carnival, I found myself at the wrong time for commercial statistics or serious studies, and therefore at once surrendered myself to the frivolities of the season : *semel insanire oportet*. If a morning visit engages me, I probably enter through a doorway of the fourteenth and fifteenth century into a sort of Gothic translation of a Cairo house ; a hollow capital of a column forms the mouth of the never-failing well ; a high staircase, with some of the sculptured stone balustrades missing, leads to a folding-door, which is opened by a rope passing through the floors above to the latch, which is drawn up ; when a servant's voice calls out, in a Venetian accent, " Chi gxe ? " (Who is there ?) and, passing several rooms paved with brick, you come to the drawing-room, with a floor of battuto, where the lady of the house does

the honours with much grace. And what forms the subject of conversation? Music, promenades, the angry scirocco, the golden reminiscences of a carnival passed at Venice, and a little scandal. "Ah, signor," said a lady to me, "in a little place like this, where there is a scarcity of positive amusement, except in carnival, we cannot avoid making up for it by a little fun at the scrapes of our acquaintance."

A short way from the quay, but not within the palace, is the Piazza Milesi, a small irregular open space, one side of which is formed by a couple of black middle-age donjons, or keeps, and on the other side of which is a Venetian palazzo, one of the very few edifices in Spalato that deserve the name. This is the Casino; the grand piano, or principal floor, of which has a large ball-room, with lustres, decorations, and side apartments, as reading and coffee-rooms; and, having received invitations to the balls, I turned day into night for nearly a week, having always found it best to view men and manners in the way that the inhabitants themselves present them to the stranger.

The rooms were well lighted, and well attended by the rank, beauty, and fashion of Spalato, as the court chronicles would say; and it was altogether the most showy affair I had seen in Dalmatia. The company, some in fancy costumes, others in plain ball-dress, began to assemble about nine. Among the earlier arrivals of the brilliant and unique assemblage, I recognised the Devil, by his

horns, his mystic crown, and jet-black face; his sable majesty wore the costume of his own dominions, being bright crimson, mingled with black. The frivolous part of the company seemed to be particularly delighted with his insinuating address, and report says that he seldom missed being present at a masqued ball. Not long after his entrance came two unhappy female captives, with their golden chains; but the malicious people around them declared that they were impostors, their object being to lead captive the lords of the creation. A Frenchman of the age of Louis Quatorze was in full fig, with extravagant laces, ribbons, and sword-belt; he evidently was a man of incorrupt virtue, and a stranger to political intrigue, being unable to recollect the names of one of the mistresses and ministers of the *grand monarque*. I myself was a grave Moslem, resisting every innovation except wine and waltzing.

The dance enlivened, and the laugh went round; but as the company consisted of the families of the members of the Casino, not the slightest indecorum or carnival-license was visible. A much droller affair was a monferino, or ball of the humbler classes, next evening, to which I went, as I was told that it afforded a good opportunity of seeing the people. About the hour of eight, I went to a café in the Calle Larga, where tradespeople and Bosniac Christians, in their turbans, were playing at dominos. On entering, I heard a sound of a

waltz of Strauss, and shuffling of feet over head ; and going up an abrupt breakneck stair, I paid eight pence to a money-taker in his sentry-box, wrapt up in a dreadnought-coat, to keep off the air.

A crystal chandelier, that had done duty for a century at least, lighted an oblong ball-room, with a couple of mirrors, covered with fly-marks, in faded gilt frames ; and at the extremity of the room was such a band of music as the immortal Hogarth might have depicted. The bull-necked, ruffian-looking trumpeter, with puffed cheeks and swimming eyes, wore a sailor's jacket ; and, from time to time, wetted his whistle with a phial of brandy. The lantern-jawed, bald-headed violoncello wore large spectacles and shabby black clothes. Nothing could exceed the pompous importance of the first fiddle. If not the weight of the globe, at least the burden of the ball rested on his Atlas-shoulders ; and the motions of arms, fiddle, head, and body, resembled the complexity of an astronomical system.

Not a woman was to be seen without a masque, which is according to a statute for the limitation of revels published by the police, and sealed and exhibited in a prominent part of the hall. There are no character costumes, but all are in dominos ; and the fair part of the company evidently belongs to the class which the French call "grisettes." Should any thing superior to the grisette dress



appear, the *roba fina* is suspected to be no better than it ought to be. The master of the ceremonies wore a sort of court-dress of the last century ; which, in all probability, figured in the anti-chamber of some Italian court, then passed to the wardrobe of a theatre, and in revolving years, being too bad for a stroller's troop, had become, like the palace of Diocletian, a sad relic of departed grandeur. I should have called this personage a gentlemanly man had he smelt less strongly of rum, and been less addicted to shouting and hectoring.

After a poor, wretched figure, in regimentals, had watered the floor with a tin pan, in which a couple of small holes had been bored, a fat figure, with a countenance which bore a considerable resemblance to that of a bulldog, came skipping in, like Figaro, and began to sing in a cracked voice :

“ Largo al factotum della città—Largo,

La, la, la, &c.

La festa comincia, la notte è già presto,

La, la, la, &c.”

This was not a singer acting the barber, but a real barber of the town mimicking an opera-singer with great comic effect. Screwing up his mouth, and plucking up his gills, like a theatrical stroller entering a barber's shop, he came forward, saying :

“ Signor Barbieri, I want you to cut my hair ;

and as I am an artist of the theatre you must do it in proper style."

"*Umilissimo servitore*," continued the Barber, in his *monologue à la Mathews*; and pulling out of his pocket a pair of scissors and comb, feigned to cut hair, and added, "I also am considered a distinguished artist."

"*Corpo di Bacco!* what a pretension! cut my hair, you scoundrel, and don't talk to me of being an artist. But take care you do not cut my hair too short, or I shall appear ridiculous; for my hair is much admired by the women. A barber is in the way of hearing public opinion; now tell me what do people say of my voice?"

"A pure tenor, *Signor Artista*, *voce di petto* melodious, sonorous, and extensive."

"Yes; but an artist may have from nature, *Signor Barbieri*, a very fine voice, but nature's gifts demand cultivation. What do people say to my style?"

"I think I have cut enough off the front, *Signor Artista*."

"Never mind the front; what do people say of my execution?"

"That you have had the best masters, the most extensive practice, and a *gusto* that no master can give;—but I think your temples are short enough."

"Well, then, go to the back.—That is all nothing without dramatic art; I am sensible of my

defects,—every man has some fault,—and I think that my weak point must be in the dramatic part of the profession !”

“ Quite the contrary ! it is the opinion of the public, and of that choice critical part of the public whom I shave and dress, that, singing apart, your declamation might rival if not surpass Modena’s :—but I think I have cut enough.”

“ No, you may cut me closer still ;—but to return to our argument. All these gifts are subordinate to one, Signor Barbieri,—a fine person. I do not consider myself a handsome man, although many women have said so. What is the public opinion of my person in this town ?”

“ Why, people say that you have a fine countenance, and a graceful and well-proportioned body ; but I think there is one thing wanting to you.”

“ And what is wanting ?”

“ A wig ; which costs just sixty zwanzigers.”

“ Accursed barber ! bring me a glass ; you have cut my head as bare as a barber’s block !”

“ My blocks are all covered with wigs that cost sixty zwanzigers ;—try one on.”

“ Malediction ! you have the brains of an artist, and I have the head of a barber’s block !”

When the barber was going on with his buffoonery, to which the bulldog countenance lent considerable effect, a noise was heard at the other end of the room, accompanied by a female’s screams,

hissing, and laughter; when all of a sudden, a black pointer-dog rushed terror-struck under the sofa, and, pursued from side to side, occasionally sought refuge under the petticoats of a masque: at length the master of the ceremonies, aided by the lieutenant-colonel who had been watering the floor, got hold of him by the neck, and ejected him from the room.

Two more balls at the Casino closed the carnival. The first was prolonged till dawn began to peep through the casements, when, as Theodore Hook used to say, "the loveliest girls looked haggard, and the dowagers horrid;" and a waltz in which the ladies chose the gentlemen closed the entertainment.

The quay being close at hand, I went down to the marine promenade; the sun had not yet risen, the morning was calm and mild, and I enjoyed the fresh air after the close atmosphere of the ball-room. The busy industrious Morlacks were already a-foot. The distant isles to the west were still in something of grey obscurity of dawn; and as each dark crystal wave came rolling to my feet, I felt the strange fascination that the sea produces just before sunrise; but a luminous space increasing above the palace, shewed that sunrise was at hand, and I was tempted to prolong my walk to the end of the quay, and ascend the hill that overlooks the town; for, although in my masquerading dress, I excited no surprise in carnival time. Following a

narrow road between two low walls, I at length found myself above the level of the roofs; and a resplendent rim of gold on the snowy peaks of Caprarius made me hasten my pace to an elevated rock above me.

The sun was just emerging in unclouded splendour from behind these chill unhomely peaks, as I stood overlooking land and sea; the distant island of Brazza threw off her grey shroud for the warm yellow livery of Phœbus, and the towns that dotted the fringe grew from obscurity to brightness. The Gulf of Salona on my left slept silent and motionless, and contrasted with the gentle ripple of the outward Adriatic. But what a picture of rural neatness and labour are those lands that skirt its opposite shores!—the trim white villa, the fields subdivided and well-fenced, and the high Venetian castles on the water's edge, seven in number, at regular distances, and built in days of yore to sentinel Dalmatia Felix against the Turkish invader. Raising my eyes from the waters to the snowy summits behind which the sun had risen, Caprarius was spread out before me like a bridal robe in all the brightness and purity of satin and gold. Here the yellow light streamed down a break in the ridge; there a pale shadow of unsunned snow approached the faintest blue,—a land of promise to the traveller, a land of pure dry air, of noble waterfalls, of romantic retreats, and a hardy primitive population; in short, the Highlands of Dal-

matia. Spalato lay at my feet; the smoke of the early housewife's fagot, slowly rising in long grey spiral columns, adorned rather than polluted the air; and such strange mixtures of construction as the town presented, is, I believe, not to be seen on all the Adriatic. The capitals of the Peristylum were just visible in the midst of the mass of irregular red tiles and ruined towers. Above all rose the Campanile, column on column and order above order, which is lost to the spectator in town, but here looks grand and majestic; like a genius whose elevation, unknown to those who have stood in his shade, finds his true standard in the distance of time and place.

After so much gaiety and fatigue, my mood was none of the merriest as I descended the hill to the palace, which was still silent, except in its ground-floor, where the mean coffee and dram shop invited the ragged Morlack to spend his farthing. As I viewed the august pile in its miserable decay, and thought of its master and maker, the words of the Arab poet came to my remembrance: "This is all that remains of the lord of men, whom the haughty kings feared, and the stubborn troops obeyed; who numbered a thousand thousand bridles on the neighing steeds, and whose wealth was beyond the science of numbers; but death removed him from the mansions of grandeur to the abode of contempt."

At twelve o'clock on the last evening, the car-



nival is supposed to be dead ; but a very singular malady seemed to have seized the clock of the Casino, as if the carnival would not give up the ghost without a struggle. The minute-hand, several times silently approaching the fatal twelve, was seen mysteriously to rally, and the pulsations of the waltz to beat with redoubled animation ; but Lent, the heir-at-law, at length impatient at the longevity of his predecessor, would wait no longer, and the carnival was buried in due form. The folding-doors at the extremity of the ball-room were seen to open, and out issued a procession—a coffin, winding-sheet, and tapers being paraded round the room to a solemn funeral dirge ; and thus ended the saturnalia of Spalato for the season.

On a similar occasion, at Curzola, a gross practical joke was perpetrated on a boatman, who had given some offence by his rudeness. His boat was hired to carry a person near death to the care of a physician at Zara ; and a little before midnight a litter was conveyed with great care to the boat, and instructions given not to disturb the person until morning. The trabacolo proceeded on the voyage ; and next morning the captain went below with a salutation : “ How are you ? I hope you feel yourself passable,” &c. No answer. “ Per Bacco, è morto ! ” (he is dead ! ) And approaching, and lifting up the sheet, he found a straw figure with an inscription on its breast : “ The Carnival,

near death at eleven o'clock, and dead outright at twelve." The boatman made a furious complaint to the authorities ; but, I am afraid, got as little redress as an April fool with us smarting under a hoax.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

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### HISTORY OF SPALATO.

IN 639, the neighbouring Salona, the Roman capital of Dalmatia, was destroyed by the Avars ; and as the history of Ragusa begins on the destruction of Epidaurus, so that of modern Spalato (*a palatio*) begins when the miserable fugitives from Salona, who had taken refuge in the various islands, returned partly to the mainland, and at the instigation of a venerable man called Severus, who lived close to the palace (which had become since the death of Diocletian an edifice of the state), took up their residence within its walls. Those who were rich enough constructed their own houses, the middle classes occupied the towers, and the poor lived in the crypts, so that the palace became both a small town and a fortress ; and no situation could be more commodious, for they had an easy escape to the sea by the Porta Argentea. The archiepiscopal rights of Salona were transferred in 680 to the temple of Jupiter, which had become a Christian church, dedicated to St. Doimo. But two centuries of fear and barbarism succeeded the



VIEW OF SMYRNA, WITH CAPTAINS OF THE FISHAN, &c.

London: G. and W. Colburn, 1841.



destruction of Salona, and preceded the establishment of feudalism by Charlemagne and the Franks. The final baptism of the Croats, in 832, was the event of all others that gave rest to Christian Dalmatia; the Church, with its spiritual terrors, subdued the fierceness of barbarism with a success which physical force could never have attained; and, in course of time, the kings of Croatia and Dalmatia became the most generous endowers of the Church of Spalato.

Then began the long wars between the Venetians and Hungarians, with their vicissitudes; the inhabitants enjoying municipal privileges, and always having their patrician assemblies; until at length, in 1420, Spalato became finally Venetian. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the palatial town, although often in imminent danger from the Turks, who held the heights of Caprarius, was defended by the Republic with success, in consequence of its maritime position; and the walls, which, up to the tenth century, had been almost in their original condition, were gradually reduced to the huge pile of ruins which excites our surprise and regret.

It was in the zenith of Venetian power that Spalato, like the islands, adopted the domestic architecture of the metropolis, which, mingled with the still extensive relics of the Roman period, gives Spalato a distinct stamp of its own. In the time of the Hungarians, they contented themselves with



making the palace the fortress, by building up all the crypto-porticus and crenellating the cornice. The Venetians built a regular fortification outside, with bastions, and mounted it with artillery; while, within the town, the doorways and windows we admire so much were adopted in the houses of the wealthier classes. Many Roman names of families still existing in the town are a proof that much of the blood of the inhabitants must be Salonitan; but the Croat royalty in the neighbouring Trau and Sebenico, and the readiness with which the Papal See granted the Slaavic liturgy to the Bishop of Nona and others, gave a deep root to Illyrian, which became the language of the people; though Italian being the language of the Venetian Governor, it was confirmed as that of the upper classes of society.

The eighteenth century, from the treaty of Passarovitz in 1718, when the great Turkish war was ended, down to the French Revolution, passed off in tranquillity, merriment, and masquerading; but this explosion, which shook all Europe, was felt here in its full force. The Dalmatians being not only sincere but bigoted Catholics, the mass of the people viewed the principles of the French Revolution with the greatest horror, and the success of the first campaign of Napoleon and the fall of the Venetian Republic with dismay. But a certain part of the reading classes was tinctured with the French encyclopædism of the eighteenth cen-

tury ; and as, in natural machinery, the revolution of a wheel in one direction impels the cogs it meets with to describe the opposite circle, the mob in France, who plundered and massacred on the pretext of aristocracy and priestcraft, found a counterpart in Dalmatia, where imminent danger menaced the purse and person of every man whom the populace suspected of being a free-thinker, or denominated a Jacobin.

On the approach of Napoleon to Venice in 1797, all Dalmatia was in motion to assist the Republic, and 12,000 men were raised and despatched to the metropolis ; but on the abdication of the Doge, and in order to facilitate the introduction of the French troops into Venice, the Dalmatians were re-embarked and transported back to Zara, to the surprise and discontent of the nation ; and the Proveditor-General Andrea Querini directed them to their provincial head-quarters, with orders to each chief to send them home to the villages on the delivery and deposit of their arms in the public arsenals. “But these soldiers,” says Cattalinich, “brought back with them the germs of discord and revolution ; and in times when men of all classes sought their individual elevation on the ruin of existing social order, an evil genius did not fail to appear in this weak province. Accordingly, on the 15th June, 1797, being the festival of Corpus Domini, a manifesto in Illyrian was circulated, without author’s or printer’s name, or the place of

publication ; and on that day the hydra of anarchy and disorder raised her head."

MANIFESTO TO THE DALMATIAN NATION.

"Glorious nation! You possess two noble virtues,—the one, valour in action ; the other, sincerity of word. For your valour all fear you ; for your truth all esteem and court you. Keep, then, these virtues which are the honour and glory of your name. Glorious nation! You have hitherto been in allegiance to the most serene Doge of Venice, to whom you spontaneously dedicated yourself, that he might govern and direct you according to justice and the law of Jesus Christ, and preserve you in the Catholic faith. You have faithfully served your Doge and all councillors ; and although you defended their dignity, they have indignantly driven you from Venice, and betrayed you. The Doge has abdicated, the Signoria is annihilated, the image of St. Mark trampled under foot, the law subverted, and in their place have been put Jacobins and Jews, who wish you to unite with them. A fine thing, truly! those that have betrayed you count you to be fools. Glorious nation! Remember your honour, and know that the Jews are the enemies of your faith and the destroyers of your religion," &c. &c.

The Venetian Republic being remodelled on French principles, the importance of fraternising

with the energetic and hardy population of Dalmatia was soon apparent; and commissioners were sent with pamphlets and a printing-press to Zara, to assert the rights of man and the French doctrines of liberalism in politics and religion; but finding the impression made by this address, which was circulated through all Dalmatia, and that the popular current was running with great force in the opposite direction, they prudently returned to Venice, to give an account of the failure of their mission, and thus escaped the fate of Basville.

The fury of the mob now vented itself through all Dalmatia on those who were obnoxious to them, and nowhere with greater violence than in Spalato. During several days previous to the 15th of June, there was a strong feeling among the people against a Colonel Mattutinovich of the territorial force, who had commanded the militia of the district in Venice, and re-conducted them to their homes. He was a meritorious officer, of handsome person; and his only fault was the rigorous discipline he had maintained. His friends, hearing the menaces of the people, and foreseeing an explosion, entreated him to remove for a short time, until the blast blew itself out; but, conscious of no crime, he resolved to encounter it; and having barricaded his quarters, remained there with his family and a servant, and intrepidly awaited the popular movement.

At an early hour in the morning, a crowd of

Morlacks presented themselves opposite the house of Nicolo Barozzi, the Venetian Count (the officer, and not the title, is here meant), hallooing for arms and ammunition, to attack the colonel in his fortified house. The Count did all in his power to dissuade them ; but seeing that his own personal safety might be compromised, he with dastardly facility gave them the keys of the magazine of military stores ; and the populace, providing themselves with muskets, ammunition, and a cannon, attacked the dwelling of the colonel, who defended himself by keeping up an active fire from the windows, his wife and servant reloading the muskets as fast as he fired them. A peasant of the Borgo being shot dead, their indignation knew no bounds ; scaling the walls, they entered the house by the roof, and penetrated to the room where the colonel stood with a drawn sabre to repel attack ; overpowered by numbers, he was stabbed in several places with knives. His faithful wife and brave servant were now cut in pieces ; and being himself decapitated, his head was stuck on a pike, paraded through the city, and put on the top of the flag-staff in the Piazza dei Signori.

The heroism of the nurse is worthy of mention. She held in her arms the six-months old infant of the unhappy colonel, and attempted to escape with it through the crowd. A brutal Morlack summoned her to throw it on the ground, that he might transfix it without injury to the nurse ;



“ No,” said she, “ I will perish before a hair of the infant’s head be touched.” On this the Morlack, raising his cutlass, attempted the life of the infant ; but the nurse raising her arm to parry the blow, four of her fingers were severed from her hand, and taking to flight, all bleeding as she was, the life of the child was saved. Pavezza Daghetta was the name of the nurse : when this book is forgotten, let her name be remembered.

The houses of the Jews were then menaced, but the clergy, much to their honour, stepped forward and intervened to preserve order. The commandant of Castel Sussuratz, on the gulf of Salona, in which was a small garrison, hearing of what had happened in Spalato to Mattutinovich, took flight, supposing that he would find security at the altar of the neighbouring church of Castel Vecchio ; and although a mob of Morlacks surrounded the village, the people of the place refused to deliver him up ; but on being assured that the altar would not be profaned, they dragged him out, delivered him to the populace, and he was taken down to the water-side and shot.

The principal citizens now seeing that their lives and properties were menaced, met in council, elected Barozzi the Venetian Count as the Rector, and instead of the standard of St. Mark, hoisted the flag of Austria ; and in a month afterwards, the Austrian troops having arrived, *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, and the Austrian general, Baron



Rukavina, ascending the choir, asked the assembled throng if they would swear fealty and allegiance to the Emperor Francis, to which the assembly answered "*Ochemo*," We will. Thus did the flag of Austria float till 1806, when, by the treaty of Presburg, Dalmatia was handed over to Napoleon.

But the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Adriatic, operating upon the Slaavic and anti-Gallican feelings of the population, produced not only the scenes which we have already described at Cattaro and Ragusa, but a general rising of the inhabitants of the district immediately to the south-east of Spalato, and the coast of which we saw on our voyage from Macarsca to that city. The Poglitsa, as the territory is called, had a constitution of its own, which, like that of Macarsca, rendered it a small republic under Venetian protection; and although not having more than four thousand inhabitants, they made a determined stand against the French occupation; but being defeated, their villages were burned and decimated with appalling rigour; and an inquisition having been erected in Spalato, during two months, monks, citizens, and peasants, were brought in prisoners to the number of three hundred, and confined in the lazaretto. Many were condemned to death; and a first batch of thirteen being ordered for execution, with confiscation of their property, were pardoned by Marmont, General-in-chief, who thus at once established his popularity. Spalato

was his favourite residence during the French occupation; and having taken down a part of the old Venetian fortifications, an open space next the sea is pointed out, on which he proposed to erect a palace or government house for the whole of Dalmatia. But the subsequent well-known events rendered his plans abortive; and since 1813 Spalato has been the chief city of a circle of the Austrian empire.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

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### LITERATURE IN SPALATO.

THE Abbate Carrara is the present ornament of the literature of Dalmatia. An accomplished classical scholar, and profoundly erudite on all that relates to Dalmatia, he is at the same time professor of theology in the Episcopal Seminary of Spalato. Animated by a noble ambition, he has been most active in the excavation of the ruins of Spalato ; and, to the great displeasure of the local antiquaries, has been named Conservator of the Antiquities, and published a variety of works on the history and topography of Dalmatia. A crowd of jealous scribblers and pamphleteers have attempted to write him down, and even some of the clergy, envious of his success out of his profession, dislike him ; but he is one of those bold, enterprising characters that no opposition can frighten or labour deter. I had made his acquaintance, before leaving Vienna, at the house of the accomplished Baron Hugel, and, on arriving at Spalato, I felt great pleasure in renewing it. During above two months that I spent in Spalato, many of my even-

ings were passed at the *Guvno*, or Garret, a private literary club, where a few wits used to assemble, and discuss the books and styles of the day, but without malice.

Signor C., a limb of the law, who succeeded to a small estate a great many years ago, wisely gave up being advocate, and devoted his whole time to literature. He never wrote any poem himself, comic, epic, or pastoral; but he could not exist except in the society of such books as the censor of Zara allowed, and such critics and poetasters as Spalato can produce. Our place of meeting was the study of the worthy C., at the top of the house. He is in the enjoyment of a green old age, and has the heartiest and most good-natured laugh I ever heard. The perpetual secretary of the club was Signor M.; and one would suppose that a club which needed a secretary had transactions, but, to tell the truth, the only transaction I ever saw was the serving of coffee or the lighting of pipes; for this practice, so abhorred in England, is in general use in Dalmatia. Being also poet and improvisatore, however, the secretary was often in requisition. V., the Maestro di Cappella of the cathedral, a native of Padua, of sound musical attainments, with a pale countenance and extremely modest manners, was a most acute critic in the Italian school of music; and this gave a variety to the discussions and transactions that proved agreeable. One or two others were free of the club, but these were the leaders.

A sharp discussion had just set all the town by the ears. There are no politics at Spalato, nor rage for democracy or agitation for nationality; but a sarcophagus in front of the temple of Esculapius having been supposed to be the tomb of Diocletian, and Carrara not subscribing to this opinion, the town was straightway divided into two factions. The Abbate has a cool and steady judgment, but whenever this sarcophagus was mentioned, he could scarcely retain his temper. All the members of the Garret Club were keen anti-sarcophagites, and I was anxious to hear the arguments of the opposite party; but as they knew that I went to the Guvno, they concluded me to be a madly prejudiced anti-sarcophagite, and never came near me.

It was on a dark cold night in February when Carrara called at my lodgings to introduce me to the Guvno. Spalato is much colder than Ragusa, and for several days the thermometer was, in the morning and evening, four degrees of Reaumur below zero. Protected by the narrow streets, we got to the gate of San Cypriano at the back of the town; and on passing a corner of the bastion, a keen Bora, mingled with sleet, made me wrap my cloak closely about me. Most of the fortifications on the sea-side were taken down by Marshal Marmont; but those on the land-side still remain, the large stones shewing that the ruins of the palace must have supplied the materials for construction.

Just where a small suburb ended and the country began was a villa within a wall, the residence of the president; and being shewn up stairs to the top of the house, we found ourselves in the study of Signor C., a long room, with bookcases and a confusion of manuscripts and papers. Two shining brass lamps, about a foot high, lifted by a handle at the top, and supplied with olive oil, lighted the apartment; but the charm of a blazing hearth, which, in our own ruder clime, makes us as willing for winter as for summer, is here unknown, and all wore their cloaks and hats. From the heat of summer, all windows and doors are open to the drafts of wind, and, to prevent catching cold, almost all wear either a hat or cap within doors. In paying visits, except ladies be present, you are always begged to keep your hat on; and I have at least fifty times been obliged to say that I felt a hat disagreeable in a room.

The president gave me a hearty shake of the hand, and, after ordering coffee and pipes, told me that a fellow-citizen of mine was in the room, who was dressed in the Italian fashion; I looked from face to face, not knowing who it could be; when, leading me up to a bookcase, he shewed me an Italian translation of Robertson's works, and, breaking out into eulogy, called him the greatest master of historical narration in any language. "Every body," said he, "has been reading Cesare Cantu's Universal History, but I lost my



fancy for him when I found that he slighted Robertson." I expected Gibbon to stand high as he deserved; for, to say nothing of his astounding variety of erudition, his grand, sonorous periods are akin to the musical ampullation of Italian prose; but found that his weak point,—the treatment of the countries between the Adriatic and the Black Sea,—was too palpable to a learned Dalmatian.<sup>1</sup>

"But do not think the less of your great historian," said the president, with generous manly emphasis; "my objection is like that of a man looking on a wonderful panorama, who should cavil at the drawing of his own villa."

Our discourse fell on the great distress in the mountains. A house high up having been snowed in, and their provisions exhausted, three persons had died; and various schemes were fallen on for getting up a subscription. At length an accademia had been determined on, or concert by the members of the Casino, and we came to talk of music; on which V., with the pale face and modest manners, made some observations which led to a musical conversation, for the president was also a violinist. Rossini was considered to be *healthy*, with a boiling over of animal spirits,—like a Scott or a Paul Veronese, gushing with irresistible spontaneity; Bellini, fragile in mind and body, but with

<sup>1</sup> The Chronicles of Archbishop Daniel, and the works of Brankovich Raitch, and others, were not in an accessible shape when Gibbon composed his history.

gossamer nerves of the most delicate texture ; and in his conduct of a piece, with such a conception of grace and tenderness as never was excelled. The French music of Auber and others was objected to for want of that long period (*lungo periodo*) which characterises the Italian manner. But this is evidently all custom ; for Beethoven has the most unaccountably strange transitions, but full of a magic beauty all their own. The president, as a violinist, knew and delighted in the quartetts of Mozart, and others of the German school ; but when I spoke of *Il Don Giovanni* and *Robert le Diable*,—those twin tapestries, which unite the brightest colours of Italian melody with the consummate weaver-craft of Germany,—I found no resonance to my enthusiasm.

But most interesting of all were the discussions on the lives and writings of the native authors. Zara has been for centuries the political capital of Dalmatia ; because, being an island fortress, the possession of this city has been considered decisive of the fate of the rest of the kingdom ; but Spalato is, and always has been, the moral capital of Dalmatia ; and until 1829, the temple of Jupiter was the archiepiscopal cathedral of the Primate of this kingdom. In the cultivation of polite literature the Spalatine is much behind the Ragusan ; but a certain robust vigour, congenial to the unruly character of the Morlack, and contrasting with the elegance of the Ragusan, is clearly discernible in

the lives and writings of the eminent men of Dalmatia.

Of St. Jerome I say nothing, his biography being so well known to every student of Church history. The Herodotus of modern Dalmatia was the Archdeacon Thomas, who wrote, in the twelfth century, the first and fullest history and description of his country, and rectified the numerous errors of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. Then came Marcus Marulus, the ancestor of our secretary, who was born in 1450, studied at Padua, lived in Spalato, and, with a European reputation, left more than twenty works, in the Italian, Illyrian, and Latin languages, on archæology, history, morals, and poetry. Carrara, in his *Uomini Illustri di Spalato*, calls him the second glory of Dalmatia, St. Jerome being the first. His principal work was a poem, called the *Davidiad*; and Ariosto, with the exaggeration of Italian imagination, subsequently called him “il divino Marulo;” but for myself, having no relish for Catholic dogmatic theology of the fifteenth century, with which all his works are strongly tinged, I take his fame on credit. His temporal circumstances must have been easy, and even opulent, to judge from his house, which has descended to our secretary by inheritance; but it is dilapidated and uninhabited.

The most eccentric genius in the literary history of Dalmatia was Mark Antonio de Dominis, whose life and death make a romantic drama. He

was Archbishop of Spalato from 1602 to 1616 ; and in the plague of 1607 distinguished himself by a humanity and courage worthy of Carlo Borromeo. Full of original genius, he was the first to discover the colours of the iris ; and Newton, in his *Optics*, admits him to have been the discoverer. Thus Marino Ghetaldi preceded Des Cartes in the application of algebra to geometry, and a Dalmatian in the optical discoveries claimed for him. But De Dominis was hot and violent in his temper ; and the altar of the cathedral of Spalato is to this day a curious monument of his spiritual pride and mechanical genius : it shews the singular optical delusion of the tabernacle above the altar being held by two angels on the points of their fingers. Unable to understand how the points of the fingers of two statues could support so enormous a weight, it was explained to me, that the centre of gravity was, by a certain inclination, reposed in the bodies of the angels. And what circumstances had induced this elevation of the tabernacle ? Being at war with his own chapter, they accused him of placing his episcopal chair several steps too high, being above the level of the tabernacle. De Dominis, in order to avoid yielding to his chapter by taking his chair down a step, raised the tabernacle above the altar, as it now stands.

His chapter subsequently accused him of heretical opinions, on which he went to Venice, and thence, secretly, to London ; where the cathedral of

St. Paul's presented the extraordinary spectacle of the Archbishop of Spalato renouncing the errors of Popery, and embracing the reformed faith. He then published in London his celebrated work, *De Republica Ecclesiastica* : but the results of his own doctrines in the puritanical sectaries, and probably disappointment at not receiving a high dignity in the English Church, disgusted him; he therefore negotiated his return to Italy and re-entry into the Church of Rome, under the protection of Gregory XV., who was his personal friend; but on the death of this Pope, De Dominis was accused by the Inquisition of correspondence with the heretics, and being thrown into the castle of St. Angelo, perished there by poison in 1625.

Lucius of Trau, an excellent historian, and author of *De Regno Dalmatiæ et Croatiae*, Amsterdam, 1668, then followed; and was succeeded by others, the last of whom was Cattalinich, who died during my residence at Spalato, to the universal regret of his countrymen. His work, in four volumes, is a history of Dalmatia from the earliest times down to 1815; and is the only modern book that pretends to the dignity and continuity of that style of composition.

It would appear that some practical acquaintance with public business is essential to a good historian. Macchiavelli as secretary, Sarpi as consultatore, and other Italian writers of this class, were much employed in political affairs. Gibbon



learned his notions of war from militia soldiering, and had, besides, parliamentary and official experience. Robertson, in the position of a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, seems, at first sight, to have had a less favourable chance of experience in political motives and springs of action ; but during all the latter part of his career, he was the acknowledged leader of the moderate party in the assemblies and presbyteries of the Kirk, and had an opportunity of treating in miniature the same passions he would have had to deal with had he been the first minister of a great monarchy.

The opportunities of Cattalinich were as varied as his provincial opportunities allowed. Born in the memorable year 1769, at Castel Nuovo di Trau, and being destined for the clerical profession, he studied theology, first at Spalato, and then at Rome ; but the prospects of advancement in that profession being very doubtful after the French Revolution and the invasion of Italy, he turned from theology to law ; and, in 1806, was made "judice," or justice of the peace. Another change, however, took place three years afterwards in his destiny, and he entered on his military career, during which he was, in 1812, chef d'escadron of Napoleon's French-Illyrian cavalry ; in 1813 he was in France with his regiment, and on the Austrian occupation in 1814, when Illyria and Dalmatia fell away from France, was advanced to the rank of major ; but a few years afterwards he was



pensioned, in consequence of a mental malady, and after a restoration of his reason, being in want of occupation, he undertook the history of his country, being a good classical and Illyrian scholar. But Cattalinich, although, upon the whole, trustworthy, is utterly unacquainted with the art of narration, and that sort of perspective, which, preserving a due proportion between the principal transactions and the background of the canvass, produces an attractive picture of each period. There they are,—kings, queens, and warriors, with their deeds and dates; but you discover no favourite of the historian; and no hero around whom he could have grouped the subordinate characters, wearing the moral costumes of each age. But I should be ungrateful, if I were to deny the general utility of the work, and even its interest to a native Dalmatian, who would find attraction in names, topics, and events, not likely to fix the attention of a stranger.

It was not long after my introduction to the Guvno, that, at the corner of a street in Spalato, I heard the words, “Poor Cattalinich is dead!” The same evening, I heard at the club that his funeral was to be a national solemnity of interest; and I resolved to be a spectator.

“You are a member of the Guvno, and must be a mourner,” said the President. “You are the only Englishman in Spalato, and you must represent the literature of your country at the grave of

Cattalinich.” In vain I protested that, if any of our critics heard of such a thing, I should be quizzed unmercifully ; but the President having put it to the vote in his own funny way, a minute to this effect was made by the secretary ; and I had no escape.

On the morning of the funeral, a loud rap was heard at my room-door, with the words “ *Otto botti*, 8 o'clock ;” and our gaunt old Meg Merrilies-looking servant, who, from the first moment, had assumed a mastery over all my domestic affairs, opening the door, cried out, “ *Che poltroneria*, get up ; what a shame for an Englishman to be in bed at this time of the morning !” and, after a loud and hearty laugh at my expense, shut the door ; the ricketty window-casements trembling from the electric shock, and the word *poltroneria* dying away in the passage as she receded. It was indeed high time to be on foot ; and when I had dressed, I went to breakfast to the Café del Duomo, to the left of the steps leading up to the cathedral, which is frequented by the clergy, where I hear all the gossip, and many an instructive hint. The other café, on the Piazza dei Signori, is frequented by the officers, and is the more fashionable hole of the two ; but the officers, although very good fellows, are here to-day and away to-morrow ; I therefore prefer the clergy, for they know the country better than any other class. Scarce had I been seated, when one of the priests brought in a Morlack wo-

man almost famishing and fainting with hunger, and ordered her a glass of sweet wine, while each gave her a kreutzer or two. "Immense misery this year," said the clergyman; "these poor people have sold all their beasts; the Lord knows where they are to get seed from for the next harvest, and the Turks have forbid the export of grain from Bosnia. *Carestia, cospetto di Dio, carestia.*"

"We are not much better in our own country," said I; "the potato-crop has failed in Ireland this year. *Carestia, cospetto della Madonna.*"

"Come, come, no irreverence," said the priest, taking off his broad-brimmed hat; "*cospetto della Madonna* (visage of the Madonna) is an expression not to be used."

"I confess myself in the wrong," said I; "for the Bible says, Swear not at all; but you yourself led the way with '*cospetto di Dio*' (visage of God). Come, fair play is a jewel, reverendissimo."

The priest abruptly took out his snuff-box to offer me a pinch; and as we changed the conversation to some other topic, I could not help thinking on the force of habit which should make the "visage of the Virgin" a greater oath than the "visage of God."

The Piazza began gradually to fill with company; and as our talk turned on literature, two windows on the opposite side of the square were pointed out to me, as those of a room inhabited by

another of those strange geniuses at war with society, Ugo Foscolo, who, although born in Zante, studied in the episcopal seminary in Spalato, in 1787.

At length the coffin appeared, covered with a black velvet pall; the arms and chako were placed above the bier, and the chaplet of laurel and elegies, some printed and some written, were fastened by Carrara to the skirts of the pall, and marked the mixed character of soldier and historian. I like these symbols of modern southern life, frivolous though they appear to our northern phlegm; they remind one of the departed grace of classic antiquity.

The procession now started, and was very brilliant, for all the officers were in full uniform; those of the Hungarian regiment with bright blue, trimmed somewhat too profusely with silver, and the band playing the melancholy air by which Ninetta is led to execution in the *Gazza Ladra*. When we got down to the quay, we found ourselves in the clear sunshine, with a fresh breeze blowing, and the water all in motion, each green wave with a silver crest. The Morlacks, in order to see the sight, and do honour to the national historian, were close ranged up along the quay, in their red caps and picturesque dresses. All the windows of the front of the palace, from tower to tower, were crowded with females; and as the hum of attention shot with almost electric rapidity through

the forest of broken pilasters, I saw the shadow of the public life of Rome, the majesty of architecture, and the thrill of assembled humanity, alas! too often of inhumanity.

“And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
In murmur’d pity or loud-roar’d applause.”

The cemetery was out on a point of land beyond the bay; and the way was long, and so windy, that our cloaks blew like pennons, and one after another of the odes was disengaged off the pall. When we got out to the cemetery, service was read, the volleys were fired, military honours were paid, and then ended the bodily career of Cattalinich.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

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### LENT AND HOLY WEEK.

SPALATO, in *March* 1847.—The distress continues, and the poor creatures continue to flock down to the town from the villages, where the provisions are all consumed. Every day at two o'clock, which is the dinner-hour, the doors of the principal inhabitants are crowded with miserable famished figures, waiting for the remnants of the servants' meals. The Bishop and clergy are most active; Carrara drew up a most touching statement, to be transmitted to Vienna; and charity sermons were preached in the cathedral by a Capuchin monk, which drew a large congregation and collection.

At the hour of eleven, the bell of the cathedral summoned the Spalatines to hear the priest, and I accompanied the Abbate to the gateway. In order to have a better hearing of the sermon, I ascended to a wooden gallery just under the Corinthian capitals of the temple, which support the solid dome; and while I was gazing on the bas-



reliefs of the frieze, which represents chubby infants gambolling with lions, and leading war-chariots to battle, a buzz was heard, and a Capuchin friar, of about forty years of age, with mild, regular features, and dressed in the coarse brown habit of his order, with his cowl hanging over his back and a white rope round his waist, was seen ascending a marble pulpit, elevated above the pavement by tiny columns, of that light fantastic order which may be called Goto-Venetian; the little capitals having more of the intricate arts of a perriwig, than the simple nature of an acanthus. The church was now crammed full; and as the reader may have some curiosity about the sermon, I noted a paragraph of it, not as containing any thing remarkable, but as a fair sample of the whole.

“Wealth and poverty are essential elements in our social state, and the gradations of society are necessary to the beauty of the whole edifice. Let not the rich exult, let not the poor repine; the only real wealth is virtue. (O thou holy and blessed Virgin Maria,” continued the monk, joining his hands, and looking upwards, “may thy intercessions procure us that wealth that passeth not away.) The mysterious, but doubtless deserved castigation of the Almighty has fallen on Dalmatia, and afflicted us with famine and poverty; and I here present myself to you, rich people, as the advocate of the poorer members of our human family. Open your ears and purses, you men of

lands, houses, and strong boxes; remember that the interests of the poor are inseparable from those of the rich. Let the sufferings of the poor be ever present to your mind. When you daily see the rags hanging about the emaciated members, remember the cause, and think of the remedy. Remember that the charitable hand in the hour of need cures the diseases of a body to which he belongs; that the whole machinery of society goes easier for it; and that every obolo given is an investment that brings a rich return in this world, and a richer in the next.

“What emotion of the soul is nobler than the spontaneous effusion of charity? (O thou Charity, most sublime of human qualities; thou bright pearl in the crown of virtue!—inestimable margarita, do fill our hearts to overflowing in this dread hour.) I shall be told that much of the unhappiness of the poor has been from their own disorders: true; but, nevertheless, let the balm of charity heal the wound. Open your stores, you rich; if you hesitate, look here” (pointing to a crucifix of wood that slanted three or four feet above the pulpit). “There was the greatest sacrifice; Christ shed his own blood to save sinners: what were all the sacrifices ever made compared to this! And you, poor, do not torment or annoy the rich with your solicitations. Having received the alms given you, rest content. Never despair, never neglect labour until the last moment.

(And now, thou blessed Virgin, most holy Mary, abandon us not in the hour of need, and let our humble prayers and supplications ascend to the Almighty, &c.)”

The lottery and the *accademia* for the poor now became the talk of the town; and the first young ladies of Spalato came forward to sing, as only the families of the members of the Casino were to be admitted. The management enrolled me in their list, and I felt some doubt about singing before 200 people; but on an occasion like this, every one must contribute his little, be it ever so little.

Accompanying Carrara to the Calle C., we stopped at the palace of Count C., after whose family the street is named. It had the noble dimensions and solidity of a Venetian palace; but being built in the eighteenth century, the want of the taste and elegance of the elder period was visible. But how such a good house should be built in a narrow street, about twelve feet wide, one could with difficulty comprehend, if it were not dictated by the heat of the climate, and as a preservation against the glare of the sun. When we got up stairs, we were shewn into a grand palatial hall, with one of those superb old Venetian mirrors, which really do more for the appearance of a drawing-room than any thing else (unfaded tapestry and *pietra commessa* always excepted); and off this was the study of the Count, who is a

very able political economist, and gave me a great deal of valuable information on the condition of Dalmatia, which I need not repeat now, but which assisted me in making up my mind on many points that the reader will find discussed before I have done with him.

From the account he gave of the spendthrift and vindictive character of the peasant, the position of the landed proprietor in Dalmatia is any thing but enviable. There need be no misery in Dalmatia, even in bad years, if the cultivation of the mulberry were promoted, the soil and climate adapting themselves so admirably to that plant; and the Count gave me a description of an attempt to introduce it on his property with every prospect of success; but the peasantry soon set their faces against it, and the experiment ended by several hundred young trees being cut down or plucked up in one night.

The worthy Count now took me with him to the dwelling of his niece, who was the prima donna assoluta of the dilettanti of Spalato, with whom it was arranged that I should sing a duet at the accademia. There was some idea of having a complete performance of *Ernani*, but, for want of the accessories, it was found impossible. We then proceeded to the Calle dei Gesuiti, the houses of which are built in the thick Roman wall that looks to the landward side of the town; and the long, dark, and dismal vaulted passages of which look

like the streets of an Eastern city. Here the Count knocked, and, on the door being opened, we were shewn up stairs into a drawing-room, which, instead of looking into the Calle dei Gesuiti, opened on a garden with the country beyond it. The tender green herbage of early spring was spread out before us, but the high peaks of Caprarius had still a pure white crown of snow. The family then appeared, to whom it is not necessary that I should introduce the reader. A Venetian education does not confer blue-stockings erudition ; but in the generous emotions of justice and pity, in good sense and unaffected happy wit, whom shall we put before them ?

The duet *Donna, chi sei* was pitched upon ; and our first rehearsals were at the house of the accomplished Count Leonardo D., who has celebrated the annual jousting at Sign, in the mountains, by a graceful poem. Here I found, one evening, a large party assembled, the two drawing-rooms being thrown into one, at the end of which was the Maestro V., presiding at the pianoforte ; and I saw, in miniature, the worrying that a musical director or theatrical manager is subject to. One found his part too high for his *tessitura* ; another too low ; a third wished to keep his piece, but needed certain notes pointed to avoid a shrillness ; and there was no small degree of amusing jealousy, as to who should have the most effective pieces to sing. The Maestro being accustomed to



deal with various tempers, was just like a minister at a levée, who grants nothing, yet sends the solicitors away in good humour. To one who objected to a piece, he replied, "You are mistaken in supposing that you will not be effective. It is a capo d'opera of ——" (naming a celebrated singer), "and your voice is of precisely the same compass." A smile of content played upon the features of the person, who made no more objections; and V. gave me a wink, as much as to say, that objection is settled for ever.

The rehearsal was then proceeded with, and consisted mostly of pieces of Verdi; for the Italians take the last operas, as the mass of our readers in a circulating library take the last romances, of the season. No people are so unacquainted with the old established standards as those who go nightly to the opera in Italy or the Italianised provinces; to hear the productions of Cimarosa, Paer, Spontini, and many of the best of Rossini, one must go to the north of the Alps. Novelty, then, good or bad, is the first condition, —a condition fulfilled too frequently only in appearance; for how often can one say of these ephemera that die in Italy, and can't live out of it, "*Quel ch' è nuovo non è buono, e quel ch' è buono non è nuovo.*" But Verdi has some happy moments. What a noble chorus in the *Lombardi!* the duet of Attila (*Fin che d'Ezio*), how grand and martial! in spite of the unison of the *caba-*



*letta* ; the air of the barytone in *Ernani*, how graceful ! and almost all *Nabuchodonosor*, how well instrumented ! in spite of the abuse of the syncope.

When the evening of the accademia came, I dressed myself, proceeded to the Casino, and, by the instructions of the conductor, went round to the billiard-room, which served as a sort of green-room, and in which the dilettanti were all assembled. One practised a cadenza, another hummed an air, a third mimicked the conductor, with a roll of music for a baton, and the loud buzz of the assembly awaiting the music came through to us as a signal that the room was full. There had been no adventure in my way for a long time that I had enjoyed so much ; but when my turn came for entering the brilliantly-illuminated hall, and I saw all those rows of benches with the mammas and the misses in their fine clothes, ready for criticism, and the gentlemen all thick packed behind them, I began to feel a little qualmish ; but seeing the president standing at a doorway on my right, wearing a black skull-cap to keep off the air, and his white locks hanging down his temples and framing his good-humoured joyous visage, I took courage, and, in the character of Nabuchodonosor, shouted for my guards as loudly as my rusty barytone voice would allow me. So soon as my fair companion got to that grand passage, "*Ah dell' ambita gloria*," I felt no more fear ; the clear continuous volume of soprano voice

which she poured forth, and the animation with which the whole was given, electrified the audience, and drew down thunders of applause. Next to the soprano, I most admired the contralto, a daughter of the comptroller of finance of the circle ; and altogether, for the amateurs of a provincial capital, it was a surprising performance. Then came the tombola, or lottery ; the proceeds of which were added to the other charities, and distributed to the poor.

Lent closed with the ceremonies of Holy Week in the temple-cathedral ; its darkness illuminated with so many wax tapers, that the sculptures, intended by Diocletian's architect to be seen by twilight, looked rough and unshapen. One of the evening sermons I attended was not preached by the Capuchin monk, but by another priest. However, it was evident that the Thames stood in no danger of combustion from his powers. The pith of his sermon lay in a history of the parts of the body of Mary Magdalene ; the eyes that had allured men looked on the cross, the long hair that had attracted their admiration dried our Saviour's feet, and so on, with nose, ears, hands, feet, &c., in such a dry catalogue style, that had I not been in a place of worship, such a deliberate passage from the sublime to the ridiculous must have made me smile.

From the dome crown of the temple the music had a grand effect ; and after the service, going

up the narrow winding back staircase to the choir, I congratulated the Maestro V. on the beauty of the choruses, and complimented him on his drilling; but he modestly declared that the sweet voices were owing to a large platter of anchovies, and eleven quartuccios of wine which had been discussed by the singers before commencing; deploring the unfortunate circumstance of a horn lying by. A mouse having formed a snug nest there, and founded a numerous family of mouselings in the hollow, fully accounted for the refusal of that instrument to give forth any sound until an action of summons and ejectment had taken place. While we were talking, a loud rustling and crackling noise was heard, as if the choir was about to tumble down. This was a beating of many sticks against each other, called "the flogging of Barabbas," and is a relic of the mysteries of the middle ages. Various efforts have been made to abolish these symbolic acts, which are so contrary to our Protestant notions; but the populace is always discontented with their omission.

My intercourse with many persons here has shewn me that religious duties are with them not a mere series of blanks in the passport to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns, which are to be filled according to a mechanical routine, but an all-pervading principle. With the poorer classes, however, there are the most incontestable proofs of the contrary;

instances are known of a man murdering another on a fast-day, and loathing flesh as grossly sinful ; and a procession, of which I was a witness, shewed me instances of penance which one never sees except in superstitious countries.

It was after sunset, on Good Friday, for during all the Holy Week there were daily services in the temple-cathedral, that I formed part of the crowd in the Piazza del Tempio. The sky was clear and star-stud ; all the windows overlooking the Piazza were illuminated ; ranges of men, clad in white, stood each with a thick wax torch in hand ready to move in procession ; and the moon shining through the Corinthian colonnade, athwart the sphynx, glistened on the bayonets of the troops which were to form part of the procession. At length the Bishop, preceded by boys bearing censers, was seen to advance under a canopy borne by four *nobili*, or gentlemen, and descend the steps, after which the whole procession was put in motion. The most remarkable sight was that of the penitential sinners, who, dressed in black, masked, and barefooted, carried on their shoulders heavy wooden crosses, of such weight and thickness of beam as might have been used in the time of the Romans. All round the town went the procession, and returned to the same spot, some of the penitents, with their hands tied to the extremities of the heavy cross-beams, bending and groaning under their burdens ; but all so veiled

and masked, that no one could tell who or what they were.

The festivities and hospitalities of Easter enabled me to see more of the domestic manners of the nation. The Easter-lamb, roasted whole, is served with wild asparagus of a peculiarly strong and bitter flavour. The wines are all native Dalmatian; curious old family silver gear adorned the table; and toasts and anecdotes of days of yore and time-honoured Dalmatian heroes, all seasoned with native proverbs, had a strong national character which delighted me. I found a collection of these proverbs in a native magazine; and I presume a few may not be out of place.

“He that is prodigal of thanks is avaricious of gratitude.”

“When the wolf is fatigued, even his tail is heavy.”

“He that seeks to act gloriously must not act dexterously.”

“When you steal another man’s hen, tie your own by the leg.”

“Every one praises the rose while it gives a pleasant odour.”

“When misfortunes come, pause not to weep, but hasten to change.”

“The heads fullest of brains are often the most liable to extravagance.”

“Choose your wife by your ears rather than your eyes.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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### SALONA.

SPRING had now unfolded all her attractions. The snow had melted away from Caprarius, the gardens were covered with bloom and verdure, and the whole prospect of land and sea had acquired that warmth of tone, that brilliancy of colour, and perspicuity of the atmosphere, that belong only to the south. When I took my walks, with a north-west air that scarce deserved the name of wind, and gently stirred the tender leaves, I used to hum to myself some reminiscence of sweet Bellini, and, looking up into the profound azure of the heavens, felt a sort of inspiration, not creative, but intoxicating, such as no poetry or painting ever produced in me.

The ruins of Salona and its charming gulf now engaged my attention. The remains of the once flourishing capital of the Dalmatia of the Romans, situated in the fairest portion of the whole land, transported me again in imagination to the hours I had passed at Tivoli, Pompeii, and all those delicious places which enable Italy to combine more



instruction with pleasure than any other country. Even Egypt herself must yield the palm to Italy; for however wonderful her ancient monuments and Saracenic architecture, however singular her physical geography, and however strange the world of Cairo, of which Mr. Lane may be called the Columbus, Egypt is seen with surprise, Italy is dwelt in with delight.

On the destruction of Delminio by Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the second Dalmatian war, Salona became the chief city of the province; and its inhabitants enjoying the rights of Roman citizenship, its political and maritime importance as capital and chief naval station, not less than the amenity of its situation, rendered it the most desirable residence of the coast, and there the arts followed the arms of Rome as naturally as those of Venice in subsequent times found an echo in all the chief cities of Dalmatia. To Augustus and Tiberius, Salona was indebted for those roads which connected her with all the surrounding provinces, and to Diocletian for the culmination of her splendour. Constantine Porphyrogenitus, with his fondness for sweeping assertion, states that the city was entirely renewed by him, and that its size was half that of Constantinople; we may therefore conclude that many of its edifices were rebuilt by Diocletian, and that it was one of the most populous of the Roman provincial capitals. Wealth, ease, and elegance, had their abode in this part of the

Adriatic, which well earned the title of Dalmatia Felix ; and though the city declined before its fall, and an irruption of Slaavic hordes took place in the fifth century, it lay out of the way of Attila and the other destroyers of Rome. But in the fatal year 639 it was taken and destroyed by the Avars, and Spalato and the islands became the refuge of the Salonitans.

When the arts revived in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the zeal of exploration gradually extended itself to Dalmatia, and the amphitheatre and other edifices being discovered, Gian Giorgio Calergi made a plan of Salona by order of the Venetian senate in 1672 ; but it bore no resemblance to the reality. In 1821 the late Emperor Francis, who took a great interest in Dalmatia, ordered the excavation of Salona and Pola, after his visit to this kingdom ; and laborious excavations were made in search of statues in many places, which were filled up again if they promised no result. This went on until Professor Carrara perceived that it was putting the cart before the horse, and that the only mode of getting at a satisfactory result was the actual excavation of the base of the circuit of the town, so that the gates as well as the true perimeter being laid bare, no room might be left for conjecture or speculation, but the task of a plan reduced to the simple labour of the geometer, while the gates that opened on the principal streets were the proper starting-places

for further excavations. In spite of a great deal of opposition, he has succeeded in getting some funds from the government; and the whole circuit of the town being now laid bare, what was taken for a gate turns out to be a space between two towers, and the true perimeter and gates being ascertained, all further operations may be proceeded with satisfactorily.

On one of the beautiful mornings of spring, while awaiting a more advanced season for my mountain trip, I visited Salona, accompanied by Professor Carrara, who had been all along my obliging and instructive cicerone in Spalato. The distance is about three miles; and as the members of the club were afterwards to dine and spend the afternoon at Salona, we proceeded thither on foot, as the road is good, and the country delightful. After about half a mile of gentle ascent, we found ourselves on the backbone of the peninsula, and by a slow descent we gradually approached the upper end of the gulf, which is here attenuated to a narrow stripe of water, into which a river flows; and standing on a bridge not far from its entrance into the gulf, the broad meadows, with the flocks cropping the fresh luxuriant grass, conjoined with the abundant wood and water, made us forget the sterile and rocky character of Dalmatia, and remember the spring.

*Omnia tunc florent, tunc est nova temporis ætas,  
Et nova de gravido palmite gemma tumet,*

Et modo formatis amicitur vitibus arbos,  
Prodit et in summum seminis herba solum,  
Et tepidum volucris concentibus aera mulcent,  
Ludit et in pratis luxuriatque pecus.

The river, clear and deep, passed rapidly under the arch on which we stood, and mingled its waters with the gulf a hundred yards below us ; the wide expanse of which was seen stretching away to the west, the high hill above Spalato shutting it out from the Adriatic. As I leant my elbows on the parapet, and looked down into the dark pools of the river, with their eddies of fresh water, and the subaqueous pennons of verdant weed which trembled in the stream, I asked Carrara to spur my lagging memory with a classical reminiscence, and he at once gave the couplet of Lucan :

Qua maris Adriaci longas ferit unda Salonas,  
Et tepidum in molles zephyros excurrit Iader.

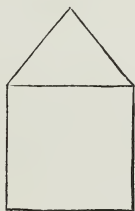
Crossing the bridge, we walked a few hundred yards along a road bordered with poplars and other trees, and entered the straggling modern village of Salona. The inn of the place, where we rested a brief quarter of an hour, and drank a cup of Salonitan wine, had quite the modern Roman air. In front of the door was a verandah of dried leaves, through which flakes of sunlight fell on a large marble senatorial-looking statue lying on its face, the back of which formed the bench, on which sat a maiden with a distaff, and

a peasant with sandals, closely resembling those of the Roman citizen, whose reversed effigy recalled the ancient world to the mind of the traveller ; while a miserable little daub of a figure firing at a covey of birds was the sign of the inn, "Al famoso Cacciatore," or the famous huntsman.

Fragments of sculpture were irregularly imbedded in the walls of most of the old houses ; and I was much pleased to see that Carrara had induced the adoption of a more elegant collocation of those inserted in the new. For instance, symmetrical fragments were disposed on each side of a door, or formed the soles of a row of windows, just like the pale bas-reliefs with which Mieris, Gerhard Douw, and other Dutch painters, used to bring out the hardy greens of vegetables or of drapery.

The ancient city rises gradually upwards to a considerable height, so that the northern wall is very much higher than the southern part of the city which skirts the river ; and the sea and the city has something of the form of a truncated cone, the wider base to the eastward being an extension of the original city, which was connected by a large internal gate. We first proceeded to the north-east angle of the town, for the purpose of following the excavation of the walls. Here are the remains of the ancient gate leading by the Via Gabiniana to Andetrium or Andertium ; and here we find all the accustomed solidity of Roman masonry. Con-

tinuing our circuit, we perceive that the city must have been defended with rectangular towers of unequal size, some with a front as narrow as twelve feet, others forty or fifty, and one even ninety-eight feet. One may wonder how a battering *aries* could affect such a solid construction ; but a corner-stone indented, and partly displaced, by an *aries*, shews that by extruding an important corner-stone the whole superincumbent masonry easily falls ; hence the value attached to the “ corner-stone,” as we find in the Scriptures. The most of the Roman towers are not in their original quadrangular state, but pentagonal, a triangle being added to the rectangle, so as to present the rude embryo of the modern bastion, thus :



this addition being, from the inferiority of the masonry, evidently not Roman, but barbaric. The older construction is all of large square blocks of stone ; one that I saw in a tower was not less than ten feet long. In the barbaric masonry, the shell is regularly built of small stones, and the interior filled up with unhewn stones and mortar.

One of the most interesting objects in the



northern part of the city near the wall is the excavation of a bath, which shews that the modern oriental bath is essentially the same as that of the ancients. If I had not known that I was treading the ruins of Salona, I could have supposed myself to be standing in the remains of a Turkish or Arab bath; the reservoir in the centre had its lead pipe for the conveyance of hot water, in which the whole body could be plunged; the floor was of polished marble; the pillars that supported the roof of oriental alabaster; and in one of the lateral cabinets the mosaic was preserved as intact as when laid down.

Not far from the bath is the great gate which connected the old with the new town, excavated and laid bare down to the pavement; which latter, as at Pompeii, is marked with the parallel wheel-ruts; the flags being larger and much more dilapidated. This shews that Pompeii was covered when the cities of the empire were still prosperous, Salona when in decadence. The aqueduct that supplied the town with water passed over the gate; and a curious phenomenon is here visible. A leak in the channel of the aqueduct has in course of time formed a stalactite as thick as the trunk of an old oak.

The amphitheatre, in the form of an ellipse, one hundred and twenty-six feet long, is at the extreme north-west angle of the town, and is in good preservation; the entrance is paved with stones ten

feet by four, and a diamond-formed stone grate still remains on a level with the arena, which afforded a view of the amphitheatre without danger of juxtaposition with the animals. It appears to have been climate that dictated to the ancients their extensive use of stone; the rude temperature accompanying the civilisation of the north of Europe appears to have brought iron into more extensive use. Nothing can be fitter for resisting heat than their solid walls; but the nice shutting of doors and windows, so essential to the north, was probably as unknown to the Romans as to the modern Dalmatians. In Spalato or Ragusa you see a house with masonry worthy of a handsome fortune, and not a latch on a door or window which would not be unworthy of a hovel in the north of Europe.

The vomitories and gradations still shew distinctly what the amphitheatre was; but the circumstance of the greater part of the wall being at the same time the wall of the town, may account for no particular architectural ornament in the elevation.

To the westward of Salona is a remnant of an immense construction, the origin or destination of which is quite unknown to the local antiquaries; a cyclopean wall of regular quadrilateral stones, each from eight to sixteen feet in length. At first sight I imagined that it must have been the foundation of a temple; but as it extends five hundred and eighty paces in length, I soon saw the fallacy

of this opinion. Little doubt that the erudition and perseverance of Abbate Carrara will solve this riddle, as well as the others!

On our return to the village we found the secretary and music-master, but no president, although the time of meeting had arrived; so we sauntered along the road towards the bridge, and saw the rotund form and good-humoured face of the worthy old man descending slowly to the bridge, with his broad-brimmed hat off, and wiping his brow with his handkerchief. This was the longest walk he had indulged in for some time. He had sat down to rest, a Morlack maiden had given him a glass of water, and we joked him on Venus making him forget his allegiance to Bacchus; so he gave us a Latin quotation, which I have forgotten (for he was an excellent classical scholar), and we retraced our steps to the upper chamber of the "Famous Fowler," where, with an ample repast, more than one amphora of good Salonitan wine was drunk, and the hours passed delightfully in society endeared to me by so many qualities of the head and heart.

A leisurely walk back to the town amid the shades of evening terminated my trip to Salona; and next day I went with fresh zest to the new museum of antiquities, for the most part dug out of the ruins I had seen, which is situated in Spalato, close to the Porta Ænea, or Gate of Brass. It was begun by a Dr. Lanza; but has

been for some time under the care of Professor Carrara, and is gradually acquiring extent and importance. The collection of domestic utensils is varied and curious. The lamination of crystal vases, supposed to be a Venetian invention, is shewn to have been familiar to the Romans. Playing-dice closely resembling those now in use,

“ Si damnosa senem juvat alea, ludit et hæres  
Bullatus ;”

distaves of ivory, and numerous other domestic utensils of the same character as those to be seen in the museum of Naples, are visible. Much of the sculpture is mediocre, shewing the decline or provincial rudeness of art, though an Apollo and a Venus Victrix are worthy of a place in any European collection ; but from some of the other fragments it is evident that a *camera oscena* will<sup>1</sup> be needed in Spalato, as well as in Naples.

The Government grants the small sum of eighty pounds per annum for the excavations ; but, with more pacific times, I should like to see a more liberal gift ; and with the erudition of so distinguished a classical antiquary as Professor Carrara, little doubt would exist of much additional light being thrown on the public monuments and private life of the Roman Dalmatians.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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### COMMERCE AND PUBLIC WORKS.

DALMATIA has had three governments within little more than the last half century, each distinguished by advantages and defects peculiar to itself. The Venetian government partook of the nature of the metropolitan institutions; political discussions were carefully prohibited, but the extreme courtesy of the men she sent to Dalmatia took off the edge of this rigour. The public works were distinguished by great elegance; the full reins were given to amusements; and all local influence was in the hands of the privileged classes. In 1770, every seventy-fifth soul was a monk or priest, every ninety-first a noble,<sup>1</sup> and the Morlack was ruled with a rod of iron.

There is nothing to remark in the Austrian government from 1797, when the Venetian Republic fell, to 1806, when Dalmatia became French. Incessantly occupied with the great European strug-

<sup>1</sup> When I was in Dalmatia, there were only 303 persons, with a population of above 400,000, who had patents of nobility or gentility.

gle in Germany and Italy, no feature of the period stands out for particular observation. The French occupation from that time to 1813 was a military despotism of great energy and intelligence, but partook more of the superhuman efforts of febrile delirium, than of cool healthy strength. A public work was constructed, or a village decimated, with equal celerity. Marmont was individually popular, but the French system was the object of general execration.

The spirit of Austria in Dalmatia is curiously distinct from that of the previous governments; her public works are greatly inferior in artistic elegance to those of the Venetian period, but they are of a very useful character. Roads of the most admirable construction are gradually intersecting the province in all directions; a comprehensive scheme of national education has been introduced, which, in spite of the indifference of the Morlack, must produce valuable results a generation hence. The government, although absolute in theory during my stay, was in practice very mild and studious of public opinion. The great mass of the people is sincerely attached to the house of Austria; and the late changes in Vienna will add nothing to the liberty of speech which they previously possessed. The laws were administered with justice and impartiality; but there was an unnecessary amount of formality in every procedure, which caused a greater number of civilians to be



employed in the public offices than the wants of the country demanded. The province being well affected, the legion of police-spies that flourished in Milan and other cities indisposed to Austria was here unknown ; but the censorship of the press was behind the spirit of the age. Constituted as Austria was with such a diversity of nationalities, I have never believed that Lombards would be content to sit in a Vienna parliament ; but with free trade, and municipal institutions, such as I recommended at the close of my work on Servia, I am firmly persuaded that she would have withstood the shock of revolution.

Dalmatia is under a system of customs-duties distinct from that of Austria, and possessing a more moderate tariff, but still with unwisely high duties, as the very small revenue she draws from them clearly proves. The principal imports are colonials from Trieste, manufactures of England and Germany from the same port, grain and cattle mostly from Bosnia, and salt from Sicily. The exports are oil, the best of which is made at Ragusa (for the ordinary Dalmatian oil is of poor quality), wine, mostly from the islands, and brandy from Spalato, sent to Venice and Croatia, anchovies to the fair of Sinigaglia, Turkish hides to Trieste, besides smaller articles, such as fine woods from Curzola, and almonds from Zara ; the total declared imports being, in round numbers, four millions of florins, and the total declared exports not quite five mil-

lions of florins, or half a million sterling; a miserable sum for a country with such a position and with such resources.

As in military fortification the levelling theories of Vauban have given way to the utilisation of positions of natural strength, so in political economy, the physical geography of a country ought to be carefully kept in view in framing the tariff. Dalmatia is a long narrow stripe of land stretching from Albania to the Gulf of Quarnero, three hundred miles in length, but without adequate breadth. As Thebes was called a city of a hundred gates, Illyria, in the songs of the bards, is called a city of a hundred ports. If we divide this number by four, the poetry becomes prose, and it may be said that Dalmatia has not less than from twenty to thirty good harbours; it is clear, therefore, that, in framing her financial laws, the claims of her maritime interests ought to preponderate over all others. Does the tariff of Dalmatia correspond to the splendid part assigned her in the territorial division of labour?

In colonials, for instance, refined sugars and coffee pay each a duty of six florins forty kreutzers per hundredweight; and, one article in quality taken with another, it may be said that the duties are forty per cent. A few years ago this would not have been considered a heavy duty in any country in Europe; but the palpable proof of its unfitness for Dalmatia lies in the fact, that the registers

of the customs of this country shew an entry of only 93,000 florins for colonial wares, while the actual importations, in spite of the coast-guard, are calculated at at least 400,000 florins. In the densely populated and well-rounded hereditary provinces, it is not easy to prevent smuggling; but where you have a rocky coast, often without population, and creeks and sounds innumerable, prevention is physically impossible with ten times the present coast-guard. The shipmaster takes the risk on his own shoulders, and receives for each hundred pounds of colonials, the half of the duty from the merchant; thus commerce is carried on in illicit channels, to the detriment not only of morality, but of the public revenue. Many more instances could be mentioned, if I had less fear of rendering this chapter unpalatable to the general reader. I, however, mention one more,—that of manufactures. Three braccios of cotton longcloths weigh a pound of Vienna, which, valued at five kreutzers, make fifteen kreutzers for a pound, the duty on which is ten kreutzers, or sixty-six and two-thirds per cent; the natural consequence is, that not quite a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling worth are entered in the books of the customs, while the value of the real importations is known to be considerably above the double of that sum. Thus, a man who does not smuggle being undersold in the market, every merchant in Dalmatia is compelled to be a smuggler to avoid being bankrupt. In

order to render the system apparently more efficient, domiciliary visits are from time to time made at shops and warehouses, where note is taken of the increase or diminution of commodities ; but on such occasions the one lends the other his permits, and thus the fisc is in every way evaded. All these facts are public and notorious, and there is not a single merchant in Dalmatia who is not the ally of smugglers.

The tobacco monopoly is also most injudicious, as regards the peculiar geographical circumstances of Dalmatia. I have no observation to make on this monopoly in Austria Proper, for there is not a more proper and legitimate object of taxation than tobacco ; but while its cultivation is allowed in Hungary, it is prohibited in Dalmatia, although the district of Imoschi is most suitable for the growth of tobacco for smoking, and Puglizza for that of snuff. But apart from the unfairness is the unfitness of the system : the Dutch-imported tobacco, manufactured at Venice, is that sold in Dalmatia ; but, from the impossibility of guarding the frontier, as well as the cheapness and excellence of Turkish tobacco, it is calculated that the consumption of the smuggled article is at least ten times that which is purchased in a legal manner.

Thus, if ever there was a country in which two and two do not make four in the arithmetic of customs, it is Dalmatia. The whole revenue,

after payment of expense of collection, is, in round numbers, twenty-three thousand pounds sterling ; and a frontier-guard exists to effect an object rendered impossible by the easy access which Dalmatia presents to the smuggler on both the land and sea side. If there were any domestic material interests at peril from a change, I could easily imagine a reluctance to abandon the protective system ; but as the only vested interests that could put forth a claim to compensation for loss are those of the smuggler, the retaining of the present system savours of such a hallucination in an otherwise clear-headed government as is perfectly astonishing. In a detailed article on this subject which I contributed to the *Augsburg Gazette*, as the best vehicle for moving the Vienna bureaucracy in the matter, I proposed an indiscriminate duty of seven and a half per cent ; but, on mature consideration, I think that a total abandonment of all customs-duties in Dalmatia would be the best policy, and its deficiency of the miserable twenty thousand a year could be made up by some direct assessment.

All the other branches of the revenue must infallibly gain by whatever may cause an influx of capital into the kingdom. One great want of the province is the non-existence of some money market or bank, at which capital could be borrowed, on good security, for the drainage or cultivation of waste lands. By the present laws, all interest



above five per cent is illegal ; but the real market value of capital in Dalmatia is not less than eight or ten per cent ; the consequence is, that this most valuable of all the levers of national improvement is in the hands of a set of low usurers. This is an unhappy instance of the desire of uniformity with the rest of the empire, where the conditions of material existence are so different. An individual willing to pay the fair market worth of capital, for either trading or agricultural purposes, cannot get it, because he must pay not only the eight or ten per cent, but a surplusage, to insure the lender against the consequences of the irregularity of the transaction.

Commerce and agriculture are inseparably connected ; whoever has travelled through this province must feel that free-trade is the readiest lever of prosperity, and that its effect in raising the ports of the coasts would be immediate ; and it is probable that Spalato, with its noble harbour, or the Gulf of Salona, and its position at the point where the caravan-roads abut on the Adriatic, would become the emporium of the manufactures and colonials of the countries inland, instead of being merely, as at present, the landing-place of goods brought in luggers from Trieste, to be sent in transit to the interior. The principal merchants are at Seraievo and Travnik ; and Trieste being so far distant, they would prefer coming more frequently to Spalato, if they could serve their turn there, and



supply themselves to their content ; for, although Fiume cannot vegetate as an emporium, from its vicinity to Trieste, Spalato is so much farther down the Adriatic, and has so distinct a destiny, that the Bosniacs would desire nothing better than to have an emporium in their vicinity. The establishment of a couple of annual fairs, in the first instance, would be an encouragement at once to parties at a distance to make up cargoes direct for Spalato, and would draw down the resources of the interior to a ready market. If the countries behind were poor, like Dalmatia, I should feel less sanguine ; but they are overflowing with milk and honey. Austria holds the ports : let Dalmatia have her full swing of trade and navigation, and let the laws be framed in unison with the palpable designs and intentions of the Almighty in this part of his creation ; and instead of being, as she has hitherto been, a burden on the Austrian treasury, Dalmatia might become a flourishing province.

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